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COMPILED AND EDITED BY STANTON COIT

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

CHARLES KENNEDY SCOTT

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Musical Editor's Introduction

I

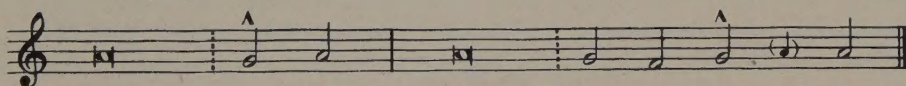
I N the present volume of music destined for the purposes of social worship, several new features are apparent, such, perhaps, as may offer grounds for criticism. I refer to the use of Plain Song in the setting of the modern words of our Canticles, and to the adaptation of the music of Palestrina and others of the old Church school to words reflective of a purely ethical spirit. An attempt at justification must therefore be supplied in the Introduction, which, partly for this reason, may extend itself to further limits than are usual.

Till within a year or so back, I should have discountenanced the possibility of successfully uniting Plain Song to such words as are used for Canticles in the Ethical service—probably because I had never had occasion to try the experiment. It was entirely a venture on my part that I did try it; but, having done so, I felt it to be good; and hence the present series of Canticles. I make bold to say that in the main no violence has been done to words or music by this usage; that the sentiment of the words is not disturbed, and that the chant proceeds with a strength and dignity that could scarcely have been gained in any other way; and this dignity I have endeavoured that the added *faux bourdons* shall not mar.

Yet the wisdom of adapting the old to the new will certainly be questioned. The parable of new wine in old bottles will rise to the mind, supported by the assertion of our greatest poet that crabbèd age and youth cannot live together. How shall we get over such opposition as this?—or, to come to mere mechanism, how can we accept the union of what is often metrical poetry with rhythmically free music?

To treat of the structural aspect first. There can be no doubt that Plain Chant is of a prose nature; yet ancient use did not confine its free rhythmic periods to the setting of prose words. If the metric verse of the old hymns could be allied to the free strains of Plain Song, here at any rate is a precedent, and one which would have been defended in its time in much the same way, probably, as we should attempt now. It is true that I do not recollect the psalm tones as having been used with purely metrical verse, but in principle there is nothing to forbid it, if it is allowed that the old hymns represent a tolerable union of metric and non-metric elements. Such a use of the psalm tones can only be condemned on the ground of association—they have never been used thus. But why should we be ruled by the tyrant association?

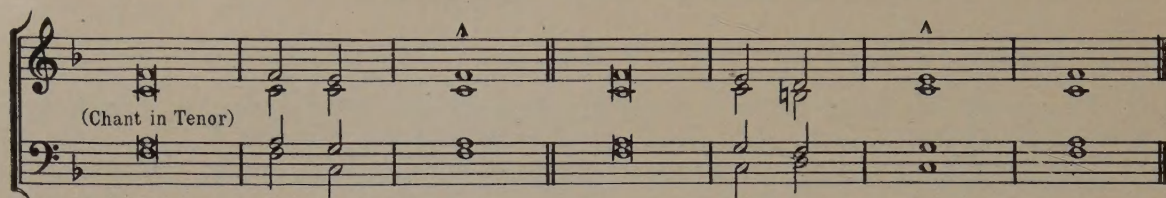
For the purpose of raised declamation, such as we have with ordinary psalm-singing, the Plain Song tones offer an ideal form. Though in theory certain fixed accents* apply to the music, yet effectively they vanish when the music is joined to words. Practically speaking, any accent which the words require may be given to the melodic formula, so that the chants have an elasticity that is to a large extent foreign from Anglican Chant. Plain Chant is, of course, unbarred, whereas Anglican Chant is barred; and herein lies the superiority of the former. For the barring has produced a rigidity of accent for which the term "Anglican thump" stands as a not altogether undeserved *sobriquet*. In the Anglican Chant, little provision is made for feminine endings—that is, where a weak beat concludes a phrase. Take the relatively free setting forth of the Plain Song first tone—



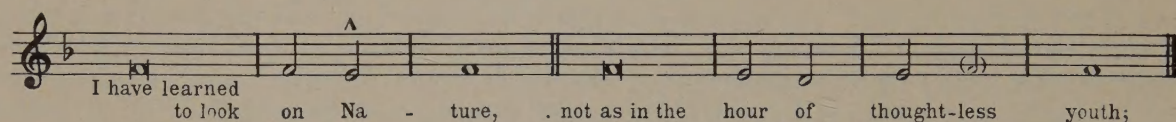
* Such as are indicated by the signs ^ which are placed over the melody in the following Canticles.

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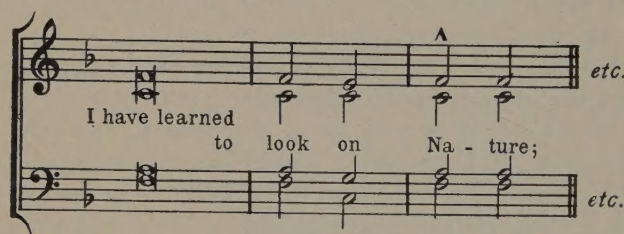
and compare it with the Christchurch tune, which represents the Anglican version of it:—



Here a comparatively heavy masculine note for the medial cadence is suggested, and would in all probability be made. And this masculinity becomes still more pronounced in later chants, further removed from the influence of Plain Song. If the Anglican Chant would permit of—

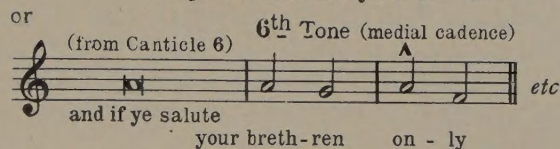
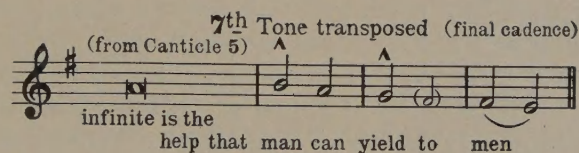


with its implied neglect of the barring, there would be no more against it, structurally, than against Plain Song. Its rhythmic suppleness would be quite adequate. But this does not happen in the normal pointing of Anglican Chant, where we should have:—

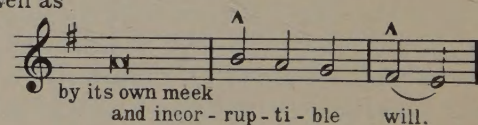


which leaves the masculinity essentially where it was.

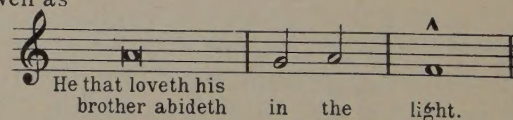
The beauty of Plain Song, then, lies in its perfect adaptability to accentual requirements, to free speech; so that we get such things as:



as well as



as well as



I have added bars, that the matter may be clearer, though, of course, they would not appear in the traditional notation. And, given such rhythmic freedom, it is clear that Plain Song can represent metrical as well as prose utterance.

As regards the spirit of Plain Song, there is no doubt that it is of a subjective nature. It is not consciously descriptive of any bodily form or movement. It was not intended to distinguish

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any special sentiment or words. In its origin, it was no more than a form of raised speech or intonation, which gradually became more expressive and musically varied. Hence it must be looked upon rather as a vehicle for declamation than as an exact musical interpretation of the thoughts expressed by the words. That it has its own beauty and character cannot be denied; but its beauty is of an entirely general order. It allies itself to the broadest of sentiments—that is, to a great range of sentiments. It does not intimately characterize sentiment, or give any detailed expression to it. For this reason, each chant can be used on a variety of themes which come from the same emotional root. Exactly what this root is, it is hard to define in intellectual terms. Traditionally, certain qualities were allied to each Plain Song mode. The first mode was said to be of a grave nature, the second mournful, the fifth gladdening, and so on. Too much, however, must not be made of these generalizations. Personally, I have not thought about them at all, but, given the words, merely chose what mode and tone-form I felt best fitted them. Exactly how I have done so I cannot say, for such an operation is subconscious and but slightly reasoned. But I believe that the result is satisfactory. It was not without misgiving that, having parts of Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" to set as a Canticle, I joined it to Plain Song. Could such a refined outpouring as this be set cheek by jowl with the broader phraseology of the music? Would no injury be done to the poem? Effectively, I think, none. And I explain this by the very vagueness of these old formulæ. They are the rock from which any emotion might spring—the, as it were, fundamental base of musical feeling, not highly differentiated themselves, but capable of supporting a quite individualized note in the poetry. It is simply a case of the greater including the less; and such might have happened in the reverse case if a highly differentiated music had been joined to abstract words. The truth is that "musicke and sweet poetrie" may agree over a very large tract of common ground; and this is how it comes about that old words may be set to modern music, as well as old music to modern words. Who could say even that Elizabethan madrigal music, either in texture or spirit, is the precise equivalent of the secular lyric words which it attempts to interpret? Yet we feel no violence;—and this concerns music and poetry of the same period. Can we definitely maintain that the arts have progressed at an equal rate—that, as far as may be, at any given period, the style, say, of music and poetry is adapted to the expression of an identical sentiment? It would be a bold thing to assert; and I think we are actually satisfied with a much more imperfect agreement between poetry and music than we take for granted exists. It would seem as if impersonal music may be joined quite well to personal poetry, and *vice versa*, provided they operate from the same emotional source. You cannot, for instance, have tenderness radiating through austerity. The fourth tone would have been entirely unfitted for the expression of the personal, tender sensibility of the Wordsworth Ode. But given the softer quality of the sixth tone, there seems no reason why it should not serve as the under-spirit to the poem. At any rate, whether the proceeding be theoretically condemned or justified (and possibly a case may be made either way), I am satisfied that effectively we do not feel hurt by it. It is quite another matter whether the personal note, in ever so slight a form, should enter into congregational art at all. But to this I shall return later.

II

TO many, this will be a book of impieties; and, if I anticipate disapproval of the forcing of Plain Song from its traditional use purely on the grounds of association, what will be said to the shamelessness of using Palestrina's music for the expression of purely ethical sentiments? Apart from the question of whether, from the mechanical point of view, the words have been well adjusted to the music (and considerable care has been taken over this), can we defend the substitution of another scheme of thought for that to which the

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music was set? If we consider the nature of music, there can be no doubt about the answer. By adherents to absolute, as contrasted with programme music, it is often advanced as an argument—and it most certainly is one—that music can never picture an objective fact or a definite story. That is to say, in terms of music any such attempt must remain ambiguous. To one person it will mean one thing, to another something else. And if this is true of a tangible reality, what must it be of a spiritual theory?

It is obvious that music can have no bearing whatever upon dogma as such. It will have relation to the emotion that surrounds dogma, to the deep emotional states that seek definition in dogma; but to speculative theories of salvation, none. Art, and especially music—sweeping aside all mind-spun theory that has gathered round every religious system—plunges straight to the central core. Its relation to that which it expresses is direct. It expresses that which is, not that which is thought to be. It refuses to be entangled in theology. It is not the symbol, but the reality. Art is the handmaid of no particular religious system, but of universal experience. We may say that such and such a work of art has been brought forth under such and such a religious system, and, if the work is glorious, it will be to the glory of that system; but the system will be honoured because of the work, and not the work because of the system. It is the universal experience which art enshrines that is its true testimony. This is the abiding feature, when the mode of verbal thought with which it is connected may perchance have passed away. We need not even agree intellectually with words to be moved by them. Stuart Mill once said that though he was at variance with Wordsworth's theories of life, yet he was infinitely moved by his poetry. And this is why Palestrina's music may be associated with Ethical dogma as fittingly as with that of the Christian Church, provided the equivalent of the old is essayed in the new, and the music covers both; for either is but an attempt to formulate the same religious sense. May not this re-adaptation, indeed, be taken rather for respect than impiety, since it testifies to the inherent truth of the older faith, and is in no way a denial of its everlasting spirit, but only of its temporary form?

We shall always need the spirit of the older faiths. Though something may remain to be added to it, assuredly nothing can be taken away. If there is no place in modern religion for the art of Palestrina, for its exalted serenity and calm detachment, then much will be wanting in it. It is this spirit of rest, of inward peace, that is characteristic of the mediæval Church; yet it is not only in the soul of man that it may be found—as it used to be thought—but in all nature around us. There is a "peace at heart of hills," as well as in the quiet habitation of the human soul. And though this mystic certainty may be gained by standing apart from external nature, we may feel it equally by drawing close to her as to a mother. Is not this especially the new note that has been added to the religious experience of the past? Man was concerned first of all in knowing himself, and the best of himself he called God; and, having learned the secret of himself, the secret of justice and strength and love, he now turns to the exterior world to supplement the experience and from it gain a like peace. Not alone may he gain it by losing himself in his deeper self, but by being at one with all natural things. Thus objective nature no longer is a thing to fly from, as from some evil power which threatens our moral or physical welfare, but becomes "the anchor of our purest thoughts." The ancients were afraid of nature. Afraid of her power in the physical sense, they sought only to propitiate her. Later, it was not so much the physical power of nature that was feared, as her power towards moral evil. Hence asceticism, and withdrawal from the world. Yet "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and now we are learning to turn to her with the knowledge that in her hands lies much of the happiness and greatness of life, and that if we reject her we reject not only evil but good.

This growing sympathy with exterior nature has, I think, affected religious belief most
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profoundly. For it has placed God within men and the universe, in the very centre of physical being, and not without it. The contemplation of outside things as good *must* lead to a belief that God is in and of the body. As long as man was concerned only with his own soul and its inward processes, he could, so to speak, abstract it from all thoughts of the physical. He was in touch with his own spirit direct. The body would never assert itself. Wonder came from within, and not from without. And so it came to be believed that his finest thoughts, which were God, were pure spirit; and hence a principle apart altogether from physical manifestation: that is, God was looked upon as a power in some way outside nature. Nature was his gift, but not himself. And the connection of evil with the body seemed to preclude the idea that good also might be dependent upon it. Man saw the opposite principles of good and evil, the evil certainly working through physical means. How, then, could good do the same? Was it not necessary to postulate God as independent of the body, exterior to it? Such, I think, was the older reasoning; and such it was that placed the "peace that passeth understanding"—that chiefest of needs which men look to their religion to supply—as beyond nature, in other hands. Such an idea appears in the beautiful little poem of George Herbert called "The Gifts of God":—

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by;
Let us (said he) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature;
So both would losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

Now, if rest may not be gained through nature, it is certain that we may not reverence nature. We may use her, but we may not love her in any true sense. Yet who would venture on such a pronouncement to-day? The truth is that body and soul have now become for us inextricably intermingled,

Nor soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul.

We know that the soul is mysterious; it is intangible, elusive, of secret working. But is not the body as mysterious and incomprehensible? When we have taken stock of it, when we have measured it and timed its movements, when we have agreed as to its form and colour, what

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more do we really know of it than of the soul? Think of the infinite divisibility of matter, and then wonder at the clumsiness of our observation, even from a material standpoint!

The artist knows this. He knows that body is soul—that it is only through body that we have knowledge of spirit; that this is a condition of our existence, from which we can escape by no amount of theory. Ask him to paint a picture, to carve a statue, except upon the basis of natural, or at least of conventional form! He can tell us nothing of beauty save through form. And if we cannot know beauty save by formal means, can we know goodness or truth? Thus we see that not only must base ideas be formulated in terms of matter, but exalted ones also. But what of the world hereafter, when, if we believe in immortality, time and space must be counted as naught? How shall we picture such a state? We cannot picture it. If we try, the here and now must be called in to our aid; and, curious paradox!—though we may desire to fly time and space, we can only do so through time and space themselves. So we are left with an entirely natural basis for all feeling, whether secular or religious.

For its vaster conceptions, religion in the past has depended largely on the use of words. Now, words have this especial quality, that by them we may easily generalize in abstract terms certain features of experience, so that apparently they are lifted clear of material significance. Such words as mercy, pity, peace, seem to take the thoughts far away from this world, to some heavenly source which needs no worldly feature for its manifestation. Yet

Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love the human form divine,
And Peace the human dress;

and we cannot conceive these qualities except through the body—though this is not saying that we realize their full significance through any particular person. The abstractions of language are true and inspiring if we remember that they must always be referred to the sum of natural experience, and not to something beyond this.

It is not surprising, then, that the Christian Church, which valued material existence so little, should have found its most congenial art expression in architecture. Not that it eschewed the other arts—poetry, painting, sculpture and music all had place under its dispensation; yet none of these arts could reach its full perfection while remaining consistent with the particular view of life that Christianity entertained. For they could not stop at abstract expression. Life had to assert itself at a certain material point. Partial developments of the utmost glory were there, epoch-making, and, in a sense, complete. Such a development, for instance, is represented by the Palestrinian school in the domain of Church music. It was a perfect expression of the inward attitude; yet it was not final in the sense that music could go no further. She has since travelled far from the Palestrinian ideal, taking false turnings, and descending into unworthy places; yet only to mount an even higher peak, where the atmosphere will be as rare and religious as of old. Architecture, however, under the Christian régime, had no stay to its progress. It was not dependent on natural form. Its genius was entirely abstract. From its pure lines no hint of evil could emerge; and so it became the very type of religious art. Men built cathedrals as they would offer prayer and praise to the Most High. The building of a church was an act of righteousness, as well as of devotion to beauty; and the supreme efforts of the Christian community seemed directed to the raising of those superb structures which so exactly express its especial attitude. There was nothing to hinder the full development of such an art. Violence to the Christian ideal was scarcely possible through it. Hence we now turn to mediæval architecture as to some complete and perfect achieve-

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ment, beyond which we can never hope to advance. We have learnt to debase its principles often enough, but never to improve upon them.

Not so with the other arts. To them the mediæval Church acted as a nurse-mother, tending them when they were comparatively helpless, but only to see them grow up and leave her when the appointed hour came. It was incontestably so with the drama and with music, and no less may be said of sculpture and painting, though this might scarcely be believed in view of the colossal achievements of such men as Raffaele and Michelangelo and the many painters and sculptors whose art adorned the churches of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But if we place their work, we shall find that it belongs not to the purely Christian or Gothic stage, but to the Renaissance—that period when the naturalistic view of life reasserted itself, when the sensuous and dramatic aspects of existence were once more emphasized. Previous to the Renaissance, painting and sculpture served only as an adornment to architecture, which, as we have seen, was from its abstract quality the true type of Christian art. The building itself was the supreme offering to God. Painting and sculpture were subservient to it. But with the Renaissance it was no longer abstract and comparatively formless conceptions which were embodied in the plastic arts. No longer were the features of different saints of more or less the same pattern. They took individual shape. Heaven was brought to earth, and now the building becomes the proud guardian of plastic art, rather than plastic art mere servitor to the building. The vision was radically altered—and not by a change from within, but by an influence from without.

This influence was frankly pagan; it expressed joy rather than renunciation. "I go to awaken the dead," said Cyriac of Ancona; and though by this he referred to his explorations of ancient Greek art, yet it may be taken as a characterization of the Renaissance as a whole. It was not a mere searching out of antiquity; it was the adoption of the antique spirit, the awakening of enthusiasms that had remained dormant in the purely Christian consciousness. It is true that at first these enthusiasms were applied to the service of the Church—to what was apparently an enforcement of its theological and doctrinal teachings; but it cannot be said that the inspiration came from these teachings. The teachings formed a convenient medium for the expression of the newly found spirit, and were used by the artists as such. But in reality something very different from the traditional development of Christianity was involved. For proof, we have only to follow up the history of the Renaissance. Within about two hundred years, art, which had previously been conterminous with the Roman Church, had definitely taken leave of Church doctrine. The mystery of human character as defined by the intuitive insight of Rembrandt, the beauty of nature as shown by Ruysdael and Cuyp, needed no dogma for its manifestation. Henceforth the development of art was to appear under the broader Church of Humanity.

Yet the new spirit was not without its danger. Just as the old had stressed the soul beyond its true function, so the new has stressed the body. Broad social values have been largely lost sight of in the quest of individuality. Worldliness has often usurped the place of high vision. We have become immensely sensitive to small things, to the subtlety of personal mood and countenance; we have analysed human nature to the utmost refinement. The task is now to apply our sympathies to broader issues. Having learnt what nature is (and we know infinitely more about her, and can express her with greater truth than ever in the past), we must use our knowledge to the picturing of general types of goodness, inspirations towards noble activity, which, as Aristotle says, is the definition of happy life. For the most part, since the Renaissance, the greatest spirits, as with Shakespeare, have been engaged in holding up the mirror to nature, in expressing a sympathetic view of life, not in adapting that view to the highest issues of conduct. To arouse the consciousness of the artist to the supreme potentialities of art towards good, to reassert the ancient Greek ideal of the good through the

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beautiful, to fuse Christian ethic with pagan æsthetic, in such a way as to be adapted to the purposes of modern civilization, is the problem of the day—the problem of ethical religion.

Such a problem has never been solved yet. The Greeks did not do it, though their formula stands for our guidance; for they were concerned in the main with their relation to outward nature, and not to the inward conscience. Christianity did not do it, for though it realized to the full the meaning of duty, it misunderstood outward nature. A new synthesis is needed, such as will make virtue feel at home in the world—a harmony of the inward and external must be declared. Of the soul we know, but of its radiance in physical form we are but dimly aware. There will ever be room for an abstract treatment of conduct. The Beatitudes will never fail in their truth and beauty. We shall always repose on their broad generalizations as upon some sustaining sea of truth. But we shall characterize these generalizations in a thousand varied forms. As nature herself is myriad in her manifestations, so love and pity will appear under many shapes. Yet those shapes will always symbolize the ultimate, the “force from the heights.” We shall use the body, but only to display the soul. We shall assert ideas, not persons; Man, not men. If this is untrue, then with Palestrina the book of sacred music was closed; for his music, though of infinite piety, is far removed from the objective world.

It is possible to use time and space, while carrying the mind to ideas far beyond. This is life at its noblest and truest. If we refuse this principle, we have to deny to the painter and sculptor the power of religious expression; for they must work through space. We must refuse the musician also, for he must work through time; while the poet is in a similar plight. How, then, shall we interpret our religious sense? What means shall we take to arouse it in others? Such considerations teach us at once the true lines of religious utterance, and upon what it must be based. If religious art is to stop at purely abstract expression, we shall have to say that Raffaele and Michelangelo are not religious artists. Indeed, we must say this of all the art of the Renaissance, reserving the term religious for Gothic art alone; and scarcely that, because even Gothic art touches time and space at some point.

Surely the truth is that we must revise our estimate of the term “abstract.” Have we not considered this term as something which deals in pure spirit, as something drawn wholly away from the flesh?—whereas we should view it as a power of the flesh. The human mind is able to consider qualities apart from their context—to consider love, for instance, as apart from those who love; and this has led to the dissociation of soul from body. But we see, when we view the work of the plastic artist, how impossible it is to conceive them apart.

What is the true power of Gothic art—the art of the cathedrals, of the Church liturgy, of the music of Palestrina?—and I use the term art not for artificiality, but as synonymous with life-expression. What is the true power of these things? Is it not that by their very vagueness they carry the soul to mystic heights, to heights that we may perhaps fail to perceive when confronted by the flesh? Such heights are always there; the clear outlines of the meanest flower may give us thoughts too deep for tears; only we may not realize this when we see such perfect exterior beauty. We may be satisfied by the appeal to the senses. Vagueness is always suggestive of spirit and infinity. But man cannot live entirely in such regions; he longs for more concrete expression.

Primitive forms of art invariably make a strong appeal to the imagination—to our sense of the unearthly and detached—because of this vagueness in their expression. Man always expresses himself in the abstract at first, for he has not the means of differentiation till, by much experience, he has moulded the language of the concrete. It was so with Gothic art and old Church music. Its language was perforce abstract, for it represented a comparatively rudimentary stage of development. Music, for instance, could not express the movement of the concrete with any sense of power, for it had not evolved the means. But this must not be

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taken entirely for virtue. It must not be assumed that the old composers deliberately chose the style they used for religious purposes. It happened to fit religious expression admirably in a sense, since religion must deal in spiritual issues, and the old art is of infinite suggestiveness in this respect, particularly to us moderns. But we are not entitled to assert more than this—to say that theirs is religious art, and that no other may be. The old art is beautiful, but in a sense it is the beauty of death rather than of life, it is the beauty of repose rather than of action, of adoration and submission rather than of joy and affirmation. Joy and life and action could only be supplied when art had passed the Gothic stage.

Nevertheless, with the abstraction and comparative vagueness of Gothic art went also the big spirit; for, since intimate feeling could not be represented by its means, the smaller individual point of view was ruled out. Through Gothic art the mind was carried over large spaces. It suggested breadth of vision, even though what was seen was not made fully clear. The greatness and mystery of existence were there, though it lacked the touch of concrete reality. And this is one of the chief characteristics of Church art. The broad, impersonal outlook must dominate. Church art is not satisfied by merely private feeling. It is destined to rouse individual feeling, but, because this is so, it must be infinitely bigger than the individual; for many hearts have to be touched, and therefore humanity as a whole must be represented. The fault of modern religious art lies in its undue assertion of the personal note. Although it attempts the expression of the largest issues, it does so in such a way that apparently only a single individual is concerned. This is not Church art, though infinitely delicate religious feeling may be shown. A comparison of George Herbert with, say, the Roman liturgy will immediately make this clear. With the one we have lyric expression—a revelation of the soul of George Herbert which will move us profoundly if we are of the same temperament as he. But we read his poems in secret; the thoughts are too tender and intimate for public presentation. With the other, we have the majesty of epic expression, a revelation of the common soul of humanity to be delivered in the midst of people, and gaining, not losing, when this is done. If it is to be of such a nature as will truly bind people together and cement their fellowship in a common experience, Church art must be of this broad kind, abstract or concretely symbolical. "Nothing is good without respect," and if we do not respect the circumstances for which we would ostensibly cater, then the result must be insignificant. As I have implied, Church art at the present day is on the whole deplorable in its disrespect of circumstance. This is shown in all modes of religious thought, not least in those modes which formerly did possess the true traditions of public worship. And if those Churches fail with all the benefit of high tradition behind them, it may not be surprising if the Ethical Church, with its poor quarter-century of endeavour, also shows some signs of a similar failing. It is, of course, the failing of modern civilization as a whole, and every one has come under it, whether of the old or of the new. We have developed exquisite discrimination in what may be called the small emotions. Our personal sensibility has been enormously increased by the attention to the particular as opposed to the general; and on the whole this trend has been inevitable, and we must not disparage it. But, having acquired this sensitiveness, we must now adapt it to broader issues. The unavoidable naïve generalizations of the past do not fully satisfy us; for, as expressions of comparatively primitive technique, they have not the variety and definition for which we now yearn. Neither does self-conscious modern art fulfil our deepest needs. We have been through the stage of individual expression—perhaps it is not even yet concluded—and now, or shortly, must again conceive of things as a whole. With our knowledge of the individual, a grander synthesis than ever is possible. We shall always turn to the mystery of innocence as to a little child. The virgin soul of a Palestrina will never fail in its appeal—deeper knowledge makes it even the more lovely. Only the adult can see the true beauty of childhood; and in our own work we must return

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to the single-mindedness and simplicity of the child, but with a man's power, conscious and strong. I believe there will be a great revival of religious feeling, of sympathies tuned to the wonder and mystery of life and to the needs of citizenship. It will show itself, as I have suggested, more in the concrete than the abstract—in symbolic drama, sculpture and painting, and in poetry of an absolutely natural kind; in the imaginative presentation of truth and goodness; not so much in creeds, discussions and definitions. We shall not only talk of virtue as of some far-off thing, we shall create virtuous types in our search for the type of virtue. We shall not only talk of the forces by which we are saved, we shall show them in radiant human beings. We shall not veil our faces before the good as before some holy, unapproachable thing, we shall gaze into it to discern its secret, or such of it as may be known. And the big heart will show itself in the big style; and by just so much as it does so shall we perceive it.

III

IN selecting the music for the present volume, I have endeavoured to be as true as I might to the principles of Church art. If there is discrepancy, if the practice that is revealed in the following music-pages does not quite accord with the teaching of the Introduction, it may be taken for slight pardon that sometimes I have had to deal with literary material which at least suggested a lyrical setting, if it did not actually impose it. The Ethical Movement is young, and it takes its rise in a period when, as I have said, the individual point of view is predominant; so that something of this element is perforce reflected in our work. Older faiths may return to their splendid traditions of the past, and are indeed wise if they do so; for us, a tradition has to be made, and it is in this spirit that the present volume is offered, merely as a starting-point towards creative activity in musical art of a purely ethical kind. The Ethical Movement will only be completely justified when it has evolved a liturgy and art store of its own, when it has proved itself to be effectively independent of the work of other Churches. It is no sin that it reflects the work of the past, for it would be absurd to expect mankind to begin afresh for every new effort. But in so far as it merely adapts and does not create, there is a sign of weakness. Nevertheless, I believe that this book shows that the Movement does not necessarily depend upon the work of others outside it, but is capable of expressing itself from within. There can be little doubt of this, if we consider the literary side of the present volume. Swinburne and Walt Whitman, to name these only, certainly justify the new spirit. The musician invariably follows in the wake of the poet. The subtlest of the arts is always the last to show its hand. But in the music of such a man as Rutland Boughton I believe we have a clear indication of the new possibilities of religious expression, of a burning desire of the musician for work along new lines of social service.

Some may think, and perhaps rightly, that in a few of the following hymns the sentimental has been emphasized more than was good. Others may regret that the popular and catchy is not more in evidence; but in this I think they will be wrong. To meet popular taste in the matter of Church music is surely wrong, if such taste happens to be trivial. Of all places, the church should be the one where standards are highest. People should go to church to be improved not only morally, but mentally; to become more discriminate of beauty as well as of goodness. Indeed, the highest virtue will depend on beauty as much as beauty on virtue. Shallow art is easiest understood; the obvious is the commonplace. Deep emotion implies deep mental processes, and he who will not trouble to think has no right to be represented in church activity.

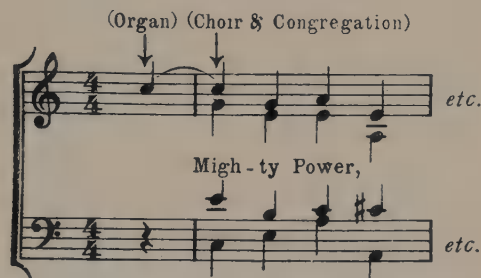
I have adhered to the practice of that fine book, the *English Hymnal*, in that most of the following hymn-tunes can be easily sung by mixed congregations. In compass they seldom go above D. The congregation should sing the melody only, and for the first verse it is a good

Musical Editor's Introduction

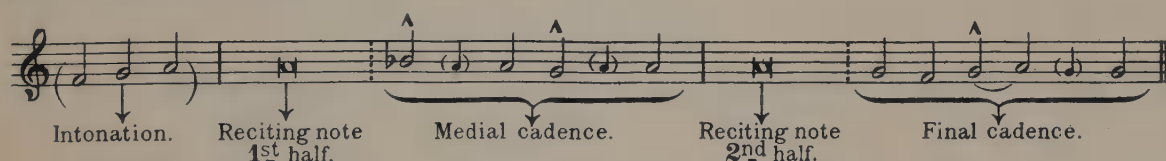
plan for both choir and congregation to sing in unison, so that the tune may be firmly grasped at the onset. Old hymn melodies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries frequently show curiously irregular rhythmic notation, and in adapting several of these tunes I have not hesitated to simplify the rhythm. I imagine that the actual performance of these older tunes was more regular than their original notation would seem to imply, and that the congregations of the period which sung them could no more keep to their exact setting forth than congregations of the present day.

In the performance of hymns, the most rigid tempo should be adopted on the whole. Anything tending to express merely private sentiment should be avoided, such as *rubato* in the movement or vivid effects of *crescendo* and *diminuendo* in the expression, which draw attention to the performer rather than to that which he is interpreting. It is no easy thing to keep strict time, with the nobility of sentiment that it implies. Let the idea not be scoffed at as a counsel only for the very young. Pauses at essential points, to make the sense of the words clear, will of course be wanted. I do not suggest riding roughshod over each verse, but only a treatment of it such as befits the dignity and control of a congregation.

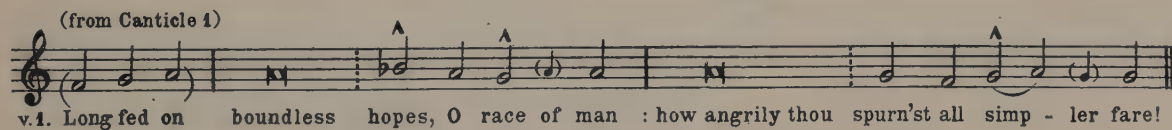
There is sometimes a difficulty in beginning a hymn well. The organist, as is usual, will play either the complete verse of the hymn if it is short, or a few lines if it is long, previous to the congregation joining in. Then, in order to start well, a single anticipatory note in the treble is good. In notation, it would be rendered thus—say for hymn 57:—



A word as to the setting of the words to the Plain Chant tones. It may appear complicated, but in reality it is a simple matter. The structure of each tone may vary slightly in the number of notes and accents, but the same general treatment is apparent. For instance, the first tone might be analysed as follows:—



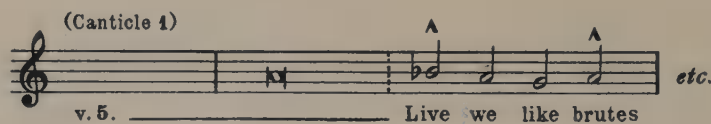
The intonation serves only for the first verse, and a syllable goes to each note, no matter how accents come. The reciting notes explain themselves. The cadences contain one or two accents (signified by ^). A syllable goes to each note or group of notes of the cadences, if the accents of the words fit; but it is permitted to put in one unaccented note (♩) between each normal accent and the following note if the words require it. Thus:—



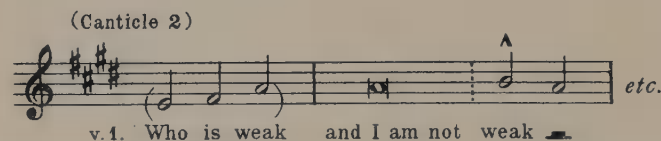
The inserted note (♩) is always taken as anticipatory to the following note.

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Sometimes in a verse there are not enough words to necessitate the reciting note being used at all, as in—



When in the medial cadence in which the last note descends, the words end on a monosyllable or accent, the last note is omitted, as in Canticle 2. This is called the abrupt mediation:—



This only applies to the second, fourth, fifth and eighth tones, not to the sixth, though in this the last note of the medial cadence does descend.

The harmony given for the alternative verses is schemed so that in structure it is exactly similar to the Plain Song tone above.

In singing these Canticles, there is but one main rule: sing them as you would speak them, keeping to the natural accent of the words, and not yielding to the desire to make each syllable heavy. Even if the musical accent is thrust aside by this keeping to the verbal accent, it must be done, for the function of these chants is not to supply music which shall focus itself on the attention as music, but to afford a means of raised declamation. The words must always be looked upon as the main thing.

A good delivery of the words, as in the hymns, will be free from all hurry or agitation. No syllable will be unduly clipped, yet at times there must be considerable movement, as in Canticle 4, according to the sense of the poem. It is possible to recite words quite quickly, if evenness is kept, without the least sense of haste; while, on the other hand, a comparatively slow delivery of words, if uneven, may appear the very reverse of composed.

In a general way, these Canticles, as well as such of the Anthems as are of the polyphonic period (those of Byrd, Palestrina, and others), should be sung with a full sense of the meaning of the words, though the individual personality of the singer should never obtrude. Plain Chant and Palestrina are, as musical parlance, the language of the prophet and the people; and this must never be forgotten, for to it their greatness is largely due. On the other hand, impersonality is not insensibility, and to sing such things with dumb feeling is as bad as to do so with an excess of subtlety. Such music, as I have before suggested, is subjective in its structure; it deals with human emotion towards certain abstract conceptions; it has no hold on concrete reality. It therefore lacks those qualities of form which to a certain extent satisfy apart altogether from the interpretation that is given it. A certain formal pleasure is derived from modern music by its bare presentment. We feel in it a sort of kinship to external created forms. But if the soul is omitted in the performance of old music—if we are given merely the dry bones without the informing spirit—it becomes a very dull matter indeed. The subjective human appeal must be apparent—such an appeal as will have been stimulated by the words which are being sung. The mind always yearns for a certain definiteness, and in the case of old music this definiteness is largely given by the power of the words which are allied with it.

Special attention may perhaps be drawn to our Responses, for they represent

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an attempt to weld the utterance suitable to congregation and choir in a rather more elaborate way than (I think) has hitherto been done. The structural idea is a development of that of the Litany.

Hymns Nos. 58, 63, 66, 75, 76 (first tune), 81, 91, 93, 94, 100, 102, 108, 116, 119, 121, 122, 124, 125, 128, 131, 133, 136, 139, 140, 141, 152, 153, 157, 164, 167, 171, 172, 179, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, have been taken, as they stand, from *The Ethical Hymn Book*, edited by Mr Norman O'Neill, and I am under great obligation to him in that I am able to turn to, and use from his book, thereby considerably lightening my own work. The tunes of Nos. 59, 67, 69, 113, 115, 126, 130, 142, 150, 155, 174, 180, 184, were also used for the same words in *The Ethical Hymn Book*.

In the case of non-copyright hymns I have usually harmonized them afresh, in order not to appear to be too dependent on the labours of others.

Acknowledgment and hearty thanks are due to those who have allowed us to make use of their musical copyright. To Dr Vaughan Williams, for permission to use the tunes of hymns Nos. 97 and 159 (taken from *The English Hymnal*); to Miss Lucy Broadwood for the tunes of Nos. 118, 138; to Mr J. Macbean for the tune of No. 79 and also of No. 88 (taken from *Songs and Hymns of the Gael*); to Sir Ernest Clarke for the tune of No. 62; and to Mr Foxton Ferguson for that of No. 61.

If any copyright material has been printed in this book without due permission, I would hereby express great regret, though care has been taken to avoid any such error.

CH. KENNEDY SCOTT,
Musical Editor.

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On behalf of the West London Ethical Society, the Musical Editor hereby expresses cordial thanks to the following authors and publishers for permission to print copyright poems, etc., in the sections devoted to Canticles, Anthems, and Responses:—

Mrs Helen E. Bantock, for the words of "A Song of Liberty."
 Robert Bridges, Esq., Poet Laureate, for the poem "A Song of Darkness and Light."
 Edward Carpenter, Esq.
 Mrs T. K. Cheyne.
 Alfred Cloake, Esq.
 Rev. Canon Deacon, for O'Shaughnessy's poem "The Music-makers."
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 Extracts from Bach's Cantatas ("Brightly Shines," "Come, Visit ye," "Give the Hungry Man thy Bread," "O Light Everlasting," "Sleepers, awake!")
 "Weep for the Glorious Dead" and "Invocation to Music," from Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal" (words by Joseph Bennett).
 Extracts from Parry's "A Vision of Life," "Beyond these Voices," "The Love that casteth out Fear," "Voces Clamantium," "The Soul's Ransom," and "War and Peace."
 Extracts from Elgar's "The Apostles," and "The Light of Life" (words by Rev. E. Capel-Cure).
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 T. Watts-Dunton, Esq., for words of "Star from Far to Star" (A. C. Swinburne).
 The Rev. H. Youlden.
 The words of "Woman's Song of Creation" (Christina Walshe) are from "Songs of Womanhood" (Music by Rutland Boughton), and are reprinted by arrangement with the publisher, Mr J. H. Larway.
 The words of the duet "Where'er we stray" are printed by permission of Mr C. Joubert of Paris (Breitkopf and Härtel, 54 Great Marlborough Street, London), proprietors of the music of César Franck's "The Beatitudes."

Some poems which appear in Part IV are transferred from the *Ethical Hymn Book*, of which this Part constitutes a selected edition. For these, acknowledgments are due to the Union of Ethical Societies and to the following:

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 The late A. C. Swinburne.
 Dr C. J. Whitby.

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Giving a list* of Anthems sung at the West London Ethical Church, Queen's Road, Bayswater; with indication concerning publisher, price, and degree of difficulty in performance.

*Care has been taken to avoid errors in the compilation of this list, but no responsibility can be taken if any of the information is incorrect.

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Certain of these Anthems are either in MS. or cannot be had through the ordinary trade channels of publication. Others are so far in print but have been adapted specially for Ethical use and so are not available in the form here given as published work; but the Church Committee will be glad to supply a copy of any of these MSS. or adaptations to those interested, at the bare cost of the music and necessary copying.

Abbreviations: E., easy; M.D., moderately difficult; D., difficult.

This list has been arranged on the following plan:

- | | | |
|------------------------|---|--|
| I. UNACCOMPANIED ITEMS | Choruses
Solo Voices | <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> { <div> <div>(a) Mixed voices.</div> <div>(b) Equal voices.</div> <div>(c) Quartets and Trios.</div> </div> </div> |
| II. ACCOMPANIED ITEMS | Choruses (or Solos and Chorus)

Solo Voices | <div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> { <div> <div>(a) Mixed voices.</div> <div>(b) Equal voices.</div> <div>(c) Quartets and Trios.</div> <div>(d) Duets.</div> <div>(e) Solos: Soprano.</div> <div>(f) „ Contralto.</div> <div>(g) „ Tenor.</div> <div>(h) „ Bass.</div> </div> </div> |

I (a). UNACCOMPANIED CHORUSES FOR MIXED VOICES.

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
1	<i>Tye</i> (d. 1580)	"Mock not God's name"	S.A.T.B.	E.	1½d.	Longmans, Green and Co.
2	<i>Farrant</i> (d. 1580)	"We beg of you, our fellow-men" (Adaptation of anthem, "Lord, for thy tender mercies")	S.A.T.B.	E.	1½d.	Novello
3	<i>Tallis</i> (d. 1585)	"Holy Law! sustaining life" (Adaptation of Kyrie of <i>Missa sine nomine</i>)	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	1s. 6d.	Breitkopf and Härtel
4	<i>Palestrina</i> (d. 1594)	"Be ye Redeemers!"				
5		"Now at last we know"				

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No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
6	<i>Palestrina</i> (d. 1594)	(a) "Thou Law hid in our spirit" (b) "Some have welcomed" (c) The Spirit that unites				
7		"Holy, Holy, Holy"				
8		"He is blessed"				
9		"Ye who pity" (1)				
10		"Ye who pity" (2) (The above cycle of anthems, under the title <i>Saviours</i> , represents an adaptation of words by Dr Stanton Coit to the music of the <i>Missa Brevis</i>	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	Vocalscore 1s. 8d., separate voice parts 10d. each	Breitkopf and Härtel (in <i>L'anthologie des Maîtres Religieux Primitifs</i>). Ed. by C. Bordes
		and the <i>Missa Papæ Marcelli</i>	S.A.T.T.B.B.	D.	Vocalscore 2s. 6d., separate voice parts 1s. 6d. each	
	Also <i>di Lasso</i> (Orlando) (1520-1594)	Anthem cycle as above, 4 to 10 (Adaptation of the <i>Missa VIII. Toni "Puisque j'ay perdu"</i>)	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	8d.	F. Pustet (Ratisbon). Ed. by Haberl
	<i>Vittoria</i> (1540-1605)	Anthem cycle as above, 4 to 10 (Adaptation of the Mass <i>O quam gloriosum</i>)	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	1s. 3d.	F. Pustet (Ratisbon)
	<i>Byrd</i> (d. 1623) (See also under I (b), p. xxv)	Anthem cycle as above, 4 to 10 (Adaptation of the 3 pt. Mass)	S.A.T.	M.D.	1s. 6d.	Washbourne. Ed. by W. Barclay Squire
11	<i>Palestrina</i> (d. 1594)	"To light that shines" (Adaptation of anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost")	S.A.T.B.	E.	2d.	Novello
12	<i>Byrd</i> (d. 1623)	"The souls of the righteous" (Slightly adapted)	S.S.A.T.B.	M.D.	3d.	Novello

Social Worship

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
13	<i>Byrd</i> (d. 1623)	"A feigned friend"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	3d.	Breitkopf and Härtel (pub. in <i>Euterpe</i>) Ed. by Ch. Kennedy Scott
14		"Let not the sluggish sleep"	S.S.A.T.	M.D.	3d.	
15	<i>Weelkes</i> (d. early 17th century)	"When David heard"	S.S.A.A.T.B.	D.	4d.	Laudy and Co. (in <i>Arion</i> collection)
16	<i>Mundy (John)</i> (d. 1630)	"Sing ye of human Work and Love" (Adaptation of Psalm, "Sing ye unto the Lord")	S.S.A.T.	M.D.	3d.	Breitkopf and Härtel (in <i>Euterpe</i> collection) Ed. by Ch. Kennedy Scott
17	<i>Ward</i> (early 17th century)	"O let me tread in the right path"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.		In MS.
18	<i>Rogers (Benjamin)</i> (1614-1698)	"Lord, who shall dwell"	S.A.T.B.	E.	1½d.	Novello
19	<i>Brahms</i> (1833-1897)	"When a strong man, an armed"	8-pt. double chorus	D.	6d.	Lengnick and Co.
20	<i>Parry (C.H.H.)</i>	"Sweet day, so cool"	S.A.T.B.	E.	2d.	Novello
21		"There rolls the deep"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	2d.	Novello
22	<i>Stanford</i>	"O sweet are Sorrow"	S.S.A.T.B.B.	D.	3d.	Novello
23		"O living will"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	4d.	Stainer and Bell
24		"Will my tiny spark of being"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	3d.	Boosey
		(The voice parts double considerably in this)				
25		"They told me, friend beloved"	S.A.T.B.	E.	3d.	Stainer and Bell
		(Adaptation of "They told me, Heraclitus")				
26	<i>Vaughan-Williams</i>	Rest	S.S.A.T.B.	M.D.	4d.	Laudy and Co.
27	<i>O'Neill (Norman)</i>	"When love is weak"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.		
28		"The tide slips from the harbour's mouth"	" "	"		
29		"Not only round our infancy"	" "	"		
30		"When winter winds are piercing chill"	" "	"		
31		"I marked a rainbow in the north"	" "	"		
32		"Oh! I would sing a song of praise"	" "	"		
33		"In winter when the trees are bare"	" "	"		

These items are to be found in the Ethical Hymn Book. Ed. by Norman O'Neill. Price 3s. 6d.

Copies will be supplied by the Committee of the Ethical Church, Queen's Road, Bayswater

Contents of Volume II

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
34	<i>Scott (Kennedy)</i>	"Abou ben Adhem"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.		In MS.
35		"O may I join the Choir invisible"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.		In MS.

I (b) UNACCOMPANIED CHORUSES FOR EQUAL VOICES

4-10	<i>Lotti (1667-1740)</i>	Anthem cycle as 4 to 10 (Adaptation of 3 pt. Mass)	T.T.B.	M.D.	2s. 6d.	Breitkopf and Härtel (in <i>L'anthologie des Maîtres Religieux Primitifs</i>). Ed. by C. Bordes
36	<i>Elgar</i>	"Feasting I watch"	T.T.B.B.	D.	4d.	Novello
37	<i>Bantock (Granville)</i> (See also 98a)	"The glories of our blood and state"	T.T.B.B.	D.	3d.	Novello
38	<i>Scott (Kennedy)</i>	"Here shall a realm rise"	T.T.B.B.	M.D.		In MS.
39		"Lead, kindly light"	T.T.B.B.	M.D.		In MS.

I (c) UNACCOMPANIED QUARTETS AND TRIOS

40	<i>Palestrina</i> (d. 1594)	"O'er silent field" (Adaptation)	S.S.A.	E.	In Ethical Hymn Book. Price 3s. 6d.	From Committee of the Ethical Church, Bayswater
41	<i>Campion</i> (d. 1619)	"Tune thy music"	S.A.T.B.	E.	2d.	Breitkopf and Härtel (<i>Euterpe</i> collection). Ed. by Ch. Kennedy
42	<i>Rossini</i> (1792-1868)	"When we die to selfish pleasure" (Adaptation of "Quando corpus" from <i>Stabat Mater</i>)	S.A.T.B.	D.	1½d.	Scott Novello

Social Worship

II (a) ACCOMPANIED CHORUSES (OR SOLOS AND CHORUS) FOR MIXED VOICES

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
43	<i>Locke (Matthew)</i> (d. 1677)	"When the Son of Man shall come"	S.S.A.T.B. and Bass solo	D.	4d.	Stainer and Bell
44	<i>Purcell</i> (1658-1695)	"Rejoice in the law" (Adaptation of "Rejoice in the Lord")	S.A.T.B. & A.T. & B. soli	M.D.	3d.	Novello
45	<i>Bach (J. S.)</i> (1685-1750)	"Give the hungry man thy bread" (Slightly adapted)	S.A.T.B.	D.	1s.	Novello
46		"O Light everlasting"	S.A.T.B.	D.	1s.	Novello
47		"Sleepers, wake!"	S.A.T.B.	D.	1s.	Novello
48		"The Lord hath shewed strength"	S.S.A.T.B.	D.	From <i>Magnificat</i> in D (Complete vocal score) 1s.	Novello
49		"Years are coming" (Adaptation of Chorale, "God is our hope and strength")	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	4d.	Stainer and Bell (Nos. 1 and 3 of Three Chorales. Church Music Society Collection)
50		"The man of life upright" (Adaptation of Chorale, "Jesu, joy of man's desiring")	S.A.T.B.	M.D.		
51	<i>Handel</i> (1685-1759)	"Envy, eldest born of Hell!"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	1d.	Novello
52		"Is there a man"	S.A.T.B.	E.	From oratorio <i>Saul</i> (complete vocal score), 2s.	Novello
53		"O fatal consequence of rage"	S.A.T.B.	D.	1½d.	Novello
54		"Let justice reign"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	2d.	Novello
55		(a) "How beautiful are the feet" (b) "Their sound is gone out"	S. solo S.A.T.B. }	M.D.	From <i>The Messiah</i> (complete vocal score), 2s.	Novello
56	<i>Boyce</i> (1710-1779)	"O where shall wisdom"	S.S.A.T.B.	M.D.	6d.	Novello
57	<i>Mozart</i> (1756-1791)	"Martyrs, who with strength unfailing" (Adaptation of <i>Ave Verum</i>)	S.A.T.B.	E.	1½d.	Novello
58	<i>Himmel</i> (1765-1814)	"Incline your hearts" (Adaptation of anthem, "Incline thine ear")	B. solo and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	E.	1½d.	Novello

Contents of Volume II

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
59	<i>Beethoven</i> (1770-1827)	"Meek, as thou liv- edst "	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	2d.	Novello
60		"These two shine forth " (Adaptation of <i>Hymn of Nature</i>)	S. solo and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	E.	3d.	Chappell and Co. (Vocal Library)
61	<i>Spohr</i> (1784-1859)	"Blest are the de- parted "		E.	1½d.	Novello
62		"As pants the heart "	S. solo and chorus (S.A.A.T.B.)	M.D.	1½d.	Novello
63	<i>Camidge</i> (J.) (1790-1859)	"Fret not thyself " (Slightly adapted)	T. solo and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	M.D.	3d.	Bosworth and Co.
64	<i>Mendelssohn</i> (1809-1847)	"Sleepers, wake "	S.A.T.B.	E.	1½d.	Novello
65		"The night is depart- ing "	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	3d.	Novello
66		"How lovely are the messengers "	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	2d.	Novello
67		"He that shall en- dure "	S.A.T.B.	E.	1½d.	Novello
68		"As the heart pants "	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	1½d.	Novello
69		"Heed the poor " (Adaptation of "Hear my prayer ")	S. solo and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	M.D.	4d.	Novello
70	<i>Wesley</i> (S. S.) (1810-1876)	"The Wilderness "	B. solo, quartet and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	D.	6d.	Novello
71		"Blessed are they that always keep judg- ment "	S.A.T.B.	E.	2d.	Bosworth and Co.
72		"Wash me thoroughly"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	3d.	Novello
73	<i>Schumann</i> (1810-1856)	"Now hill and dale are wrapt in silence deep "	S.A. and T. soli and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	M.D.	2d.	Novello
74	<i>Macfarren</i> (G. A.) (1813-1887)	"Keep innocency "	S.A.T.B.	E.	2d.	Novello
75	<i>Gounod</i> (1818-1893)	"Lovely appear "	S. solo and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	M.D.	3d.	Novello
76	<i>Brahms</i> (1833-1897)	"Blessed, blessed are they that mourn "	S.A.T.B.	D.	} From the <i>Requiem</i> (com- plete vocal score), 1s.	Breitkopf and Härtel
77		"Behold, all flesh is as grass "	S.A.T.B.	D.		
78		"How blessed all who thee obey "	S.A.T.B.	M.D.		

Social Worship

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
79	<i>Oakeley (H.S.)</i>	(Adaptation of No. IV of Requiem, "How lovely is thy dwelling place") "Comes, at times, a stillness"	S.A.T.B.	E.	2d.	Novello
80	<i>Mackenzie (A.C.)</i>	"Weep for the glorious dead!"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	From <i>The Dream of Jubal</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d. "Weep for the glorious dead!" may be had separately, price 3d.	Novello
81		"O Music, voice inspired"	S. and T. soli and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	D.		
82		"Power Eternal"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
83	<i>Parry (C.H.H.)</i>	"Man, born to toil"	S.A.T.B.	D.	From <i>A Song of Darkness and Light</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. From Cantata, <i>War and Peace</i> (complete P.F. score), 3s.	Novello
84		"Sweet, compassionate tears"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
85		"Gird on thy sword"	S. solo and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	D.		
86		"Forward through the glimmering darkness"	S.A.T.B.	D.	From Cantata, <i>War and Peace</i> (complete P.F. score), 3s.	Novello
87		"To us is the glory of beauty revealed"	Double chorus	D.	From Cantata, <i>The Vision of Life</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello
88		"The Empire of the proud ones passeth"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
89		"Hearken, O brothers"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
90		"We praise the men of the days long ago"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
91		"To everything there is a season"	S.A.T.B.	D.	From Cantata, <i>Beyond These Voices</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello
92		"There is no fear in love"	Semi and full chorus	D.	From Cantata, <i>The Love that Casteth out Fear</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello
93		"The spirit shall be poured out upon us"	S.A.T.B.	D.		

Contents of Volume II

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
94	<i>Parry (C.H.H.)</i>	(a) "Hear ye this, O ye people"	B. solo and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	D.	From Cantata, <i>The Soul's Ransom</i> (complete vocal score), 2s.	Novello
95		(b) "We look for light"	S. solo and chorus	D.		
96		"Why are ye so fearful"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
		"See now, ye that love the light"				
97		(a) "Cry aloud, spare not"	Short Soprano solo and chorus	D.	From Cantata, <i>Voces clamantium</i> (complete vocal score); 2s.	Novello
98		(b) "The noise of a multitude"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
98 ^a		"I will create a new heaven"	S.A.T.B.	D.		
99	<i>Stanford</i>	"The glories of our blood and state"	S.A.T.B.	D.	1s.	Novello
100		"Come, lovely and soothing Death"	S.A.T.B.	D.	From <i>Elegiac Ode</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Bosworth and Co.
101		"Our enemies have fall'n"	S.A.T.B.	D.	6d.	Boosey
102	<i>Elgar</i>	"Let us now praise famous men"	S.A.T.B.	D.	From Cantata, <i>Ave atque vale</i> (complete vocal score), 1s. 6d.	Stainer and Bell
103		"The spirit of the Lord is upon me"	S.A.T.B.	D.	From Oratorio, <i>The Apostles</i> (complete vocal score), 5s. 6d.	Novello
104		"Blessed are the poor in spirit"	S.T. and 3 Bass soli and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	D.	5s. 6d.	Boosey
105		"Peace, gentle Peace"	Quartet and chorus (S.A.T.B.)	M.D.		
106		"We are the music makers"	Contralto solo and chorus	D.	From Ode, <i>The Music Makers</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello
106	<i>Boughton (Rutland)</i>	"Now is the time, my brothers"	S.A.T.B.	D.	1s.	Curwen and Sons

II (b) ACCOMPANIED CHORUSES (OR SOLOS AND CHORUS) FOR EQUAL VOICES

107	<i>Hiller</i>	"He in tears that soweth"	S. solo and chorus (S.S.A.)	E.	1½d.	Novello
108	<i>Anon.</i>	"Wonders in Nature we see and scan"				

Social Worship

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
109	<i>Liszt</i> (1811-1886)	"By the waters of Babylon"	S. solo and chorus (S.S.A.A.)	D.	4d.	Curwen and Sons
110	<i>Elgar</i>	"Woe to the shepherds"	S. solo and chorus (S.S.A.A.)	M.D.	From Oratorio, <i>The Light of Life</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello
111	<i>Parry</i> (C.H.H.)	"Be strong"	S.S.A.A.	D.	From Symphonic Ode, <i>War and Peace</i> (complete vocal score), 3s.	Novello
112	<i>Scott</i> (Kennedy)	"I heard the trailing garments of the night"	T.T.B.B.	D.	2d.	Stainer and Bell

II (c) ACCOMPANIED QUARTETS AND TRIOS

113	<i>Haydn</i> (1732-1809)	"Most beautiful appear"	S.T.B.	M.D.	From <i>The Creation</i> (complete vocalscore), 2s.	Novello
114	<i>Mendelssohn</i> (1809-1847)	"O come, every one that thirsteth"	S.A.T.B.	E.	1½d.	Novello
115	<i>Parry</i> (C.H.H.)	"Sing the glories of peace"	S.A.T.B.	D.	From Symphonic Ode, <i>War and Peace</i> (complete vocal score), 3s.	Novello
116	<i>Stanford</i>	"Tears, idle tears"	S.A.T.B.	M.D.	From A Cycle of 9 Songs, Op. 68 (complete vocalscore), 5s. Separate voice parts 1s. each.	Boosey

II (d) ACCOMPANIED DUETS

117	<i>Handel</i> (1685-1759)	"Come, ever smiling Liberty"	S.S. (or S.A.)	E.	1½d.	Novello
118		"O lovely Peace"	S. and A.	M.D.	1½d.	Novello
119		"O death, where is thy sting"	A. and T.	E.	1s.	Novello

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No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
120	<i>Sterndale Bennett</i> (1816-1875)	"And who is he that will harm you "	S.S. or S.A.	M.D.	From 4 Sacred Duets (complete), 1s. From 12 Canons. Op. 163 (complete), 1s. 6d., or singly 2d. each	Novello
121		"Cast thy bread "	S.S. or S.A.	E.		
122	<i>Reinecke</i>	"In life if love we know not "	S.A.	M.D.		Novello
123		"Eat the fruit, but give the seed "	S.S.	M.D.		
124		"Woe to him that, when life doth close "	S.S.	M.D.		
125		"Look upward "	S.S.	M.D.	From <i>The Beatitudes</i> (complete vocal score), 8s. net.	Breitkopf and Härtel
126	<i>Franck (César)</i>	"Where'er we stray"	T. and B.	D.		
127	<i>Parry</i>	"He hath showed us what is good "	C. and B.	M.D.	From <i>Sinfonia Sacra, The Love that Casteth out Fear</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello

II (e) SOPRANO SOLOS

128	<i>Haydn</i> (1732-1809)	"With verdure clad "		D.	1s.	Novello
129	<i>Parry</i>	"In ways of beauty "		M.D.	From <i>Ode, A Song of Darkness and Light</i> (complete vocal score), 2s.	Novello
130		"Once while the roar "		D.	From <i>Symphonic Poem, The Vision of Life</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello
131		"Yet shines the life-sustaining sun!"		D.		
132		"None will be dreaming alone "		M.D.		
133		"Ho! ev'ryone that thirsteth "		D.	From <i>Motet, Beyond these Voices</i> (complete vocal score), 2s. 6d.	Novello

Social Worship

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
134	<i>Stanford</i>	"I came forth from the mouth of the Most High"		D.	2s.	Stainer and Bell
135	<i>Boughton (Rutland)</i>	"Fly, messenger, fly!"		D.	} 2s. these 2 numbers	Novello
136		"Standing beyond Time"		D.		
137	<i>O'Neill (N.)</i>	Nature and Love		E.	From the Ethical Hymn Book, 3s. 6d.	To be had of the Committee of the Ethical Church, Bayswater

II (f) CONTRALTO SOLOS

138	<i>Bach (1685-1750)</i>	"He hath filled the hungry"		D.	From <i>Magnificat</i> in D, 1s.	Novello
139	<i>Handel (1685-1759)</i>	"O Liberty, thou choicest treasure"		M.D.	6d.	Novello
140	<i>Stanford</i>	"Will my tiny spark"		D.	From <i>Songs of Faith</i> , Set I, 2s. 6d.	Boosey
141	<i>Bantock (Granville)</i>	"Darest thou now, O Soul"		D.	} From <i>Songs of Faith</i> , Set II, 2s. 6d.	Boosey
142		"Tears!"		D.		
142a		"I am all that hath been"		M.D.	From <i>Songs of Egypt</i>	Breitkopf and Härtel
143	<i>Boughton (Rutland)</i>	"Woman, in whose hands the destiny of men is shapen"		D.	From <i>Songs of Womanhood</i> , 5 songs (complete), 3s.	J. H. Larway
144		"Once more the dead Christ lies"		D.	2s.	Novello

II (g) TENOR SOLOS

145	<i>Bach (1685-1750)</i>	"He hath put down the mighty"		D.	From <i>Magnificat</i> in D, 1s.	Novello
146	<i>Handel (1685-1759)</i>	"Sound an alarm"		D.	1s.	Novello
147		"From cities storm'd"		E.	From Oratorio, <i>Saul</i> (complete vocal score), 2s.	Novello
148	<i>Mendelssohn (1809-1847)</i>	"Be thou faithful unto death"		M.D.	9d.	Novello

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No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
149	<i>Parry</i>	"Hark! What spirit doth entreat"		M.D.	From Ode, <i>A Song of Darkness and Light</i> (complete vocal score), 2s.	Novello
150		"After tumult rest"		M.D.	From Symphonic Ode, <i>War and Peace</i> (complete vocal score), 3s.	Novello
150a	<i>Mackenzie (A.C.)</i>	For lo! the winter is past		M.D.		Novello

II (b) BASS SOLOS

151	<i>Handel</i> (1685-1759)	"Arm, arm, ye brave" (Slightly adapted)		M.D.		Novello
152	<i>Haydn</i> (1732-1809)	"Rolling in foaming billows"		M.D.	1s.	Novello
153	<i>Brahms</i> (1833-1897)	"One thing befalleth"		D.	} <i>Vier Ernste Gesänge</i> , Op. 121 (complete), 4s.	A. Lengnick and Co.
154		"So I return'd"		D.		
155		"O death"		D.		
156		"Though I speak with the tongues of men"		D.		
157	<i>Dvořák</i>	"By the waters of Babylon"		M.D.	} From <i>Biblische Lieder</i> . Op. 99, Heft II (complete) 4s. net	Lengnick
158		"Turn Thee to me and have mercy"		M.D.		
159		"Sing ye a joyful song"		M.D.		
160	<i>Parry</i>	"Will he come to us"		M.D.	From <i>English Lyrics</i> , 8th Set, 2s. 6d.	Novello
161		"By music, minds an equal temper know"		M.D.	From <i>St. Cecilia's Day</i> (vocal score complete), 2s.	Novello
162		"God looked for judgment"		D.	From <i>Voces Clamantium</i> , 2s.	Novello
163		"Yet in the weltering chaos"		M.D.	From <i>The Vision of Life</i> , 2s. 6d.	Novello
164		"I said in mine heart"		D.	} From <i>Beyond These Voices</i> , 2s. 6d.	Novello
165		"Truly the light is sweet"		D.		

Social Worship

No. of Anthem.	Composer's Name and Date.	Title of Work. First Words.	Disposition.	Degree of Difficulty.	List Price.	Publisher and Editor.
166	<i>Stanford</i>	"Strong son of God"		D.	From <i>Songs of Faith</i> , Set I, 2s. 6d.	Boosey
167		"Doubt no longer that the Highest"		D.		
168		"Joy, shipmate, joy!"		D.	From <i>Songs of Faith</i> , Set II, 2s. 6d.	Boosey
169	<i>Vaughan-Williams</i>	"Dark Mother, always gliding"		D.	From <i>Elegiac Ode</i> , 2s.	Bosworth and Co.
170		The Call		D.	From <i>Five Mystical Songs</i> (complete), 3s. 2s.	Stainer and Bell
171		To Freedom		D.		Novello
172	<i>O'Neill (N.)</i>	"Star from far to star"	Baritone (or Tenor)	M.D.	From <i>Ethical Hymn Book</i> , 3s. 6d.	To be had of Committee of the Ethical Church, Bayswater
173		"Men will be light of heart"		M.D.		
174		"Well may I guess and feel"		M.D.		
175	<i>Anon.</i>	Happy he who dies to self				
176	<i>Mendelssohn</i>	"Ever blessed child, rejoice"	Duet for 2 Sopranos & Chorus	M.D.	1½d.	Novello
177	<i>Hildach</i>	"Where'er thou goest"	Duet for Soprano and Baritone	E.		Oppenheimer Bros.

Indexes

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ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

Canticle 2, p. 2:

Arrangement of words to music in first half of verses 2, 4, 6 and 10 should be:

v. 2.	For none of us liveth to	him -self,
4.	I was an hungered and ye gave	me meat,
6.	I was sick and ye visit-	ed me,
10.	The same . . .	heart beats

Canticle 3, p. 3:

Arrangement of words of verses 6, 8 and 10 should be:

v. 6.	That they	(♩)	may be plac'd a- lone
8.	We turn the nee-	dy	out of the way
10.	As righteous life	pre- sup- pos-	eth life

Canticle 9, p. 10:

Slurs are wanted over the last two words of each verse, thus:

the roots of the years and the fruits.

Canticle 11, p. 12:

Penultimate note in Alto part on word *this* in *So may it be this day* should be D, not C#

Canticle 36, p. 44:

Second note in Tenor part of harmony should be A, not B.

Canticle 39, p. 47:

Slur wanted to the three bass notes on word *be* in *So may it be this day*.

Hymn 79, p. 82:

Ties should be taken out of Soprano part bars 2 and 4; and double bars inserted at end of first, second and third lines of verse.

Hymn 81, p. 83.

In bar 6 a natural is wanted to both A's of Treble part.

Responses, p. 167:

In Response "In sorrows that have not visited us," etc., the last note D in bass (on word "triumph") should be C.

Response 199, p. 172:

At end of line 1, Tenor part, on word "not" note should be C, not B.

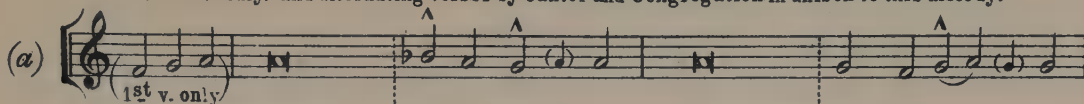
Part I
CANTICLES

THE BETTER PART

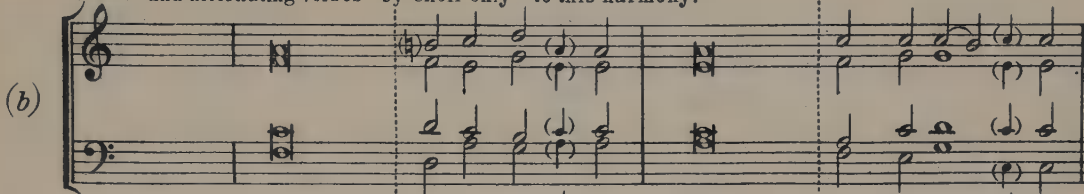
(Matthew Arnold)

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

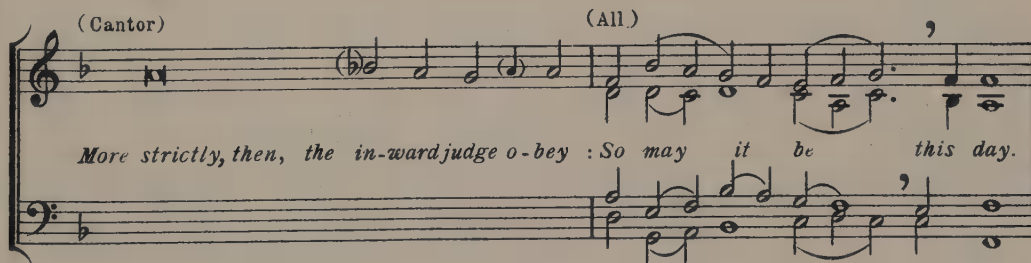
1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



- (Cantor) 1. Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man : how angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
- (Harm.)..... 2. "Christ," some one says, "was hu - man as we are : no judge eyes us from heaven | our sin - to scan.
- (Unis.)..... 3. We live no more : when we have done our span!"
- (Harm.)..... 4. "Well then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care? : from sin, which heaven records not, | why for - bear?
- (Unis.)..... 5. Live we like brutes : our life with - out a plan!"
- (Harm.)..... 6. So answerest thou; | but why not rather say : "Hath man no second life? | pitch this one high! | sits there no judge in heav'n | our sin - to see?
- (Unis.)..... 7. More strictly, then, | the in - ward judge o - bey! : Was Christ a man like us? | Ah! let us try if we then, too, | can be such men as he!

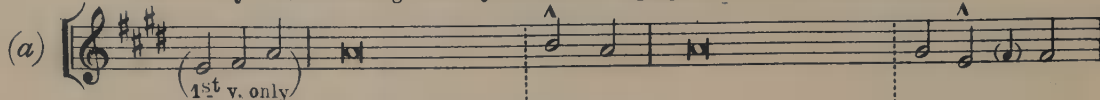


N.B. If a simpler treatment be desired, these canticles may be sung throughout to the first tune (a), v. 1 being taken by the Cantor and the remaining verses by everyone. The organist can harmonize the melody if he wishes, though v. 1. should not be harmonized. The above ending must of course be retained.

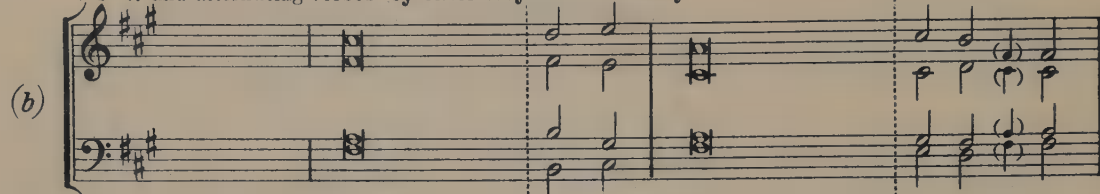
NO ONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF

2nd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

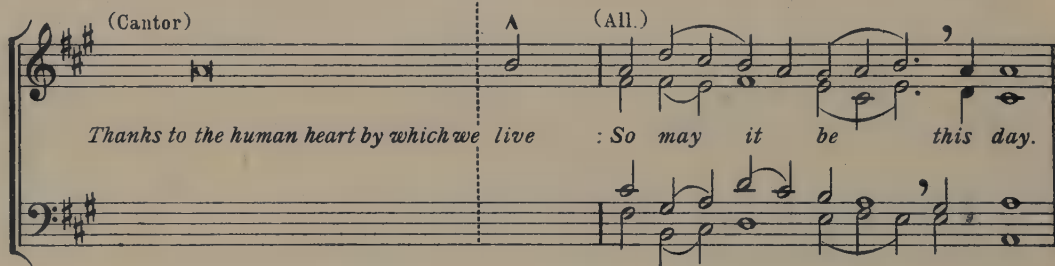
1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



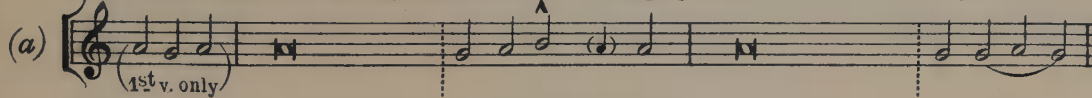
- | | | | | |
|----------|-----|---------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|
| (Cantor) | 1. | Who is weak and I am not | weak? — : Who is offended and | I burn not? |
| (Harm.) | 2. | For none of us liv- | eth to him- self, — : and no man di- | eth to him-self. |
| (Unis.) | 3. | Whoever degrades | another degrades me, — : and whatsoever is | done or said returns at last to me. |
| (Harm.) | 4. | I was an hunger- | ed and ye gave me meat, — : I was thirsty and | ye gave me drink. |
| (Unis.) | 5. | I was a stranger | and ye took me in; — : naked, and | ye cloth-ed me. |
| (Harm.) | 6. | I was sick and ye | visited me, — : I was in prison and ye | came un-to me. |
| (Unis.) | 7. | When saw we thee | an hungered and fed thee, — : or thirsty | and gave thee drink? |
| (Harm.) | 8. | Or when saw we | thee sick or in pri - son : and | came un-to thee? |
| (Unis.) | 9. | Inasmuch as ye | have done it unto one of the least of | these my breth-ren : ye have done |
| (Harm.) | 10. | The same heart | beats — : in ev' - | ry hu-man breast. |



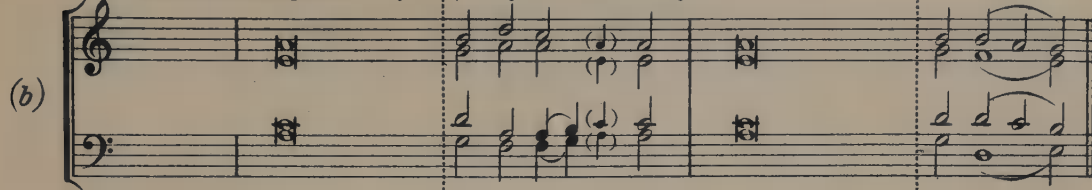
CONSIDER THE NEEDY

4th Tone. Ancient (Sarum) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



- (Cantor) 1. Woe unto him that buildeth his house by un-righteousness: and his chambers by wrong. —
- (Harm.) 2. That useth his neighbour's service without wages: and giveth him not of his work. —
- (Unis.) 3. That saith "I will build me a wide house and large chambers": and cutteth him out windows. —
- (Harm.) 4. And it is ceiled with cedar: and painted with vermilion. —
- (Unis.) 5. Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field: till there be no place, —
- (Harm.) 6. That they may be placed alone: in the midst of the earth. —
- (Unis.) 7. Whilst another man has no land: my title to mine, your title to yours is not valid. —
- (Harm.) 8. We turn the needy out of the way; the poor of the earth hide themselves together. —
- (Unis.) 9. The bread of the needy is their life: he that defraudeth them thereof is a man of blood. —
- (Harm.) 10. As righteous life presupposeth life: as we cannot live virtuously save we live, —
- (Unis.) 11. Therefore the first impediment to be removed is the want of those things without which we cannot live. —
- (Harm.) 12. But they that will heap up riches: fall into temptation and a snare. —
- (Unis.) 13. Behold the wealthy of this world: shall consume away like smoke. —
- (Harm.) 14. And there shall be no memory: of their past joys. —

15th v. (Cantor) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation:

(a)

(b)

(Cantor) 15. So possess thy..... rich-es : that thou shalt not
be poisoned by them.

(Harm.) 16. Let them be in thy
house and thy purse
for the benefit of all : and not in thy heart.

(Unis.) 17. He findeth peace
that serveth with
his wealth : the common weal,
rather than his own will.

(Harm.) 18. Peace with the pure
a - bides : all the gentle, all
the humble know
the shelter where she hides.

(Cantor)

(All)

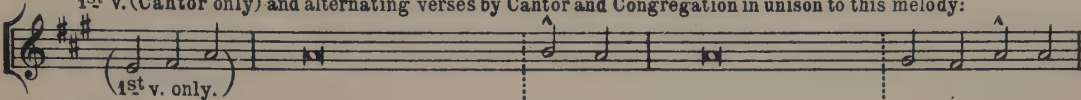
Peace with the pure a - bides : So may it be this day.

OUR BROTHER THE SUN

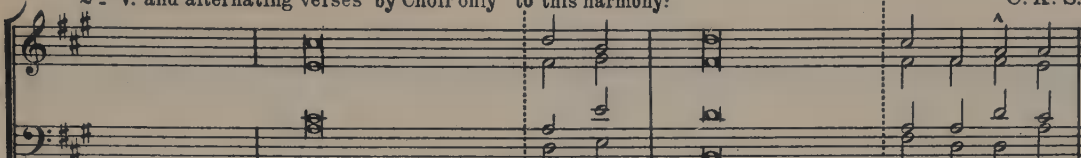
(Words adapted by Stanton Coit from St Francis of Assisi)

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Sarum) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

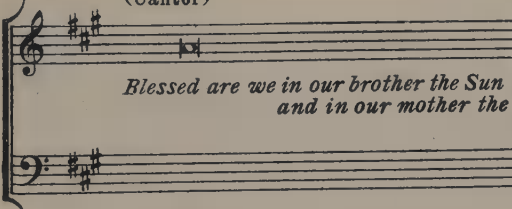
(a) 

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:


(b) 

C. K. S.

- | | | | |
|----------|--|--------------------------------------|---|
| (Cantor) | 1. Blessed in - deed are we in that our brother the Sun brings us the day and brings us the | light | : fair is he, and shines with a ve - ry great splendour. |
| (Harm.) | 2. Blessed are we in our sister the Moon, and the | Stars | : which are set so lovely and clear in the sky. |
| (Unis.) | 3. Ah, blessed are we in our brother the Wind, and in the Calm and the | Cloud | : and in Air, which up - holdeth life in all creatures. |
| (Harm.) | 4. Likewise blessed are we in our sister Water, who is very serviceable unto | us | : and humble, and pre - cious and clean. |
| (Unis.) | 5. Praised be the fathomless universe for our brother Fire, who gives us light in the | dark - ness | : and he is bright and pleasant, and very high - ty and strong. |
| (Harm.) | 6. And praised be the fathomless universe for our mother the Earth, she doth sustain us, and | keep us | : and bringeth forth divers fruits and flowers of many co - lours, and grass. |
| (Unis.) | 7. Praise, oh praise and praise for all those who pardon one a - no - ther | : and those who endure weakness, and | tri - bu - la - tion. |
| (Harm.) | 8. Blessed are they who peacefully en - dure | : they shall receive our | crown of ho - nour. |
| (Unis.) | 9. And blessed are we not least in our sister, the Death of the | bo - dy | : who cometh at last to all. |
| (Harm.) | 10. Woeful is he who dies in fear | : because he loveth himself | and his rich - es. |
| (Unis.) | 11. But glad are they whom Death finds walking in ways of | kind - ness | : and rejoicing in Sun and Moon and Stars, |
| (Harm.) | 12. In Wind and Water, Fire and Air | : in | Love and Death. |

(Cantor) 

Blessed are we in our brother the Sun and in our mother the Earth:

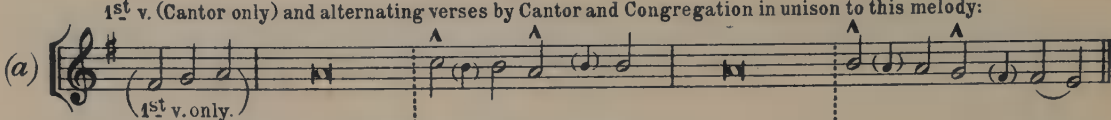
(All) 

So may it be this day.

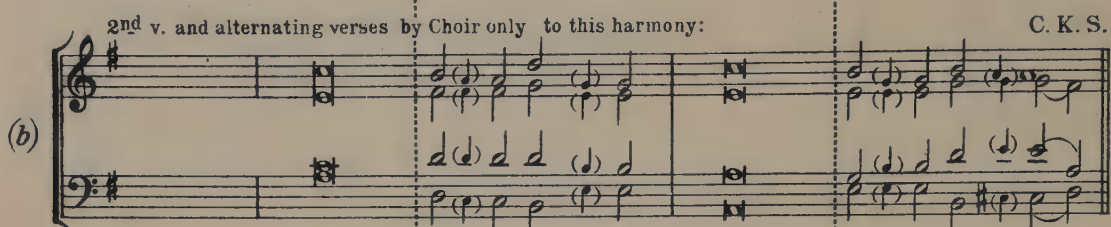
FELLOWSHIP IS LIFE

7th Tone transposed. Ancient (Sarum) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

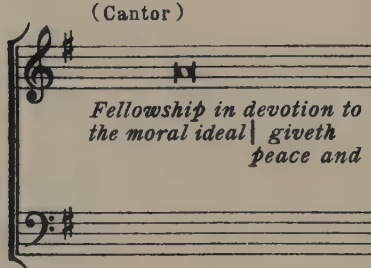
(a) 

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

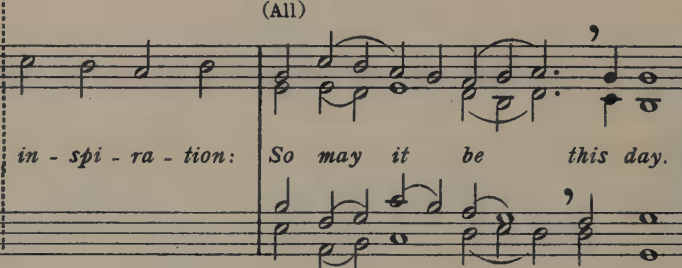
(b) 

C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. Fellowship in the moral life: is sal - va - tion : infinite is the help that Man can yield to men.
- (Harm.) 2. It is our moral nature|longing: to be fed and strengthened: that urges us in - to fel-low-ship.
- (Unis.) 3. Fellowships we need|that will de-i-fy Du - ty : and worship Goodness as a god.
- (Harm.) 4. Forsooth,|such fellow-ship is hea - ven : and lack of fel - lowship is hell.
- (Unis.) 5. Fel-low-ship is life : and lack of fel - lowship is death.
- (Harm.) 6. And the deeds: that we do up-on the earth: it is for fellow-ship's sake: that we do these deeds.
- (Unis.) 7. Oh..... what is hea - ven : but the fel - lowship of minds:
- (Harm.) 8. That each may stand against the world: by its own meek|and incor-rupt - ti - ble will.
- (Unis.) 9. The tidal..... wave of deep-er souls: into our in - most be-ing rolls,
- (Harm.) 10. And lifts us un - a-ware: out of all meaner cares.

(Cantor) 

Fellowship in devotion to the moral ideal|giveth peace and

(All) 

in - spi - ra - tion: So may it be this day.

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

6th Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(1st v. only)

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony: C. K. S.

(Cantor)	1.	Love never	fail - eth	: but whether there	be pro - phe - cies	they shall fail:
(Harm.)	2.	Whether there be	tongues	they shall cease	: whether there be	knowledge, it shall
(Unis.)	3.	But now abideth	faith, hope, love,	these three but	the greatest	of these is love
(Harm.)	4.	Love your enemies,	bless them	that curse you	: do good to	them that hate you.
(Unis.)	5.	For if ye love them	which love you	: what reward have	ye? do not even	the pub - li - cans
(Harm.)	6.	And if ye salute	your brethren	on - ly	: what do ye more	than others? do
(Unis.)	7.	He that loveth his	brother abideth	in the light	: and there is none	occasion of
(Harm.)	8.	But he that hateth	his brother is in	darkness, and walk -	eth in dark - ness	: and knoweth not
(Unis.)	9.	Though I speak with	the tongues of men	and of angels, and	have not love	: I am become as
(Harm.)	10.	And though I have	the gift	of pro - phe - cy	: and understand all	mysteries
(Unis.)	11.	And though I have	all faith, so that I	could remove moun -	tains, and have not	love I am no - thing
(Harm.)	12.	And though I give	my body to	be burn - ed	: and have not love,	it profiteth me no - thing.

(Cantor) (All)

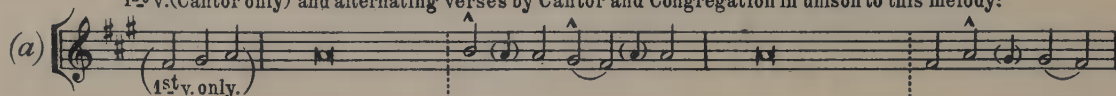
He that loveth his brother abideth in the light: So may it be this day.

THE ORDER OF NATURE

(Richard Hooker)

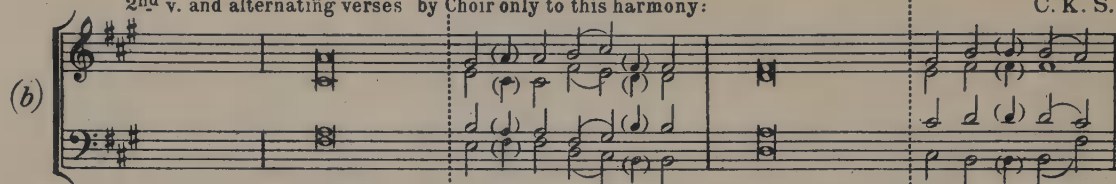
3rd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

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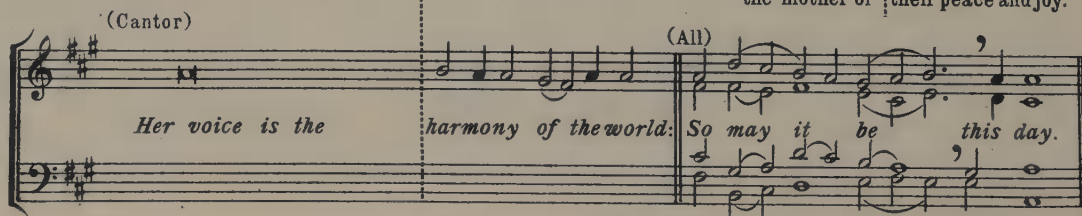


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



- | | | | | |
|----------|---|-----|--|--------------------------------|
| (Cantor) | 1. If in the least particular one | (b) | or-der of Na - ture : who would accept | the gift of Life? |
| (Harm.) | 2. If Nature should in-termit her course, and leave | | al - to - ge - ther : though it were but for a while, the ob-servation of | her own laws; |
| (Unis.) | 3. If those principal and mother ele-ments, whereof all things | (b) | in this world are made: should lose the | qualities which now they have; |
| (Harm.) | 4. If the frame of that heavenly arch rec- ted | | ov - er our heads : should loosen and | dissolve it-self; |
| (Unis.) | 5. If celestial spheres should forget their | | won - ted mo - tions : and turn themselves | any way as it might hap - pen; |
| (Harm.) | 6. If the prince of the lights of heaven which now as a gi-ant doth run | (b) | his un-wea - ried course: should, as it were through a languish-ing faintness begin to stand and | to rest him-self; |
| (Unis.) | 7. If the moon should wander | (b) | from her beat - en way : the times and sea-sons of the year blend themselves by disor-dered and confu- | sed mix - ture; |
| (Harm.) | 8. The winds breathe out their last gasp, the | | clouds yield no rain : the earth be defeat-ed of heav'n-ly in-flu-ence; | |
| (Unis.) | 9. The fruits of the earth pine away as children at the with-ered breasts | (b) | of their mo - ther : no longer able to | yield them re-lief; |
| (Harm.) | 10. What would be - come of man him-self? Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her voice is the harmony | | of the world. | |
| (Unis.) | 11. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as | (b) | feel - ing her care : and the greatest as | not exempt-ed from her pow'r. |
| (Harm.) | 12. Men and creatures of what con-di-tion so-e-ver | (b) | : though each in dif-ferent sort | and man - ner, |
| (Unis.) | 13. Yet all with | (b) | u - ni-form con-sent : admiring her as the mother of | their peace and joy. |

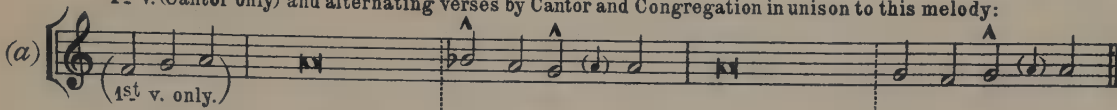


A PRAYER TO MILTON

(Wordsworth)

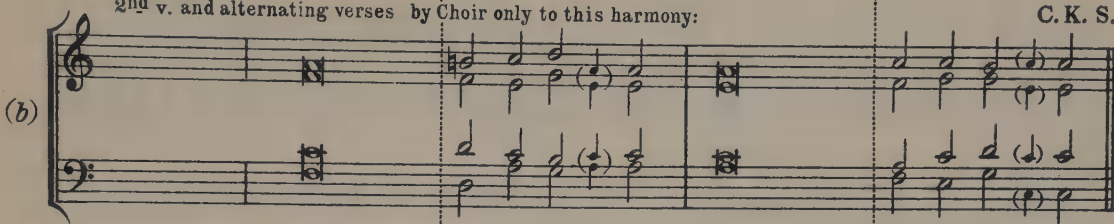
1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

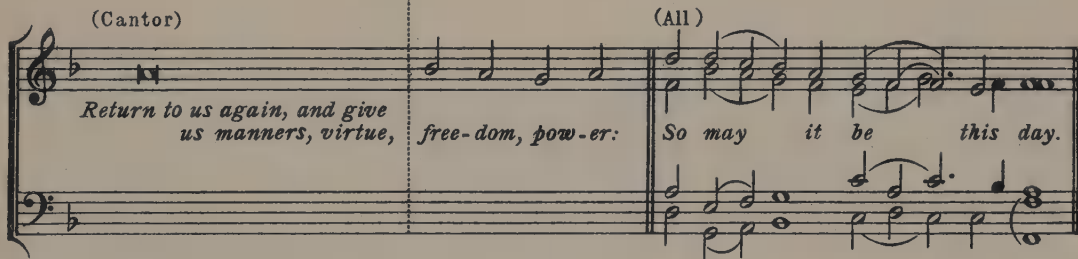


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



- | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|--|--------------------------|
| (Cantor) 1. Milton! thou | shouldst be | liv - ing at this hour : Eng - | land hath need of thee: |
| (Harm.) 2. | | She is a fen : of | stag-nant wa - ters: |
| (Unis.) 3. | Altar, sword and
pen, fireside, the
heroic | wealth of hall and bow'r : have forfeited
their ancient Eng-
lish dower of | in-ward hap-pi-ness. |
| (Harm.) 4. | We are selfish
men | Oh! raise us up : return to us a-
gain; and give us
manners, | vir-tue, freedom, pow'r. |
| (Unis.) 5. | Thy | soul was like a star : | and dwelt a-part: |
| (Harm.) 6. | Thou hadst a voice
whose sound was
like the sea, pure | as the na-ked heav'ns: | ma-jes-tic, free; |
| (Unis.) 7. | So didst thou trav-
el on life's common
way in | cheerful god-li-ness : and yet thy heart
the lowliest duties | on her-self did lay. |

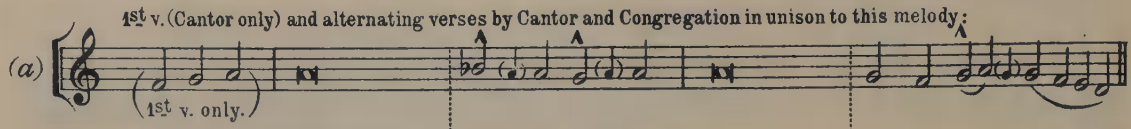


THE HOLY SPIRIT OF MAN

(Swinburne)

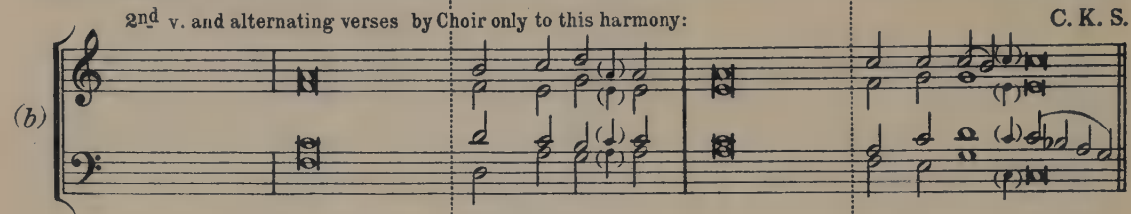
1st Tone. Ancient (Reims) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

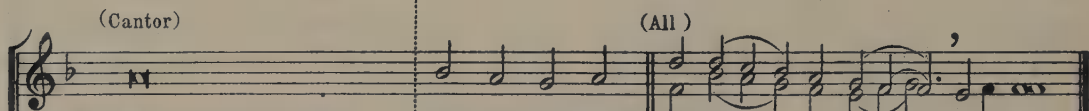
1st v. only.

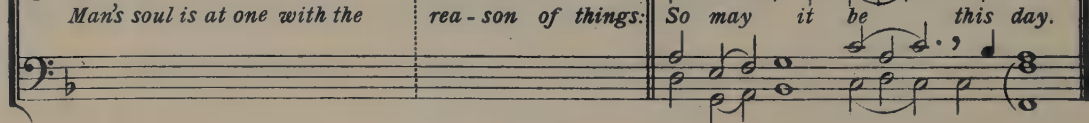
2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

(b) 

C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. Man hath sight of the secrets of sea-son : the roots of the years and the fruits.
- (Harm.) 2. Man's soul is at one with the rea-son of things : that is sap to the roots.
- (Unis.) 3. He can hear in their chan-ges : a sound as the conscience of con-so-nant spheres;
- (Harm.) 4. He can see thro' the years flow-ing round him : the law lying un-der the years.
- (Unis.) 5. God, if a God there be, is the sub-stance of men : which is Man.
- (Harm.) 6. Not men's but Man's : is the glory of Godhead, the king-dom of Time,
- (Unis.) 7. The mountain-ous ages made hoa-ry with snows : for the spi-rit to climb.
- (Harm.) 8. A God with the world in wound : whose clay to his footsole clings;
- (Unis.) 9. A man-i-fold God : fast-bound as with iron of adverse things.
- (Harm.) 10. A soul that la-bours and lives : an emotion, a stren-u-ous breath,
- (Unis.) 11. From the flame that its own mouth gives : reillumed and re-freshed with death.
- (Harm.) 12. Not each man of all men is God : but God is the fruit of the whole;
- (Unis.) 13. Indivisible spi-rit and blood : indiscernible bo-dy from soul.
- (Harm.) 14. Our lives are as pul-ses : or pores of his manifold bo-dy and breath;
- (Unis.) 15. As waves of his sea : on the shores where birth is the bea-con of death.
- (Harm.) 16. We men, the mul-tiform features of Man, | what-so-ev-er we be : Recreate Him of whom we are creatures, | and all we on-ly are He.

(Cantor) 

(All) 

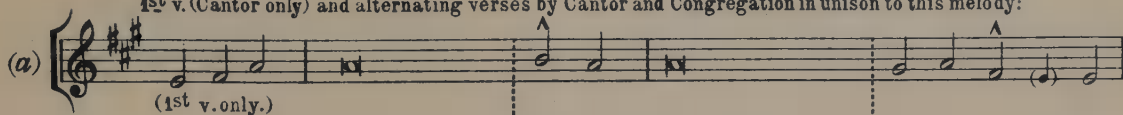
Man's soul is at one with the rea-son of things: So may it be this day.

ALL THINGS CONFESS MAN'S STRENGTH

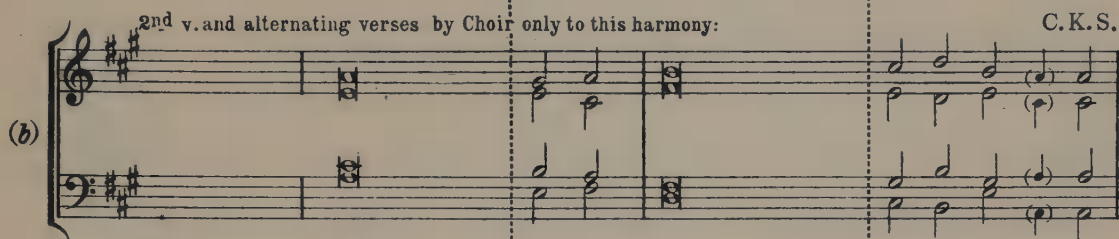
(Shelley)

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

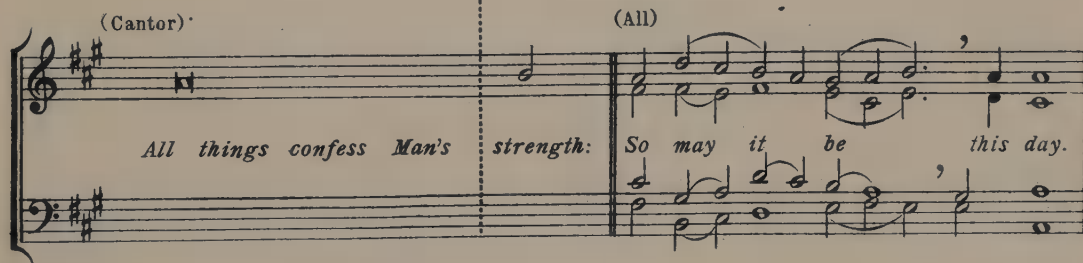
1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



- | | | | |
|----------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|--|
| (Cantor) | 1. Man, one har- monious soul of | many a soul = | : whose nature is its own di- vine con- trol, |
| (Harm.) | 2. Where all things | flow to all | : as ri- vers to the sea; |
| (Unis.) | 3. Familiar acts are | beautiful through | love; labour and pain |
| | and grief in life's | green grove = | : = sport like tame beasts. |
| (Harm.) | 4. | None knew : how | gen- tle they could be. |
| (Unis.) | 5. The lightning is | his slave; heaven's | utmost deep gives |
| | up her stars, = | : and like a flock of | sheep they pass be- |
| | | fore his eye, are | num- berd and roll on. |
| (Harm.) | 6. The tempest is his | stead, he strides the air | : and the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare: |
| (Unis.) | 7. "Heaven, hast thou | se - crets? : Man un - - | - veils me, I have none!" |



THE LIVING CONSCIENCE

(Alfred Cloake)

2nd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony: C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. O Power, whose vision blinded Paul
and shone through Christ, : on thee we call.
- (Harm.) 2. Hail, soul of Man's
fine har-mo-nies : which subtly blend to glad-ness calm.
- (Unis.) 3. Hail, ruler here be-
neath the skies; : Hail, fire and flight of He-brew psalm!
- (Harm.) 4. Mid creeds and
temples ru-in strown: lead us by thy still light a-lone.
- (Unis.) 5. Faiths old and dead : have vanished
before the splen-dour of thy flame.
- (Harm.) 6. Thine impulse thrills
to strength the so-cial heart : and warms the pa-lest hope to life;
- (Unis.) 7. It makes the coldest
spirit smart : in anguish for our hu-man strife.
- (Harm.) 8. Thou mouldest
states and Gods like clay, : and every shape at-tests thy sway.
- (Unis.) 9. Old laws ex-pire : new minds desire
the quickening which thou sen-dest forth.
- (Harm.) 10. New mean-ings thrill : thro' thread-bare forms.
- (Unis.) 11. New life inspires old me-lo-dies : still the heavens,
sought not in vain, say, "God is Man's su-bli-mest pain."
- (Harm.) 12. Radiant now are Rea-son's eyes: relieved at last from an-xious quest,
- (Unis.) 13. As seeing from a
crowd arise | a long-sought face : be-lo-ved best.
- (Harm.) 14. O Soul of Man's
fine harmonies,
mysterious more the bet-ter known: we thee a-dore.

(Cantor) (All)

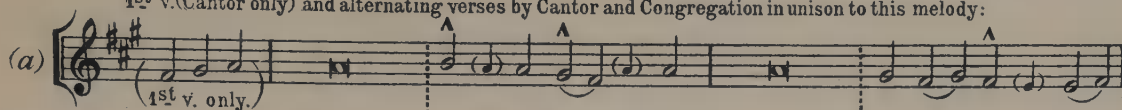
Lead us by thy still light a-lone. So may it be this day.

WHOEVER YOU ARE

(Walt Whitman)

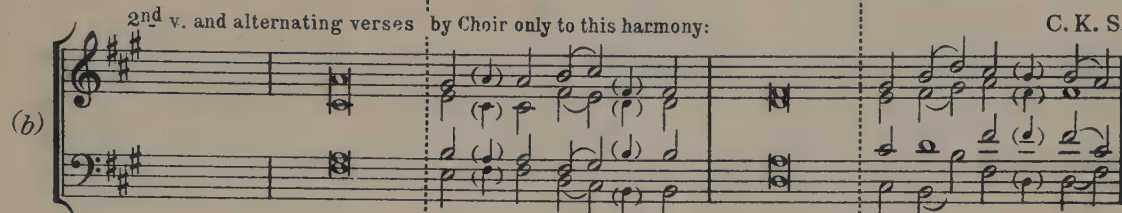
3rd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

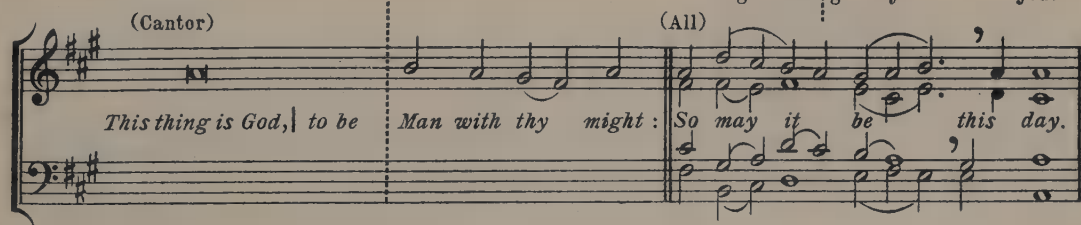


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



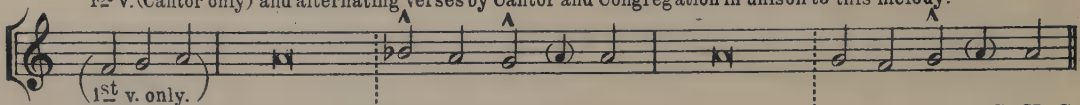
- (Cantor) 1. Painters have painted their swarming groups: and the centre fi - gure of all,
- (Harm.) 2. From the head of the cen - tre fi - gure : spreading a nimbus of gold - coloured light.
- (Unis.) 3. But I paint my - ri - ads of heads : but paint no head without its nimbus of gold - coloured light.
- (Harm.) 4. From my hand, | from the brain of ev'ry man and wo - man : it streams ef - fulgent - ly for e - ver.
- (Unis.) 5. Whoever you are, | now I place my hand up - on you : that you be my poem.
- (Harm.) 6. I will leave all : and come and make the hymns of you.
- (Unis.) 7. None has un - der - stood you : but I un - der - stand you.
- (Harm.) 8. None has done jus - tice to you : you have not done jus - tice to your - self.
- (Unis.) 9. None but has found you im - per - fect : I only find no imper - fec - tion in you.
- (Harm.) 10. None but would sub - or - din - ate you : I only am he | who will never consent to sub - or - din - ate you.
- (Unis.) 11. I only am he who places over you no master, | own - er, | bet - ter, | God : beyond what waits intrin - sic - ly in your - self.
- (Harm.) 12. There is no en - dowment in man or wo - man : that is not tal - lied in you.
- (Unis.) 13. There is no vir - tue, | no beauty in man or wo - man : but as good is in you.
- (Harm.) 14. No pluck, | no en - durance in o - thers : but as good is in you.
- (Unis.) 15. No pleasure waiting for o - thers : but an equal pleasure waits for you.
- (Harm.) 16. I sing the songs of the glo - ry of none : not God, | soon - er than I sing the songs of the glo - ry of you.



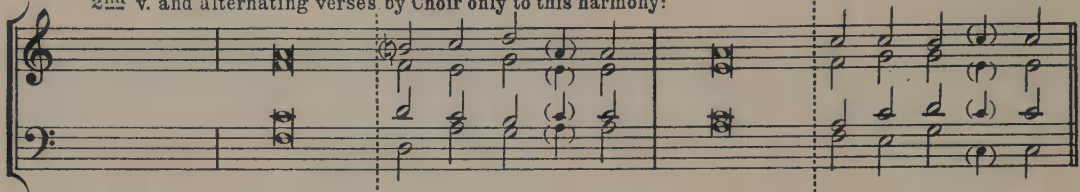
ENGLAND'S BETTER SELF

(Alfred Cloake)

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

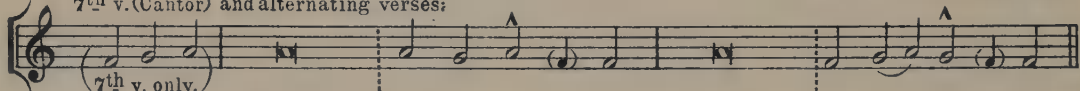
(a) 

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

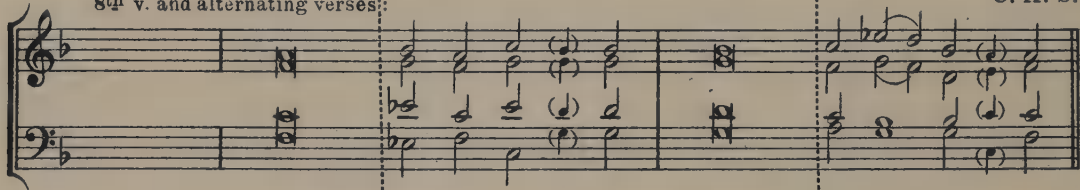
(b) 

(Cantor) 1. England! | a power in..... whom men's hearts con-fide, : a strong exist-
ence not to be de-nied,
(Harm.)..... 2. Be - - - - - neath whose world-wide wings : Love, Truth and Jus-tice shall a-bide!
(Unis.)..... 3. England! | a life, light, hope, in - tel - li-gence, : whose pure do-minion is the self- less mind,
(Harm.)..... 4. O'er which her spirit broods with love in-tense : all thoughts and passions to her will to bind!
(Unis.)..... 5. Greed flies be- fore her face; : hate, low desires, scatter as mists that veil the morn-ing's birth;
(Harm.)..... 6. While, kindling at her glo- ry's an- cient fires, : youth still re-news its prom-ise to the earth.

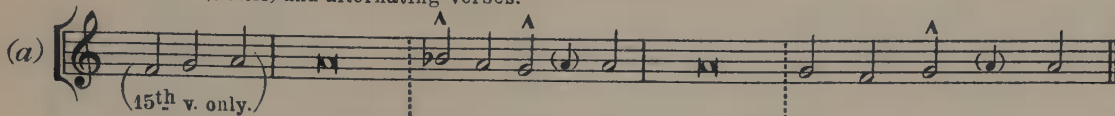
6th Tone. Solesmes use.7th v. (Cantor) and alternating verses:

(a) 

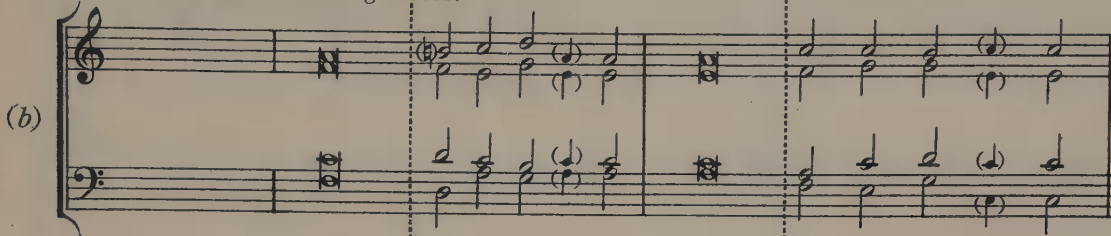
8th v. and alternating verses:

(b) 

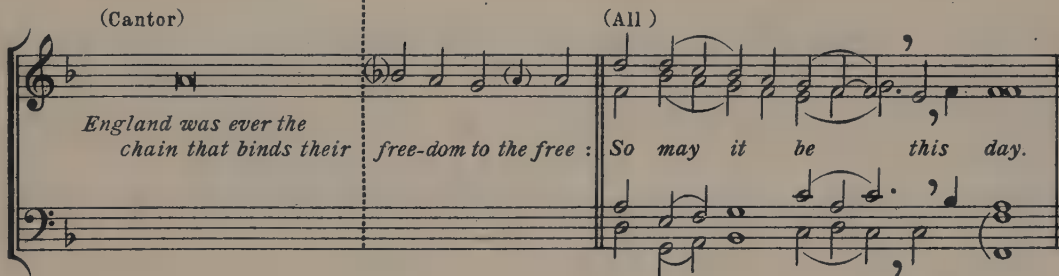
(Cantor) 7. England! | a light that gilds e'en pal- ace domes, : when state and pleasure yield to du-teous toil;
(Harm.)..... 8. A music pouring forth from low-liest homes; a calm, sweet gladness na- tive to our soil!
(Unis.)..... 9. Her wealth is life-enriching; | and its power, trans-figured by the joy of sacrifice, | waits on the poor man's need; : and, hour by hour, | brings health to pallid cheeks and cheerless eyes.
(Harm.)..... 10. England! | a power to smite the chains from slaves; to bind the op-pressor and up- lift the weak;
(Unis.)..... 11. A morning star far beaming o'er the waves; : a quenchless hope, | a joy too strong to speak;
(Harm.)..... 12. A val- iant path to tread, : a trust to keep;
(Unis.)..... 13. A being in whose life we breathe and move : a vision at whose call our spi-rits leap;
(Harm.)..... 14. A world-en- fold - ing soul, : of peace and love.

1st Tone.15th v. (Cantor) and alternating verses:16th v. and alternating verses:

C. K. S.

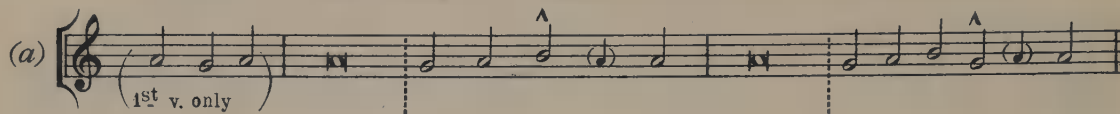


(Cantor) 15. England! the dream of..... Mil-ton, Shelley's lyre; : Her but to
 mirror, | Shakespeare's dear-est care;
 (Harm.)..... 16. Passion of
 Cromwell and su-preme de-sire; : the prophecy
 of Wordsworth; | Swinburne's prayer:
 (Unis.)..... 17. O Breath of
 gene-ra-tions! | Life of lives! : O mingled
 Essence of the migh-ty dead!
 (Harm.)..... 18. Still in our
 hearts | thine an-cient spi-rit strives: Thou goal
 discerned, |
 towards which thy peo-ple tread!

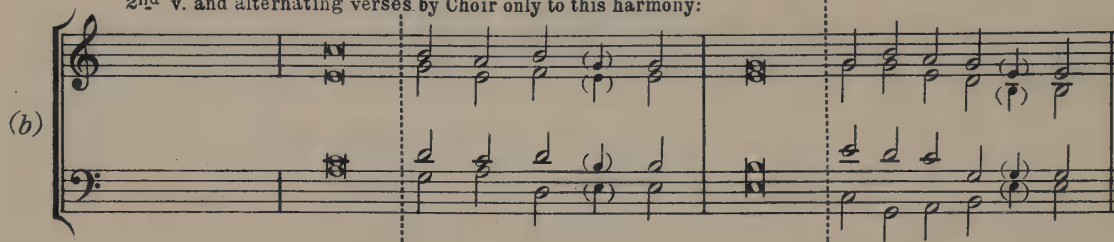


THE MAN WITH THE HOE

(Edwin Markham)

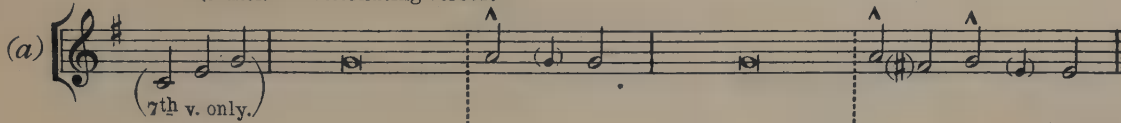
4th Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

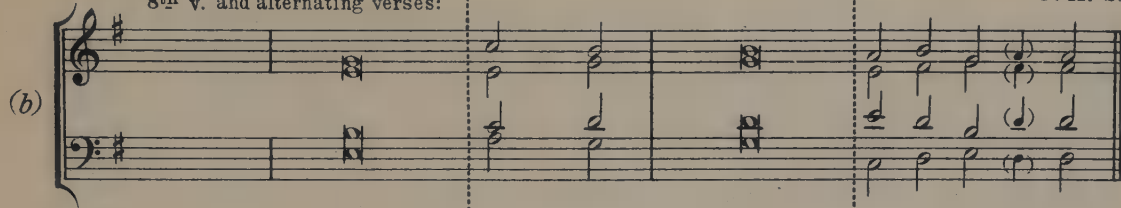


(Cantor) 1. Bowed by the	weight of	cen - tu - ries,	: he leans up-	
			on his hoe	and gaz-es on the ground,
(Harm.) 2. The emptiness	of ages	on his face,	: and on his	
			back	the bur-den of the world.
(Unis.) 3. Who made him	dead to rapture	and des - pair,	: a thing	
			that grieves	not and that nev-er hopes,
(Harm.) 4. Sto - -	lid and stunned,		:	a bro-ther to the ox?
(Unis.) 5. Who loosened	and let down this	bru - tal jaw?	: Whose was	
			the hand	that slant-ed back this brow?
(Harm.) 6. Whose	breath blew out		:	the light with-in this brain?

5th Tone transposed. Solesmes use.7th v.(Cantor)and alternating verses:

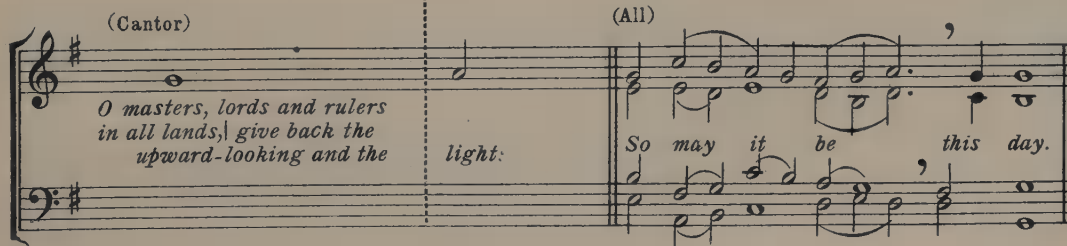
(a) 

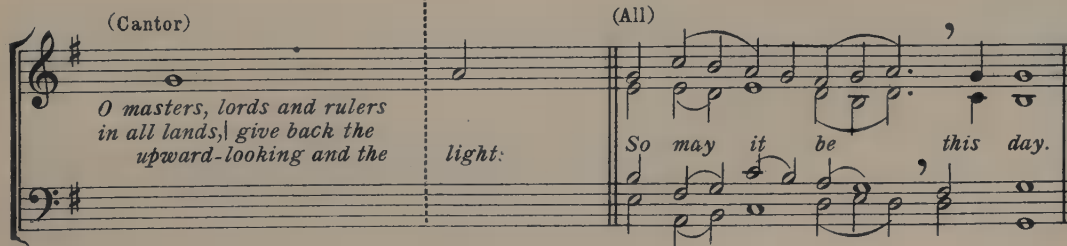
8th v. and alternating verses:

(b) 

C. K. S.

- (Cantor.) 7. Is this the thing your Lord God made, : and gave to have dominion o - ver sea and land;
- (Harm.)..... 8. To trace the stars and search the heavens for power; : to feel the passion of e - ter - ni - ty?
- (Unis.)..... 9. Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns : and marked their ways up - on the un-known deep?
- (Harm.)..... 10. Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf : there is no shape more terrible than this, | more tongued with censure of the world's blind greed,
- (Unis.)..... 11. More filled with signs; and portents for the soul, : more fraught with menace to the u - ni - verse.
- (Harm.)..... 12. What gulfs between him and the seraphim! : Slave of the wheel of labour, | what to him are Plato and the swing of Plei - a - des?
- (Unis.)..... 13. What the long reaches of the peaks of song, : the rift of dawn, | the reddening of the rose?
- (Harm.)..... 14. Through this dread shape the suffering ages look; : Time's tragedy is in that ach-ing stoop;
- (Unis.)..... 15. Through this dread shape humanity betrayed, | plundered, he - ri - ted, : cries protest to the judges of the world, | a protest that is al - so pro - phe - cy.

(Cantor) 

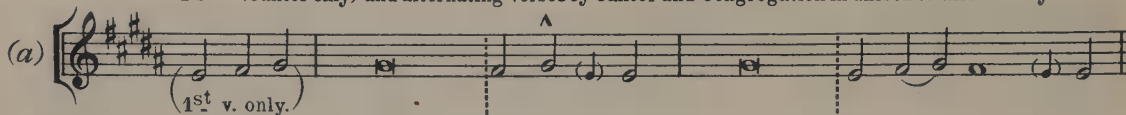
(All) 

THE SOUL THAT RISES WITH US

(Wordsworth)

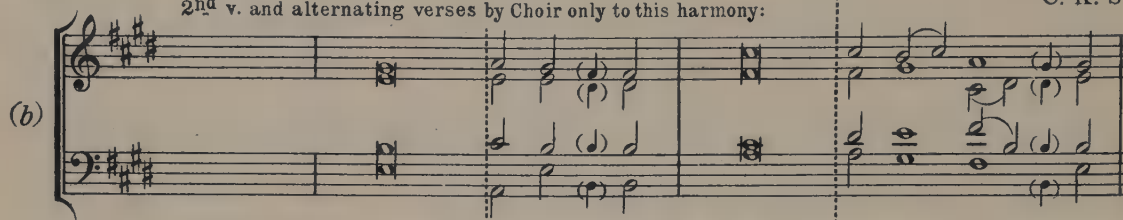
6th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

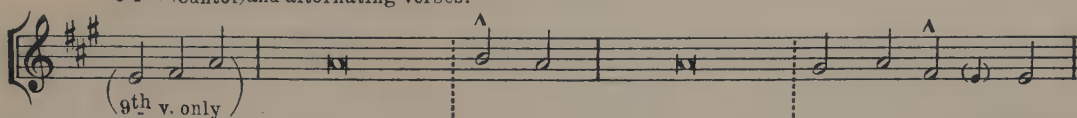
C. K. S.



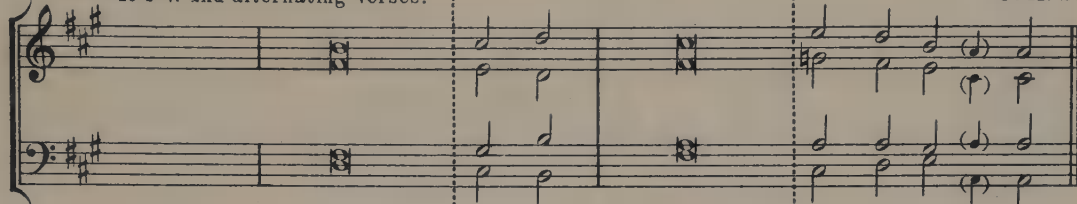
- (Cantor) 1. There was a time when meadow,
grove and stream,
the earth, and ev'ry common sight : to me did seem
apparelled in ce-
lestial light, |
the glory and the fresh-ness of a dream.
- (Harm.)..... 2. It is not now : as it hath been of yore;
(Unis.)..... 3. Turn wheresoe'er
I may, by night or day, : the things which
I have seen | I now can see no more.
- (Harm.)..... 4. The rainbow comes
and goes, | and
love-ly is the rose; : the moon doth
with delight look
round her | when the heavens are bare;
- (Unis.)..... 5. Waters on a star-
ry night | are
beau-ti-ful and fair; : the sunshine is a glo-ri-ous birth;
- (Harm.)..... 6. But yet I know,
where'er I go, |
that there hath
passed away a
glo-ry from the earth. : Not in entire for-
getfulness, | and
not in utter na-
kedness, | but
trailing clouds
of glory do we
come from God, | who is our home.
- (Unis.)..... 7. Heaven lies a-bout us : in our in-fan-cy!
(Harm.)..... 8. The youth, | who
daily farther from
the East must
travel, | still
is na-ture's priest : and by the Vis-
ion Splendid | is
on his way at-ten-ded.

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

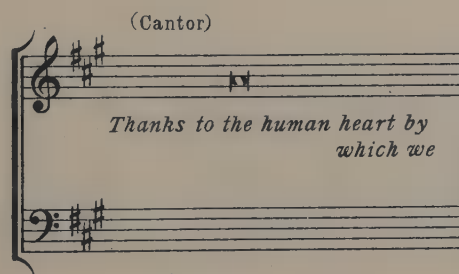
9th v. (Cantor) and alternating verses:


(a) 

10th v. and alternating verses:

(b) 

- (Cantor) 9. O joy! that in our embers | is something that doth live; — : that nature yet remembers what (J) was so fu - gi - tive!
- (Harm.) 10. The thought of our doth breed : perpetual be - ne - dic - tion.
- (Unis.) 11. I raise the song of praise — : for those misgivings | of a creature (J) worlds not re - al - ized;
- (Harm.) 12. For those high in - stincts : before which our mortal nature | did tremble like a (J) guil - ty thing sur - prised.
- (Unis.) 13. I raise the song of thanks — : for those shadowy recollections, | which, be they what they may, | (J) are yet the fountain - light of all our day.
- (Harm.) 14. What though the radiance which was once so bright : be now for ever (J) ta - ken from my sight?
- (Unis.) 15. The clouds that gather round the setting sun | do take a sober colouring from an eye — : that hath kept watch o'er (J) man's mor - tal - i - ty.
- (Harm.) 16. To me the meanest flower that blows | can give thoughts that do of - ten lie : (J) too deep for tears.

(Cantor) 

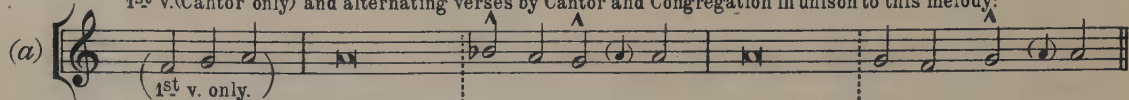
(All) 

THE LIGHT OF SETTING SUNS

(Wordsworth)

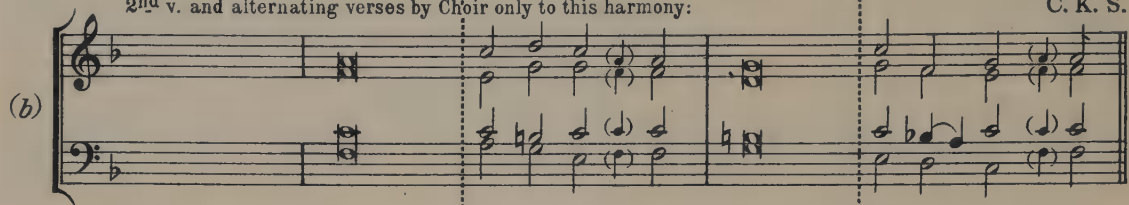
1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

1st v. only.

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

(b) 

C. K. S.

(Cantor) 1. I have learned to look on Na - ture, : not as in the hour of thoughtless youth;

(Harm.) 2. But hearing oft-entimes the still, of Hu-man-i-ty; : nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power to chas-ten and sub-due.

(Unis.) 3. And I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy of el - e - va-ted thoughts: a sense sublime of something far more deep-ly in - ter-fused,

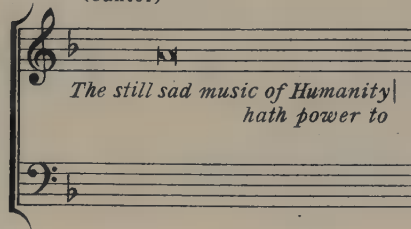
(Harm.) 4. Whose dwelling is the light of set-ting suns : and the round ocean and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

(Unis.) 5. A motion and a spirit that impels all thinking ob-jects of all thought: and rolls through all things.

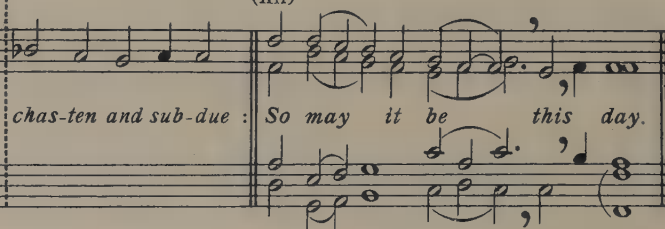
(Harm.) 6. Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows and the woods and moun-tains, : and of all that we be-hold from this green earth;

(Unis.) 7. Of all the mighty world of eye and ear, : both what they half cre-ate and half per-ceive;

(Harm.) 8. Well pleased to recognise in Na-ture and the lan-guage of the sense : the anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul of all my mor-al be-ing.

(Cantor) 

The still sad music of Humanity
hath power to chas-ten and sub-due : So may it be this day.

(All) 

THE MORAL IDEAL

(Swinburne)

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(1st v. only.)

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(Cantor) 1.	Moth-er of	Man's time-travelling	a - tions, : breath of his nos-	(J)
		gener-	trils, heart-blood of his heart,	
(Harm.)	2.	God above all gods	na - tions, : Light above light,	(J)
		worshipped of all	Law be - yond law thou art!	
(Unis.)	3.	Thy face is as a	sword ■ : smiting in sunder	(J)
			shadows and chains	
			and dreams and i - ron things;	
(Harm.)	4.	The sea is dumb be-	si - lent, : the skies are nar -	(J)
		fore thy face, the	row - er than thy wings.	
		thunder		
(Unis.)	5.	All old grey hist'ries	sove - reign, : all men's tales,	
		hiding thy clear fea-	creeds woven of	
		tures, O secret	men, thy children	
		spirit and	and thy creatures,	
			they have woven for	(J)
			vestures of thee and for veils.	
(Harm.)	6.	Thou say'st "Well	done" ■ : and all a cen -	
(Unis.)	7.	Again thou say'st	tu - ry kind - les;	
		"Depart from		
		sight of	me" ■ : and all the light	
			of face of all men dwin - dles,	(J)
(Harm.)	8.	And the	age ■ : is as the	
			bro - ken glass of thee.	

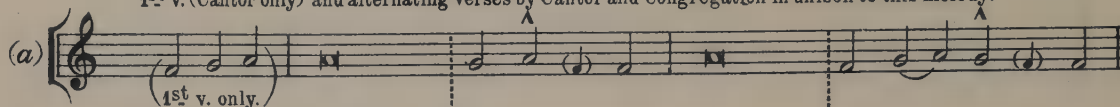
(Cantor) (All)

Light above light, Law beyond law
thou art : So may it be this day.

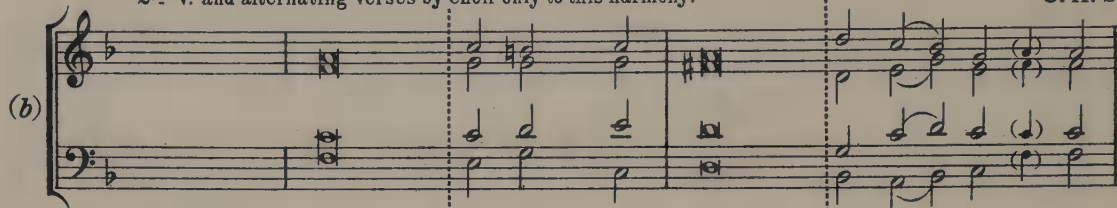
18

THE LAW OF DUTY

6th Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



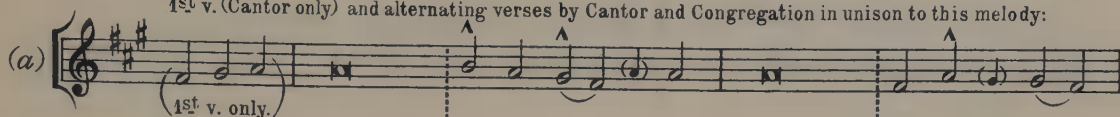
- (Cantor) 1. The law of Duty is perfect,
refresh - ing the soul : the ordinances
of Duty are
sure, making wise the sim - ple.
- (Harm.)..... 2. The precepts of
Duty are right, re - joic - ing the heart; : the command -
ment of Duty is
pure, en - light - ning the eyes.
- (Unis.)..... 3. The religion of
Duty is clean, enduring for ev - er; : the statutes of
Duty are true,
and righteous al - to - geth - er.
- (Harm.)..... 4. They are more in
value than gold, yea, than much fine gold, : sweeter than
honey, and the drop - pings from the comb.
- (Unis.)..... 5. By them their
servant is al - so warned : to keep them brings a rich re - ward.
- (Harm.)..... 6. But who can per -
ceive his er - rors? : of those com -
mitted unawares,
may we be held guilt - less.
- (Unis.)..... 7. We must protect
ourselves from the ar - ro - gant : that they rule us not.
- (Harm.)..... 8. Then shall we be blame - less, : and free from gross trans - gres - sion.
- (Unis.)..... 9. May the words of
our mouth, and the medita - tion of our heart : accord with thy
law, O Duty, our
Refuge and De - liv - er - er!



REPENT AND LIVE

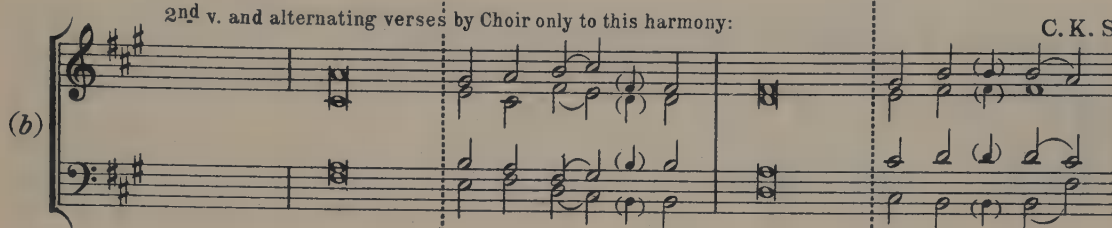
3rd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

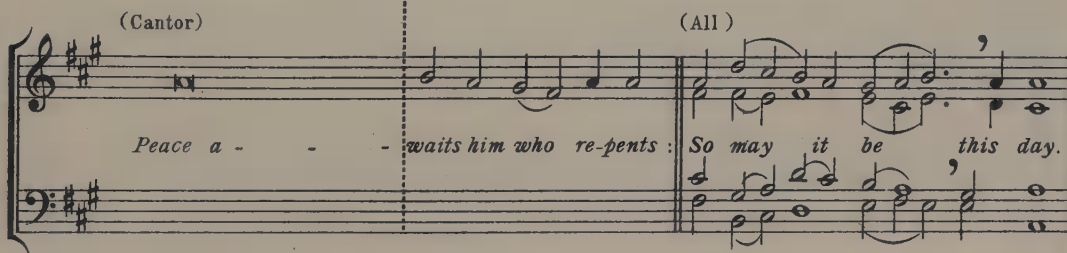


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



- (Cantor) 1. In vain is that washing |
where the next sin de - fil - eth; : to do it no more
is the only re - pent - ance.
- (Harm.)..... 2. He hath ill re - pent - ed, : whose sins are re - peat - ed.
(Unis.)..... 3. Desire not that
consolation |
that taketh a - way com - punc - tion; : the beginning
of compunction |
is the beginning
of a new life.
- (Harm.)..... 4. Repentance
clothes in grass and flow - ers : the grave in
which the past is laid.
(Unis.)..... 5. There is no - thing to be done : save to atone
for the past | by
unremitting fi - del - i - ty.
- (Harm.)..... 6. The fountain in
which sins are to be washed a - way : is that of love | and not des - pair.
(Unis.)..... 7. It is the dark
idolatry of self,
which, when our ac - tions once are done, : demands that
thoughts and man should
weep, | and bleed and groan.
- (Harm.)..... 8. O vacant expi - a - tion! Be at rest! : the Past is
Deaths, | the Fu - ture is thine own.
(Unis.)..... 9. And love and joy
can make the
foulest breast
a pa - ra - dise of flowers : where Peace might build her nest.



GUARD THE FIRE WITHIN

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(1st v. only.)

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. Let us build temples | and offer
sacrifices to kind-
ness, courage,
truthfulness and love : to innocence and
purity, | to mer - cy, hope and peace.
- (Harm.)..... 2. When all else has
passed away, | when
creeds and symbols
have become trans- par - ent, : these virtues will
abide unchanged, |
divine deliverers of weak and suf - fer - ing men.
- (Unis.)..... 3. Say ye | the spirit of
man has found new
roads, | and we must
leave the old faiths,
and walk there - in? : Leave then the cross, |
as ye have left carved : gods, | but guard the fire with - in!
- (Harm.)..... 4. Let this day's per -
formance of duty |
be our re - lig - ion; : for the worship of
good - ness suf - fi - ces.
- (Unis.)..... 5. Nothing in heaven
could be bright - er, : nothing on earth
is so might - y to bless.

(Cantor) (All)

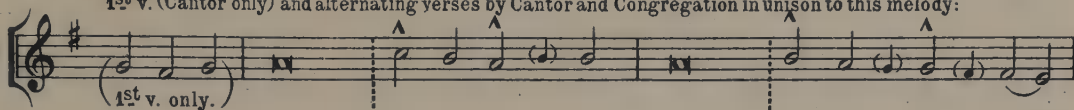
Thanks to the human heart by which we live : So may it be this day.

SCATTER MY WORDS AMONG MANKIND

(Shelley)

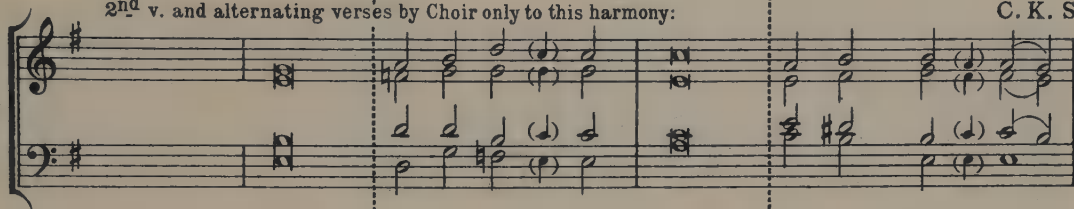
7th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

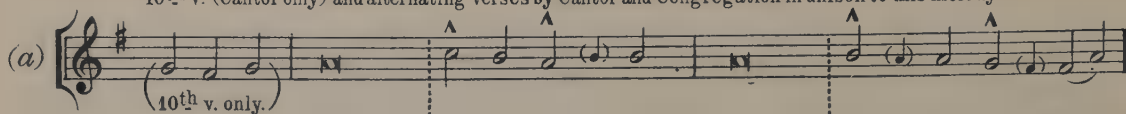
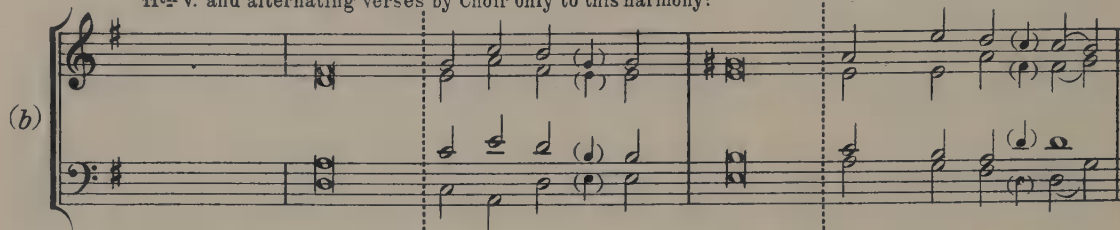
(a) 

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(b) 

(Cantor)	1. O wild West Wind, thou breath of	au-tumn's be - ing! : thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead are driven, like ghosts from an en - chant-er flee - ing -
(Harm.)	2. Yellow and black and	(♩) pale and hec-tic red, : pestilence - strick-en mul-ti-tudes!
(Unis.)	3. O thou who chariotest to their dark wintry	(♩) bed the wing-ed seeds : where they lie cold and low, each like a corpse with - in its grave,
(Harm.)	4. Until thine a- zure sister of the spring shall blow her clarion	(♩) o'er the dreaming earth : and fill with living hues and o - dours plain and hill!
(Unis.)	5. Wild spirit, which art	(♩) mov-ing ev'-ry-where, : destroyer and pre - serv-er, hear, O hear!
(Harm.)	6. If I were a dead	(♩) leaf thou mightest bear, : if I were a swift cloud to fly with thee,
(Unis.)	7. A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share the	(♩) im-pulse of thy strength: I would ne'er have striven as thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
(Harm.)	8. Oh, lift me as a	(♩) wave, a leaf, a cloud! : I fall upon the thorns of life; I bleed!
(Unis.)	9. A heavy weight of hours has chained and	(♩) bowed one too like thee, : tame-less, and swift, and proud.

7th Tone. Solesmes use.10th v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:11th v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

(Cantor) 10. Make me thy lyre,| even as the for-est is. :What if my leaves are fall - ing like its own!

(Harm.).....11. The tumult of thy mighty harmonies| will take from both a deep autumnal tone,|

sweet, though in sad - ness. :Be thou, spirit fierce, my spirit! Be thou me, im - pet - uous one!

(Unis.).....12. Drive my dead thoughts over

the uni - verse|like withered leaves : to quick-en a new birth;

(Harm.).....13.

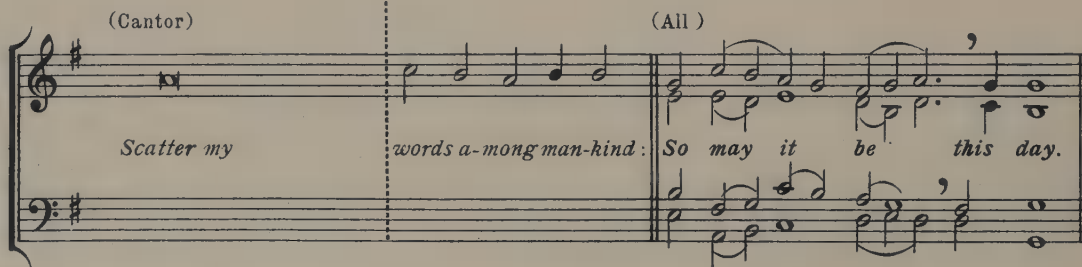
And by the

incan- ta - tion of this verse :scatter,| as from an unex-tinguished hearth ashes and sparks,| my words a-a-mong man-kind!

(Unis.).....14.

Be through my lips to un-awakened earth|the

trumpet of a pro-phe-cy! : O wind! if winter comes,| can spring be far be-hind?



MAN, THE DELIVERER

(Swinburne)

4th Tone. Ancient (Sarum) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(b)

(Cantor) 1. East and west	went my Soul	to find light	■	: and.....	the world was	bare	and blind,
(Harm.)	2. And the soil						
	herbless where						
	she trod, and						
	saw men laugh-	ing scourgemankind	■	: unsmiten	by the rod of	an - y	God.
(Unis.)	3. Then "Where						
	is God? and	where is aid? ■	: Or what		good end of	these?"	she said;
(Harm.)	4. "Is there no						
	God or end at						
	all, nor rea-	son weighed ■	: nor force to		dis - en-thrall	weak feet	that fall?"
(Unis.)	5. O fool, that						
	for brute cries						
	of wrong heard						
	not the grey	glad Moth-er's song ■	: ring res -		ponse from the	hills	and waves,
(Harm.)	6. But heard harsh						
	noises all day						
	long of spirits	that were slaves ■	:		■ ■ and dwelt	in graves.	
(Unis.)	7. With all her						
	tongues of life						
	and death, with						
	all her bloom						
	and blood and						
	breath, from						
	all years dead						
	and all things						
	done, in th'ear	of man the	Moth-er saith ■	: "There is no God, O Son, if	thou	be none."	

(Cantor) (All)

There is no God, if thou be none : So may it be this day.

TRUE LOVE

(James Russell Lowell)

7th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)

(1st v. only.)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(b)

(Cantor) 1. True love is but a	hum-ble low-born thing : and hath its	food served up in earth-en ware.
(Harm.) 2. It is a thing to	walk with, hand in hand : through th'ev-	ery-day-ness of this work-day world,
(Unis.) 3. Baring its ten- der feet to	ev - ery rough - ness : yet letting not one heart-beat go astray from	beauty's law of plainness and con-tent;
(Harm.) 4. A	sim-ple fire-side thing : whose quiet smile can warm earth's poorest	ho - vel to a home;
(Unis.) 5. Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must, and life in th'chill wind shivers	bare and leaf - less : shall still be blest with Indian- summer youth in	bleak No - vem - ber,
(Harm.) 6. And with thank- ful heart smile on its ample	stores of gar-ner'd fruit : as full of sun- shine to our a- ged eyes as when it nursed the	blos-soms of our spring.
(Unis.) 7. Such is true love	: which steals into the heart with feet as si- lent as the light- some dawn that kisses smooth	the rough brows of the dark,
(Harm.) 8. And hath its will	: through	bliss-ful gen-tle-ness.

(Cantor)

Thanks to the human heart by which we live : So may it be this day.

(All)

THE TRIBUNAL OF CONSCIENCE

5th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(1st v. only.)

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

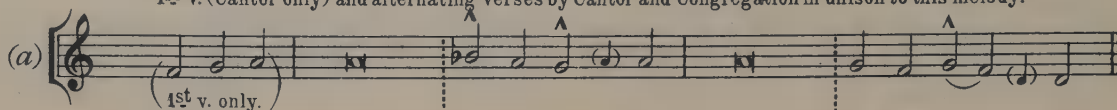
C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remembrest that thy brother hath aught against thee : leave there thy gift before the al - tar and go thy way:
- (Harm.) 2. First be reconciled to thy bro - ther; : then come and of - fer thy gift.
- (Unis.) 3. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen : how can he love God | whom he hath not seen?
- (Harm.) 4. The sabbath was made for man : and not man for the sab - bath.
- (Unis.) 5. Bring your doctrines, your precepts, yea, even the inner devotion of your soul : before the judgment seat of Con - science.
- (Harm.) 6. She is no man's and no god's vi - car, : but the supreme judge of men and of gods.

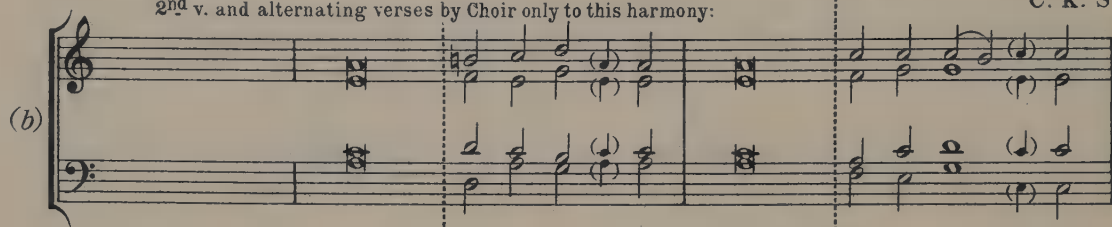
(Cantor) (All)

We bind our wills to the law of love : So may it be this day.

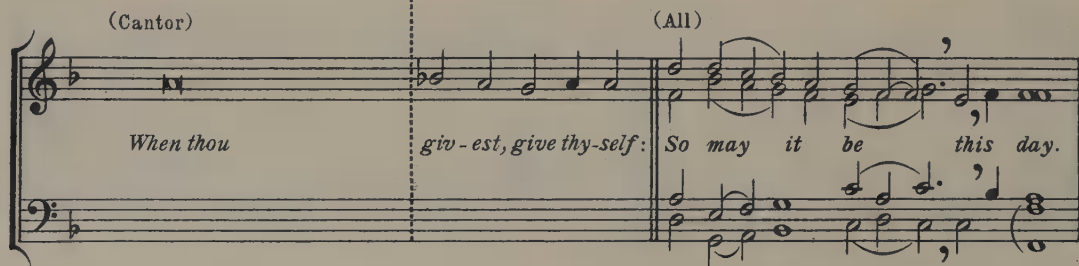
I WAS EYES TO THE BLIND

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

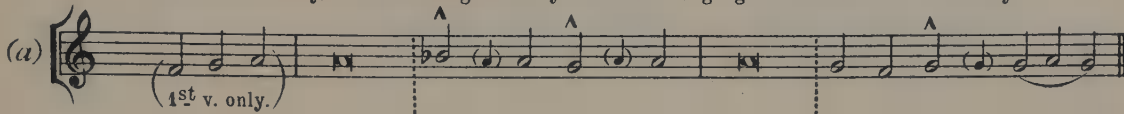
C. K. S.



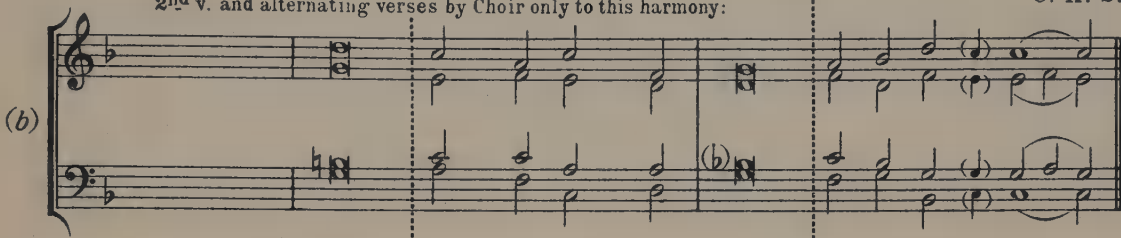
- (Cantor) 1. The be - ne - fit thou dost re-
ceive | must be
rendered a - gain line for line : deed for deed to fel - low-men.
- (Harm.) 2. The Christ him-
self | had been no Law-giv-er : unless he had
given the life too with the Law.
- (Unis.) 3. When thou giv - est : give thy-self.
- (Harm.) 4. I was eyes to the blind : and feet was I to the lame.
- (Unis.) 5. I was a fa - ther to the poor : and the cause
which I knew
not, | my - self I search-ed out.
- (Harm.) 6. The blessing of
him that was rea-
dy to perish | came up - on me : because I de-
livered the poor
that cried, | and
the fatherless, |
and him that had none to help him.
- (Unis.) 7. I put on right-
eousness, | and it cloth-ed me; : my judgment
was as a robe | and a di - a - dem.



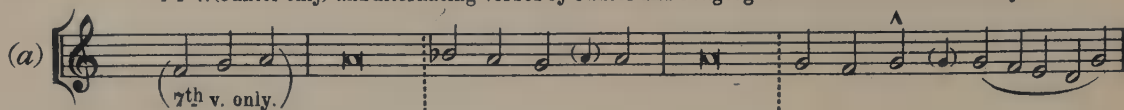
THE JOY OF LIVING

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

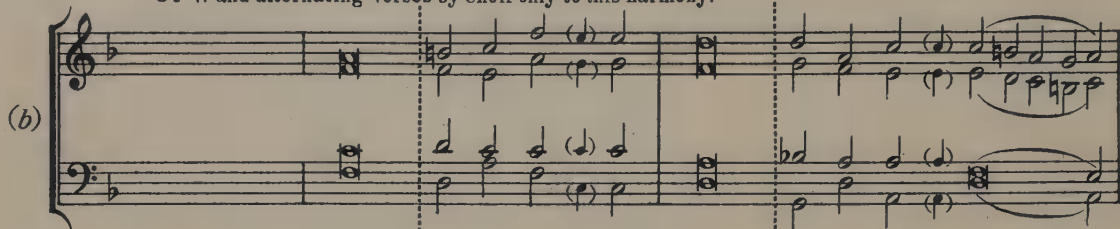
C. K. S.



- (Cantor) 1. Man is all symmetry,
full of proportions, one
limb to an - o - ther : and all to all the world be - sides;
- (Harm.)..... 2. Each part
may call the far - thest, bro - ther, : for head
with foot
hath private
amity, and both with moons and tides.
- (Unis.)..... 3. Let us not al - ways say : "Spite of
this flesh to -
day I strove,
made head,
gained ground up - on the whole!"
- (Harm.)..... 4. As the bird wings and sings : let us cry :
"All good
things are
ours, nor
soul helps
flesh more now, than flesh helps soul!"
- (Unis.)..... 5. Oh, the wild joys of liv - ing, : the leaping : from rock up to rock!
- (Harm.)..... 6. The strong
rending of
boughs from the fir - tree, : the cool sil -
ver shock of
the plunge
in a pool's liv - ing wa - ter!

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.7th v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:8th v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



(Cantor) 7. Life's gift out - - runs my fan-cies far, : and drowns
the dream in
larger stream,
as morning : drinks the morn-ing star!

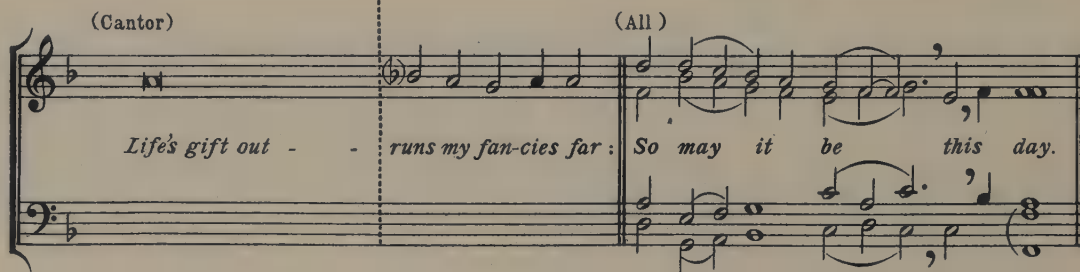
(Harm.) 8. I cannot
spare water
or wine, | or pop-py or rose. : From the
earth-poles
to the Line, |
all between
that works
and grows, |
every- thing is kin of mine.

(Unis.) 9. I have a stake in ev-'ry star, : in every beam that fills the day;

(Harm.) 10. All hearts of men my cof-fers are; : my ores ar- te- rial tides con-vey.

(Unis.) 11. The fields,
the skies, the
sweet replies;
of thought to : thought | are my gold-dust; : the oaks, and
brooks, | and
speaking
looks of lov-
er's faith | and friendship's trust.

(Harm.) 12. I am owner
of the sphere,
of the seven
stars and the so- lar year : of Cæsar's
hand and Pla-
to's brain, |
of Lord
Christ's heart, | and Shakespeare's strain.

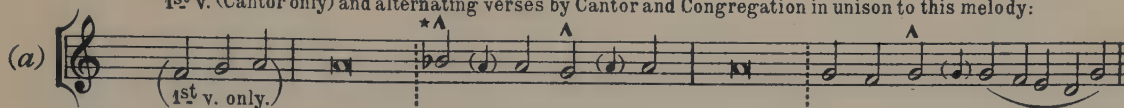


THE MORNING OF MANHOOD IS RISEN

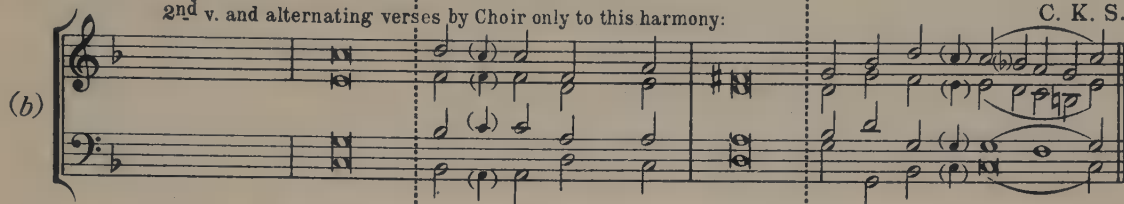
(Swinburne)

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

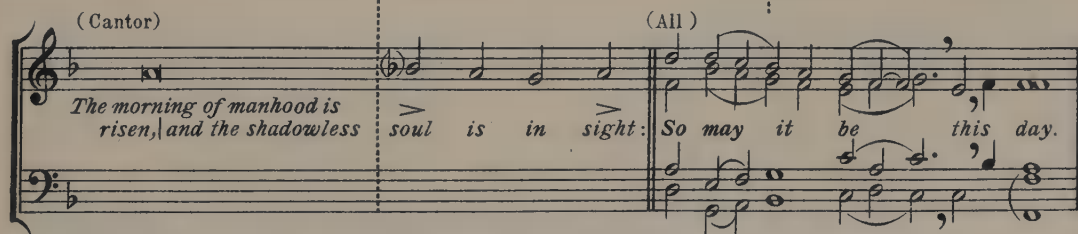


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. O my sons, O too dutiful
toward gods
not of Me, I () ()
(Harm.) 2. For behold, I am with you, in you and of you, look forth now, and see.
(Unis.) 3. The tree many
-rooted that
swells to the
sky, with frondage red-fruit - ed, : the Life-tree am I!
(Harm.) 4. In the buds of
your lives is the sap of my leaves: ye shall live and not die.
(Unis.) 5. I am in thee to save thee : as my soul in thee saith.
(Harm.) 6. Give thou as I
gave thee, thy
life-blood and
breath, green
leaves of thy
labour, white
flowers of thy thought: and red fruit of thy death.
(Unis.) 7. Be the ways
of thy giving, as mine were to thee; : the free life
of thy living, be the gift of it free.
(Harm.) 8. Not as servant
to lord, nor as mas - ter to slave : shalt thou give thee to me.
(Unis.) 9. I, that saw
where ye trod
the dim paths of the night, : set the shadow
called God in your skies to give light;
(Harm.) 10. But the morn-
ing of man - hood is ris'n : and the shadowless
soul is in sight.
(Unis.) 11. For Truth on - ly is liv - ing, : Truth on - ly is whole;
(Harm.) 12. And the love of his giv - ing, : man's pole-star and pole;
(Unis.) 13. Man, pulse of fruit of my bo - dy : and seed of my soul:
(Harm.) 14. One birth of beam of mine eye, : one topmost
blossom that scales the sky:
(Unis.) 15. Man, equal and one with me, Man that is made of me : Man that is I!

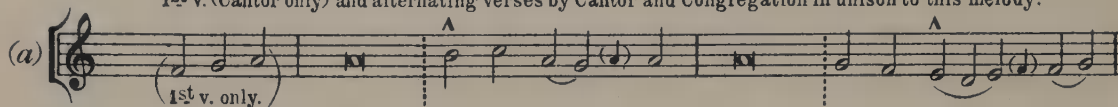


* In many of these verses the normal accent must be frankly displaced, as indicated by the sign >

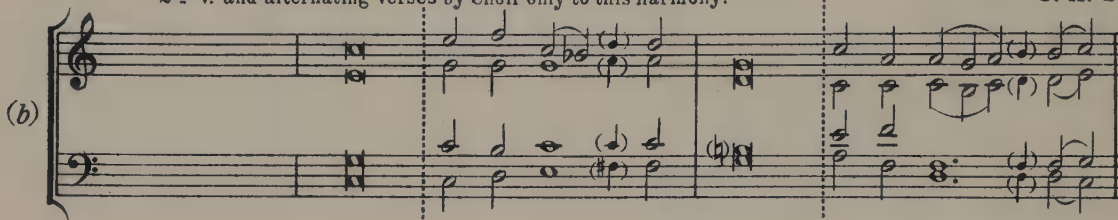
TO THE SKYLARK

(Shelley)

C. K. S.

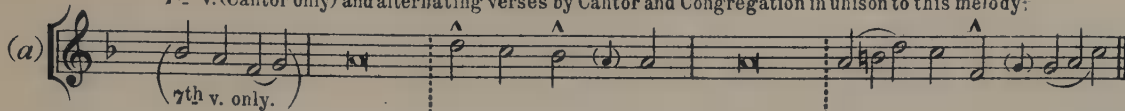
1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

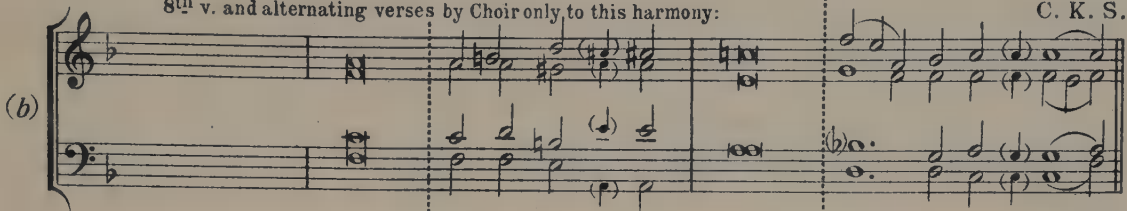


(Cantor)	1. Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!	Bird thou nev - er wert	: that from Heav - en or near it, pourest thy full heart in profuse strains of un - pre - med - i - ta - ted art.
(Harm.)	2. In the golden lightning of the sunken sun, for which clouds are brightening,	thou dost float and run	: like an un - bodied joy whose race is just be - gun.
(Unis.)	3. The pale purple even	melts a - round thy flight;	: like a star of Heaven, in the broad day - light thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill de - light.
(Harm.)	4. All the earth and air	with thy voice is loud	: as, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud the moon rains out her beams, and Heav'n is o - ver - flowed.
(Unis.)	5. What thou art we know not.		: What is most like thee?
(Harm.)	6. Like a Poet hidden in the light of thought, singing	hymns un - bid - den	: till the world is wrought to sympathy with hopes and fears it heed - ed not:

7th v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



8th v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



(Cantor) 7. Teach us, Sprite or Bird, |

what sweet thoughts are thine: I have never
heard praise
of love or wine,
that panted
forth a flood
of rap - ture so di - vine.

(Harm.) 8. What objects
are the foun-
tains of thy
happy strain?
what fields

or waves or moun - tains? : what shapes
of sky or plain?
what love of
thine own kind?

(Unis.) 9. Waking or a-
sleep, | thou
of death must
deem things
more true and
deep

than we mor - tals dream, : or how could
thy notes | flow
in such a crys - tal stream?

(Harm.) 10. We look before
and after, and

pine for what is not; : our sincerest
laughter | with some pain is fraught;

(Unis.) 11. Our sweet - est songs : are those that

tell of sad - dest thought.

(Harm.) 12. Yet if we
could scorn

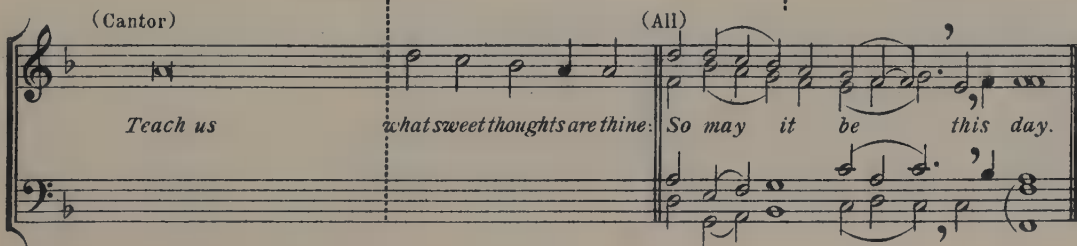
hate and pride and fear; : if we were
things born
not to shed a
tear, | I know
not how thy
joy | we ev - er should come near.

(Unis.) 13. Teach me half the glad - ness :

that thy brain must know,

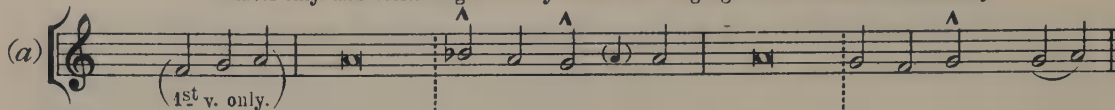
(Harm.) 14. Such harmon-
ious madness
from my lips
would flow, |
the

world should lis - ten then : as I am list - ning now.

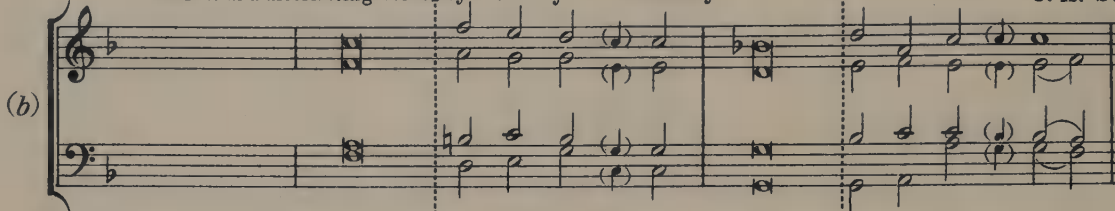


TO SHAKESPEARE

(Matthew Arnold)

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



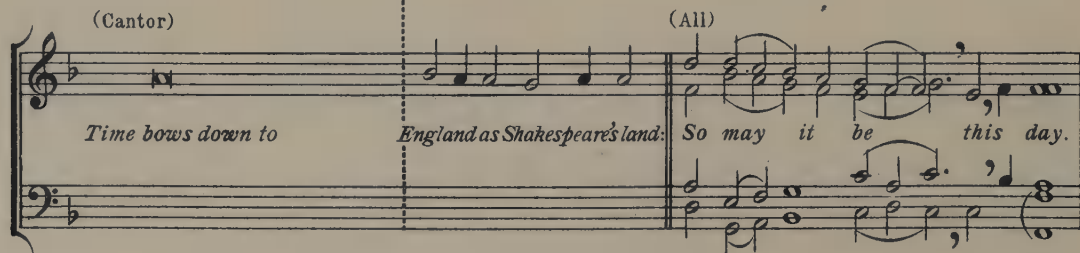
(Cantor) 1. Oth-ers a - bide our ques-tion, Thou art free! : We ask and ask—| thou smilest and art still, out - top-ping know - ledge.

(Harm.) 2. For the loftiest hill, that to the stars uncrowns his majesty, | planting his steadfast foot-steps in the sea, making the hea-

ven of heavens his dwel-ling place, : spares but the cloudy border of his base | to the foil'd search-
ing of mor - ta - li - ty;

(Unis.) 3. And thou, who didst the stars and sun-beams know : self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure, | didst

(Harm.) 4. Bet - ter so! : All pains the immortal spirit must endure, | all weakness which impairs, | all griefs which bow, | find their sole speech in that vic - tor - ious brow.



(Wordsworth)

1st v. (Cantor only) and 3rd verse by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

2nd v. by Choir only to this harmony:

[illegible]

to blow a - gainst thee!

(Cantor) (All)

The musical score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first part, marked '(Cantor)', covers the first two measures. The second part, marked '(All)', covers the remaining measures. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, with the Bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: 'Nature never did betray the heart that lov-ed her : So may it be this day.'

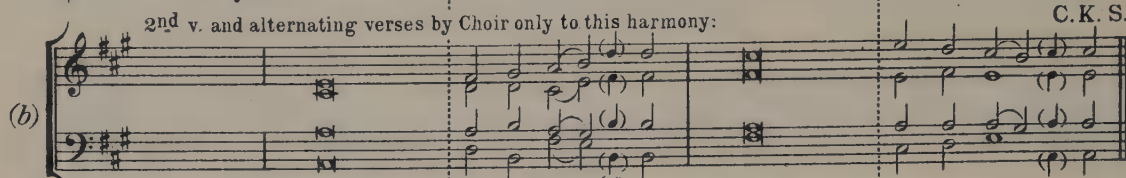
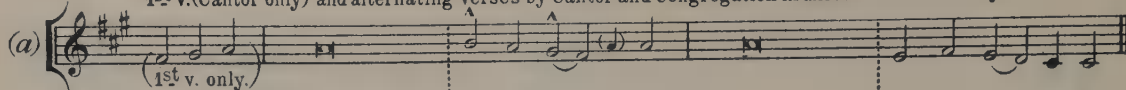
Nature never did betray the heart that lov-ed her : So may it be this day.

TO A NIGHTINGALE

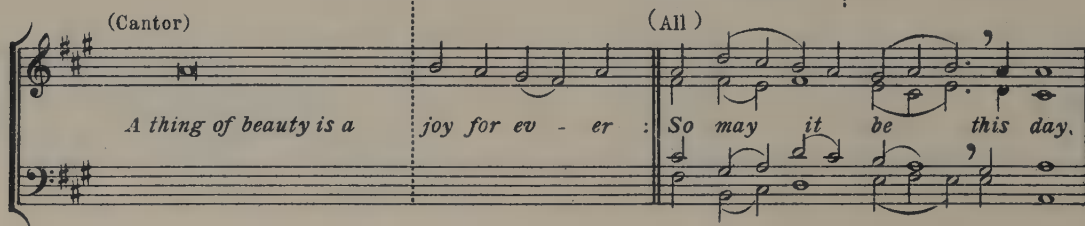
(Keats)

3rd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



- (Cantor) 1. O that I might leave the world un-seen, : and with thee fade away in to the for - est dim;
 (Harm.) 2. Fade far away, | dis - solve and quite for - get : what thou among the leaves hast nev - er known:
 (Unis.) 3. The weariness, the fever, and the fret here, | where men sit | and hear each oth - er groan : where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs, | where youth grows pale and spec - tre - thin, | and dies;
 (Harm.) 4. Where but to think | is to be full of sorrow and lead - en - eyed des - pair : where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes, | or new love pine at them be - yond to - mor - row.
 (Unis.) 5. I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, | nor what soft incense hangs up - on the boughs : but in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet | wherewith the seasonable month endows the grass, the thicket, and the fruit - tree wild;
 (Harm.) 6. White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine; | fast-fading violets cov - ered up in leaves : and mid-May's eldest child, | the coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, | the murmurous haunt; of flies on sum - mer eves.
 (Unis.) 7. Darkling I listen; | and for many a time I have been half in love with ease - ful Death : call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme, | to take into the air my qui - et breath;
 (Harm.) 8. Now more than ever seems it rich to die, | to cease upon the mid - night with no pain : while thou art pour - ing forth thy soul a - broad | in such an ec - sta - sy!
 (Unis.) 9. Still wouldst thou sing, | and I have ears in vain : to thy high requi - em be - come a sod.
 (Harm.) 10. Thou wast not born for death, | im - mor - tal Bird! : no hungry gene - ra - tions tread thee down;
 (Unis.) 11. The voice I heard this pass - ing night : was heard in ancient days | by em - per - or and clown:
 (Harm.) 12. Perhaps the self - same song that found a path | through the sad heart of Ruth : when, sick for home, she stood in tears | a - mid the a - lien corn;
 (Unis.) 13. The same that oft - times hath charmed mag - ic case - ments : opening on the foam of perilous seas, | in fæ - ry lands for - lorn.



THE GRACE OF MELANCHOLY

(Keats)

3rd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 1st v. only

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony: C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. Go not to Lethe, neither twist wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poison-ous wine; nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kiss'd by night shade, ruby grape of Pro-ser-pine;
- (Harm.).....2. Make not your rosary of yew-berries, nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be your mournful Psy - che, nor the downy owl a partner in your sor - rows mys-ter-ies;
- (Unis.).....3. For shade to shade will come too drow - si - ly : and drown the wakeful an - guish of the soul.
- (Harm.).....4. But when the melancholy of it shall fall sudden from heaven like a weep-ing cloud : that fosters the droop-headed flowers all, and hides the green hill in an A - pril shroud;
- (Unis.).....5. Then glut thy sorrow on a morn-ing rose : or on the rain-bow of the salt sand-wave, or on the wealth of glo - bed pe - o - nies.
- (Harm.).....6. Melancholy dwells with Beau - ty - : Beau-ty that must die;
- (Unis.).....7. And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips bid - ding a - dieu, : and aching Pleasure nigh, turning to pois-on while the bee-mouth sips:
- (Harm.).....8. Ay, in the very temple of De-light, veil'd Melancholy has her sov - ran shrine : though seen of none save him whose strenu-ous tongue can burst Joy's grape a - gainst his pal - ate fine.

(Cantor) Thy soul shall taste the sadness of her might, and be among her cloud-y tro-phies hung:

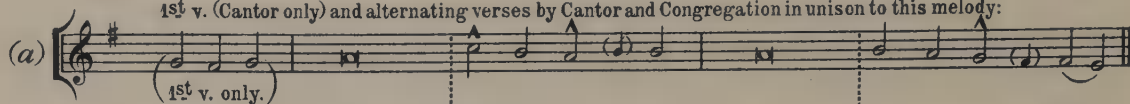
(All) So may it be this day.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE DEAD

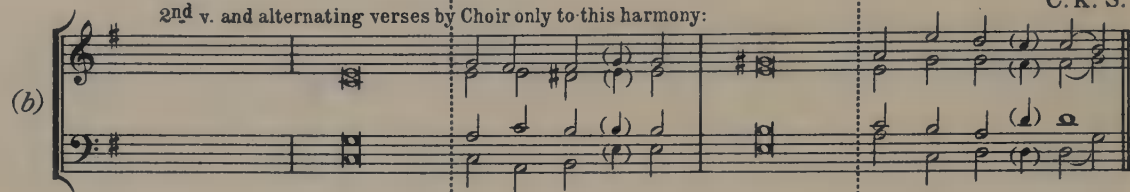
(Shelley)

7th Mode transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

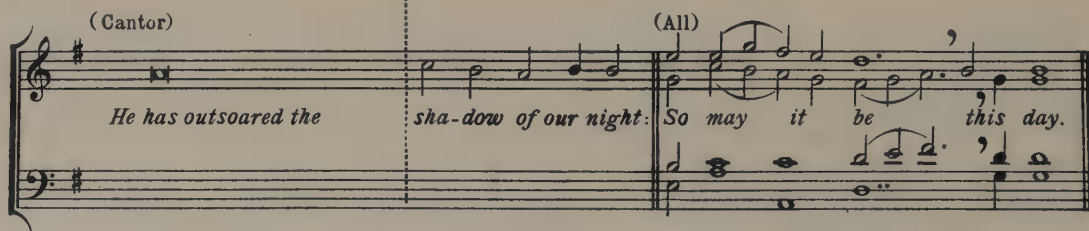


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. He has out - soared the sha - dow of our night. Envy and calumny and hate and pain, and that unrest which men miscall delight, can touch him not and tor - ture not a - gain.
- (Harm.) 2. From the contagion of the world's slow stain he is se - cure, : and now can never mourn a heart grown cold, | a head grown gray in vain;
- (Unis.) 3. Nor, when the spi - rit's self had ceased to burn, : with sparkless ashes | load an un - la - ment - ed urn.
- (Harm.) 4. He is a portion of the love - li - ness : which once he made more love - ly;
- (Unis.) 5. He doth bear his part, : while the one Spirit's plastic stress | sweeps thro' the dull dense world,
- (Harm.) 6. Compelling there all new suc - cess - ions : to the forms they wear;
- (Unis.) 7. Torturing th' un - willing dross | that checks its flight to its own like - ness, | as each mass may bear, : and bursting in its beauty and its might | from trees and oasts and men | in - to the Hea - ven's light.
- (Harm.) 8. He is made one : with Na - ture:
- (Unis.) 9. There is heard his voice | in all her mu - sic, : from the moan of thunder, | to the song of night's sweet bird;
- (Harm.) 10. He is a presence to be felt and known | in dark - ness and in light : from herb and stone,
- (Unis.) 11. Spreading itself | where'er that Power may move : which has with - drawn his be - ing to its own;
- (Harm.) 12. Which wields the world | with nev - er - wea - ried love, : sustains it from beneath, | and kin - dles it a - bove.



THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

(Wordsworth)

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:
 (1st v. only.)

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony: C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. The world is too much with us; : late and soon,
 getting and
 spending; we lay waste our powers:
- (Harm.) 2. Little we see in
 Nature that is ours; : we have given
 our hearts a - way, a sor - did boon!
- (Unis.) 3. This sea that
 bares her bosom
 to the moon; the
 winds that will
 be howling at all hours, : and are up-
 gathered now like sleep - ing flowers;
- (Harm.) 4. For this, for
 eve - ry - thing, : we are out of tune.
- (Unis.) 5. It moves us
 not. : Great God! I'd
 rather be a Pa-
 gan, suckled in a creed out - worn;
- (Harm.) 6. So might I,
 standing on this pleas - ant lea, : have glimpses
 that would make me less for - lorn;
- (Unis.) 7. Have sight of
 Proteus rising
 from the sea; : or hear old
 Triton blow his wreath - ed horn.

(Cantor) (All)

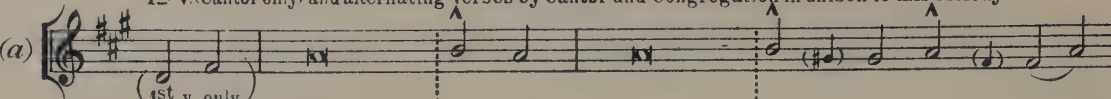
All that we behold is full of bless - ings : So may it be this day.

LIBERTY, SUBLIMEST PASSION

(Alfred Cloake)

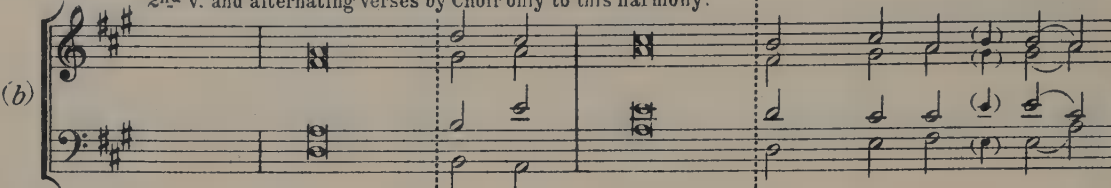
5th Tone transposed. Ancient (Sarum) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

(1st v. only.)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

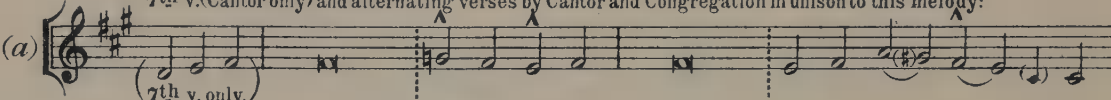
(b) 

C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. Strike, thou lyric Soul of nature,
thrilling through
each form and fea - ture, :from the woods
and winds and o-
ceans, glad re - ge - ne - rat - ing strains!
- (Harm.)..... 2. O'er thine own be-
loved dominions |
spread thy morn-
ing-glowing pin - ions; : for Man's spi - rit is thy home.
- (Unis.)..... 3. And the music of
thy pres - ence : throbs like sun-light through hea-ven's dome.
- (Harm.)..... 4. Liberty, fulfilling
Spi - rit! : by thy life-enlight-
ening merit | all
things move in love and beauty, | all men breathe a joy di - vine!
- (Unis.)..... 5. Holy Presence, |
unifying living
years with ages dy - ing, : weave thy spells o'er hu - man-kind!
- (Harm.)..... 6. All our hearts in
mutual rev - erence : in thy joy - ous shac-kles bind.

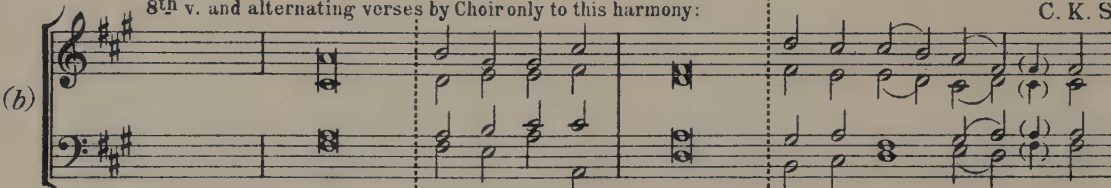
Composite Tone. C. K. S.

7th v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

(7th v. only.)

8th v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

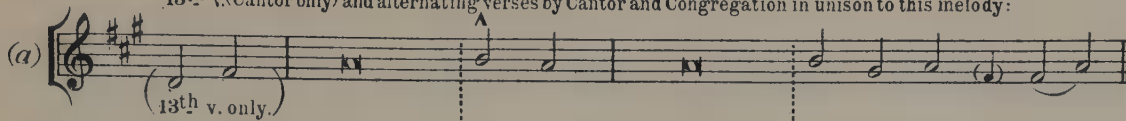
(b) 

C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 7. Lib-er-ty, | sub - - lim-est pass-ion! :Take in thy
strong hands |
and fashion of
our lives, that
long for glory, |
- (Harm.)..... 8. Tame the rude and sav - age crea-ture, :kindle the hero-
ic nature | for al - tars in thy liv - ing shrine.
- (Unis.)..... 9. Through the souls' cre- a - tive an-guish : Man to ho - ly wis - dom comes.
- (Harm.)..... 10. Now, when civil
strife's intrusion
shakes the state
and breeds con-fu-sion, :be thou present,
Patriot Spirit, | at our coun-try's coun - cil - board.
- (Unis.)..... 11. Wider spread thy
bounteous bless-
ing, | ancient enmi-ty re-dress-ing, :till the land be filled with song.
- (Harm.)..... 12. Hear, O guardian Soul of Eng-land, :when thy peo - ple suf - fer wrong!

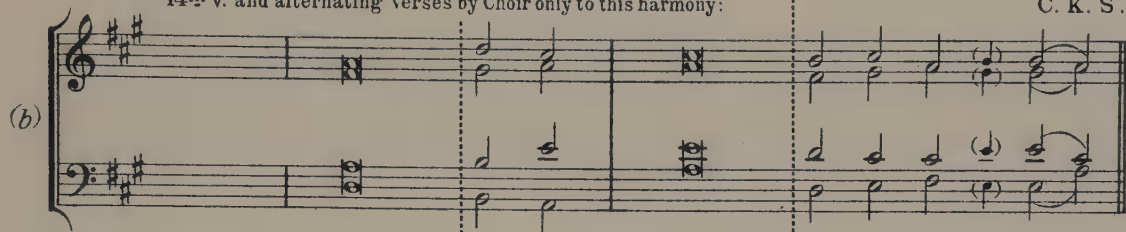
5th Tone.

13th v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



14th v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



(Cantor)	13. Thou, who	to thy soul enfold- est truth, whom thou alone behold- est, with the mild- eyed expectation of a mother's gracious	love, —	: dost unseal the se- cret sources of the power whose living forces pulse like	(J)	foun-tains o'er the earth,
(Harm.)	14.	Nourishing man's	aspi - ra - tion,	: giving.....	(J)	death-less vi - sion birth.
(Unis.)	15.	Flameless are the ancient altars, and man's guideless spirit	fal - ters.	: Where the olden lights have lang- uished, wanders	(J)	he for - lorn and blind.
(Harm.)	16.	Ah! would he but trust thee wholly, in thy power con- fiding	sole - ly,	: grander	(J)	faith he yet should find.
(Unis.)	17.	Thy benignant	Truth —	: should lead him re-in - spired to	(J)	serve man-kind.




SHAKESPEARE'S LAND

(Swinburne)

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use..

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



(b)

(Cantor) 1. Our Moth-er, | which wast twice, |
as history saith, | : found first a - mong the na - tions:

(Harm.)..... 2. Once, when she who
bore thine ensign
saw the God in thee:
smite Spain, and
bring forth Shake-speare; once, when death

(Unis.)..... 3. More than thy
place, then first
among the free; — : more than that sov-
ran lordship of
the sea bequeathed: (J)

(Harm.).....4. More than thy fiery (♩)
guiding star, which Drake hailed : and the deep saw lit a - gain for Blake;

(Unis.).....5. More than all deeds
wrought of thy
strong right hand,  :this praise keeps 
most thy fame's me - mor - ial strong:

(Harm.).....6. That thou wast head
of all these streams
of song, — : and Time bows
down to thee| as Shakespeare's land.

(Cantor)

England was ever the chain that binds their freedom to the free

(All)

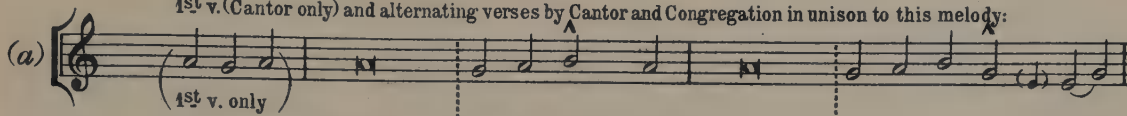
So may it be this day.

THE LIVING PRESENCE OF THE IDEAL

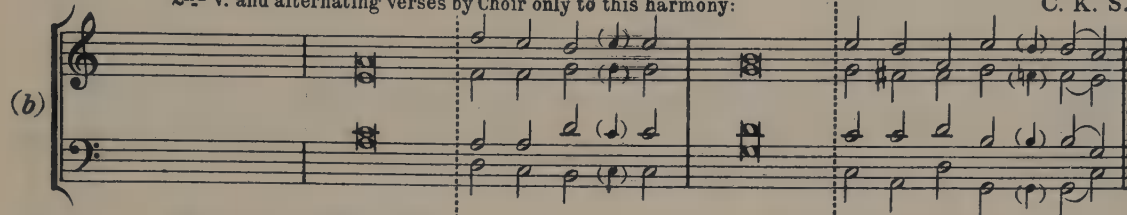
(Shelley)

4th Tone. Ancient (Sarum) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

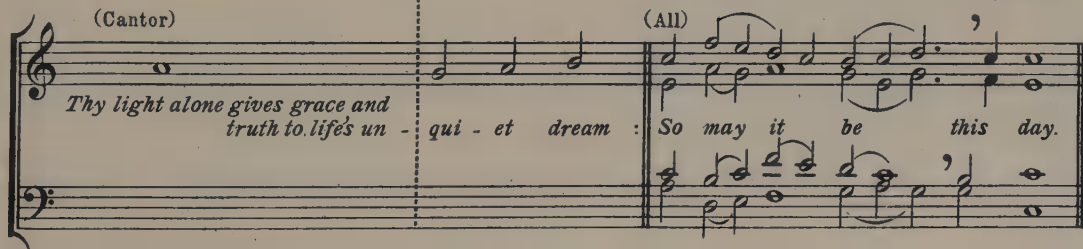


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:



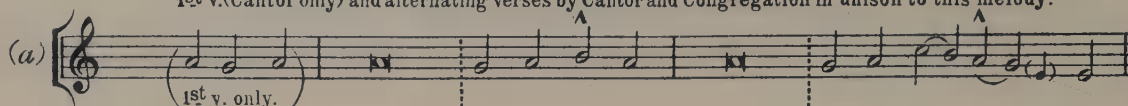
C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. The aw-ful shadow of some
unseen Power
floats though
un- seen a - mong us; :visiting this var-
ious world with
as inconstant
wing | as sum-
mer winds that creep from flow'r to flow'r.
- (Harm.)..... 2. Like moonbeams; (J)
that behind some pi - ny mountain show'r; it visits with
inconstant
glance each hu - man heart and coun-ten-ance; (J)
- (Unis.)..... 3. Like hues and har- mo - nies of eve - ning : like clouds in star-light wide - ly spread; (J)
- (Harm.)..... 4. Like memo - ry of mu - sic fled; : like aught that
for its grace
may be dear, | and yet dear - er for its mys - te - ry. (J)
- (Unis.)..... 5. Thy light a - lone : like mist o'er mountains driv - en, (J)
- (Harm.)..... 6. Or music by the
night wind | sent
through strings
of some still in - stru - ment : or moon - light on a mid - night stream, (J)
- (Unis.)..... 7. Gives grace and truth : to life's un - qui - et dream. (J)
- (Harm.)..... 8. The day becomes more sol - emn and se - rene : when noon is past; (J)
- (Unis.)..... 9. There is a har - mo - ny in au - tumn : and a lus - tre in its sky, (J)
- (Harm.)..... 10. Which through the summer | is not heard or seen, : as if it could
not be, | as if it had not been! (J)
- (Unis.)..... 11. Thus let thy pow - er, | which like
the truth of na - ture | on my pas - sive youth des - cend - ed : to my on - ward life sup - ply its calm; (J)
- (Harm.)..... 12. To one who wor - ships thee, | and every form con - tain - ing thee : whom Spirit
fair, | thy spells
did bind to fear
himself, | and love all hu - man - kind. (J)

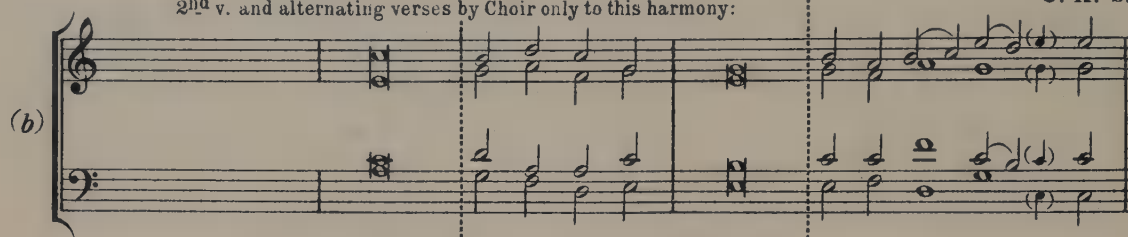


O HEART OF HEARTS

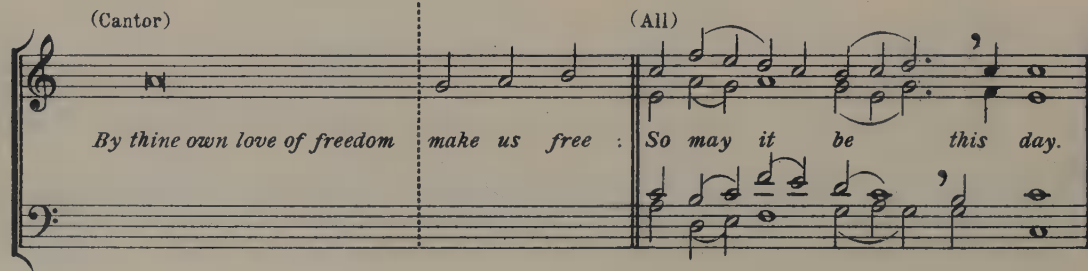
(Swinburne)

4th Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



- (Cantor) 1. O Heart of hearts, the cha-
lice of love's fire, ■ hid round with
flowers and all the boun-ty of bloom;
(Harm.)..... 2. O wonderful and per-fect heart, :for whom the
lyrist Lib-er-ty| made life a lyre;
(Unis.)..... 3. O heavenly heart ■ :at whose most
dear desire|
dead Love, liv-
ing and sing-ing, cleft his tomb,
(Harm.)..... 4. And with him,
risen, and re-gent in death's room : all day thy
chor-al pul-ses rang full choir;
(Unis.)..... 5. O heart|whose
beating blood was run-ning song ■ :O sole thing
sweet-er than thine own songs were,
(Harm.)..... 6. By thine own
love of free-dom make us free, :true for thy
truth's sake,|for thy strength's sake strong;
(Unis.)..... 7. Till very liber-
ty make clean and fair ■ :the nursing
earth| as the se-pul-chral sea.



THE SOUL OF ALL IN EACH

(Richard Watson Dixon.)

1st Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)

1st v. only.

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(b)

(Cantor)	1.	There is a	Soul a -	bove the soul of each : a mightier	Soul, which	yet to	each	be - longs:
(Harm.)	2.	There is a	sound made	of all hu - man speech: and numer-				
(Unis.)	3.	And in that	Soul lives	each, in each that Soul : and all the		con-course of	all songs:	
(Harm.)	4.	Each soul that	dies in	this most sa - cred whole : receiveth		life that	shall for	ev - er last.
(Unis.)	5.	And thus for	ever	with a wi - der span : Humanity		o'er - arch-es	time	and death;
(Harm.)	6.	Men can elect	the	U - ni - ver - sal Man : and live in		life that	ends not	with their breath:
(Unis.)	7.	And gather	glory	that in - creas - es still : till Time its		glass with	Death's last dust	shall fill.

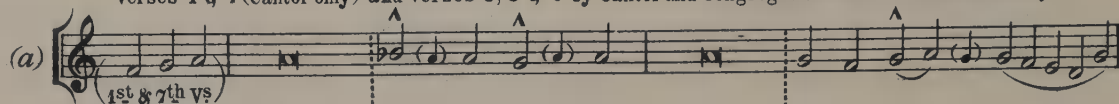
(Cantor)	(All)
Men can elect the	U - ni - ver - sal Man: So may it be this day.

THE MAN ON THE CROSS

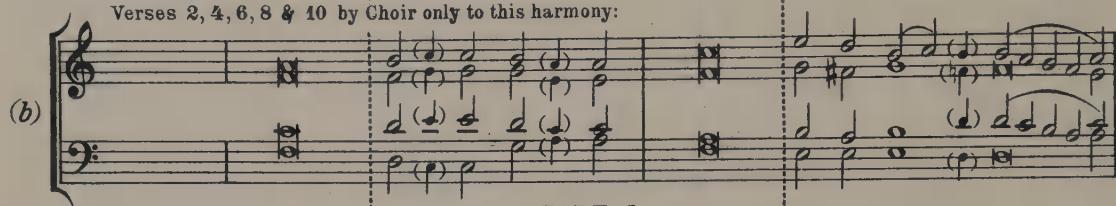
(Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne)

1st Tone. Sarum ending.

Verses 1 & 7 (Cantor only) and verses 3, 5 & 9 by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:



Verses 2, 4, 6, 8 & 10 by Choir only to this harmony:



PART I.

(Cantor) 1. When-ev-er there is silence
around me, by
day or by night,
I am start - led by the cry : "Take me down from the cross!"

(Harm.).....2. The first time I
heard it, I went out and searched: till I found a
man in the
throes of cru - ci - fix - ion;

(Unis.).....3. And I said..... "I will take you down": And I tried to
take the nails out of his feet.

(Harm.).....4. But he said, |
"Let be, | for I can-not be ta-ken down : till every man,
every woman,
and every child,
come toge-ther to take me down?"

(Unis.).....5. And I said, |
"But I can - not bear your cry : what can I do?"

(Harm.).....6. And he said, |
"Go about the ev - 'ry one you meet : There is a man up - on the cross!"

PART II.

(Cantor) 7. I go a - bout the world, |
telling all the
rich, and all the
happy and all the com - fort - a - ble : "There is a man up - on the cross."

(Harm.).....8. But they all say: |
"We are sure you
are mistaken; |
There was a man
upon the cross |
two thou - sand years a - go : but he died | and
was taken down; |
and was de-cent-ly bur - ied;

(Unis.).....9. And a miracle
happened, | so
that he rose a -
gain and ascen-
ded in - to hea - ven : and is hap - py for ev - er more."

(Harm.).....10. Still I go a - bout the world, say - ing : "There is a man up - on the cross!"

(Cantor) (All)

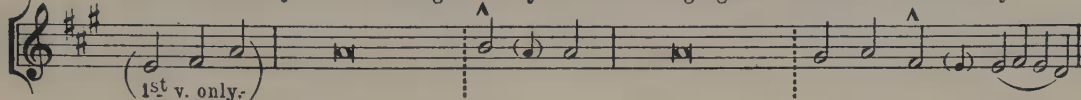
There is a man up - on the cross: This shall not be for ev - er.

GOD'S NEED

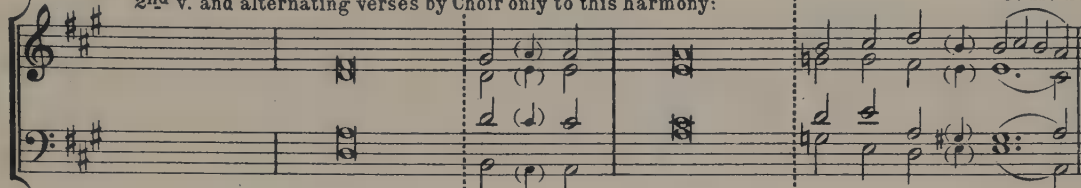
(Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne)

8th Tone transposed. Ancient (Sarum) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

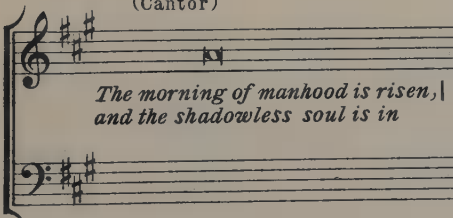
(1st v. only.)

(b) 


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. There is no moment when God does not need man, — : from the rising of morning till the fall - ing of night;
- (Harm.) 2. From the falling of night till the rising of morn - ing, : from the dawn of life till the set - ting of life.
- (Unis.) 3. God may even need man from the dawn of the u - ni - verse : to the setting of the u - ni - verse.
- (Harm.) 4. Man is the myriad ex - pres - sion : of the man - i - fold mind of God.
- (Unis.) 5. God can only manifest Himself finally and ful - ly : in some radiant hu - man be - ing.
- (Harm.) 6. Man is the aider of the divine pur - pose : through the cultivation of his di - vine in - stincts.
- (Unis.) 7. God can do nothing without man's cooperation a - tion : He can make no good a - gainst his will;
- (Harm.) 8. He cannot give the world a message unless a man is ready to be a pro - phet : and to accept the reward of a pro - phet;
- (Unis.) 9. Or to be a po - et : and to accept the wage of a po - et.
- (Harm.) 10. God cannot bring a babe to birth : with - out the help of man.
- (Unis.) 11. God is as derivative from man — : as man is de - ri - va - tive from God.
- (Harm.) 12. Therefore let man realize his supreme responsi - bil - i - ty : in furthering by acquiescence, in hindering by opposition, or in delay - ing by indifference the di - vine pro - gress.
- (Unis.) 13. Man can comfort his loving God, — : as a child com - forts its par - ent.
- (Harm.) 14. God can on - ly live : so long as there is re - lig - ion.
- (Unis.) 15. When man realizes that God lives on the bread of his devotion and on the fruits of his sacrifice, he will not begrudge to lay his life upon the al - tar : lest his loving God die of neglect, and lack of sus - ten - ance.

(Cantor) 

The morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless soul is in sight

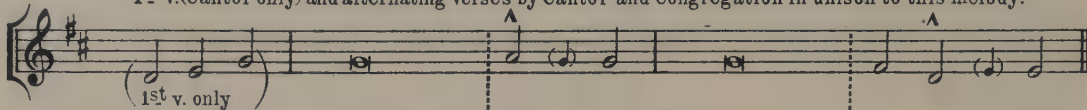
(All) 

So may it be this day.

THE LESSON OF BEREAVEMENT

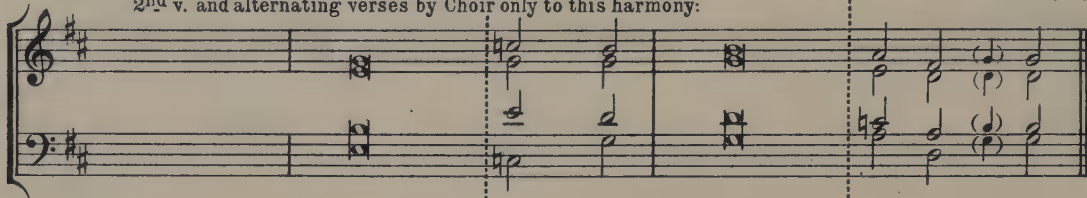
(Emerson)

2nd Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

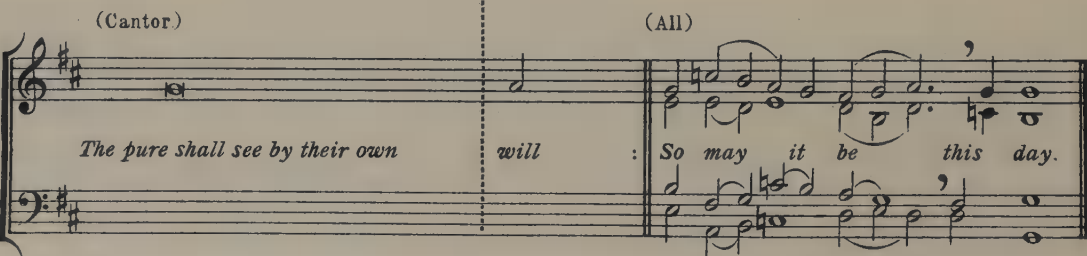
1st v. only

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

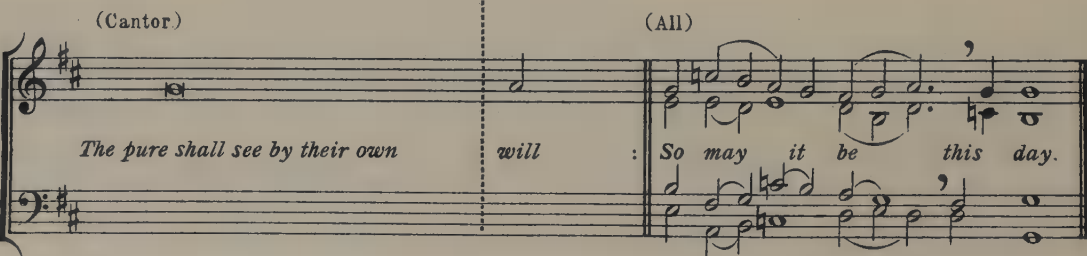
(b) 

C. K. S.

(Cantor) 1. The South wind	brings	life, sun - shine and de-sire,
(Harm.) 2. And on every mount	mea - dow	breathes a - ro - ma - tic fire;
(Unis.) 3. But over the dead	power;	the lost, the lost he can - not re - store;
(Harm.) 4. And, looking over the hills, I	mourn	him who shall not re - turn.
(Unis.) 5. O child of	pa - ra - dise	the eager fate which carried thee took the larg - est part of me:
(Harm.) 6. For this losing is true dying; this is lordly man's down -	ly - ing;	this his slow but sure reclining, star by star his world re - sign - ing.
(Unis.) 7. The Deep Heart answered, "Weepest thou?"	the pure shall see by their own will, which overflow -	ing Love shall fill.
(Harm.) 8. "'Tis not within the force of	fate,	the fate-conjoined to se - pa - rate.
(Unis.) 9. "But thou, my vota - ry, weepest thou?"	I gave thee sight -	where is it now?
(Harm.) 10. "I taught thy heart beyond the reach of ritual, Bible, or of	speech;	wrote in thy mind's transparent table as far as th'in - com - mu - ni - cable;
(Unis.) 11. "Taught thee each private sign to raise lit by the supersolar	blaze;	Past utterance and past belief, and past the blasphemy of grief, the mysteries of Na - ture's heart!
(Harm.) 12. "And though no Muse can these im - part,	throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast, and all is clear	from East to West!
(Unis.) 13. Wilt thou not ope thy heart to	know	what rainbows teach, and sun - sets show?"

(Cantor) 

The pure shall see by their own will : So may it be this day.

(All) 

(William Cullen Bryant)

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(1st v. only)

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(Cantor) 1. Yet a few days, and thee the
all-beholding sun
shall see no more in all his course: Nor yet in the cold
ground, where thy
pale form was laid
with many tears,
nor in the embrace
of ocean, shall ex-ist thy im-age.

(Harm.).....2. Thou shalt lie down
with patriarchs of
the infant world,
with kings, the pow-
erful of the earth,
the wise, the good,
fair forms, and hoary beards of
a - ges past : all in one.....might-y se - pul - chre.

(Unis.).....3. So shalt thou rest : and what if thou

(Harm.).....4. All that breathe¹ will share thy des-ti - ny

(Unis.).....5. Yet all these shall

(Harm.) 6. As the long train of a - ges glides a-way, : the sons of men—

the youth in life's
green spring, | and
he who goes in the
full strength of
years, | matron and
maid, and the sweet
babe and the grey-
headed man — |
shall, one by one, be
gathered to thy side |
by those who in their turn shall fol - low them.

Unis.) 7. So live, that when
thy summons comes
to join the innum-
erable caravan that
moves to the pale realms of shade : where each shall

(Harm.) 8. Thou go not, | like
the quarry-slave at
night, | scourged | to his dun - geon : but, | sustained and
take his chamber | in the | si - lent | ^(f)halls | of death

soothed by an un-
faltering trust, |
approach thy grave |
like one who wraps
the drapery of his
couch about him, |
and lies down to per- (♩)
fect peace

(Cantor)

Thus death is swallowed

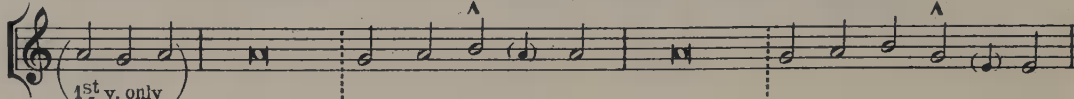
(All)

up in vic-to-ry : So may it be this day.

THE DIVINITY

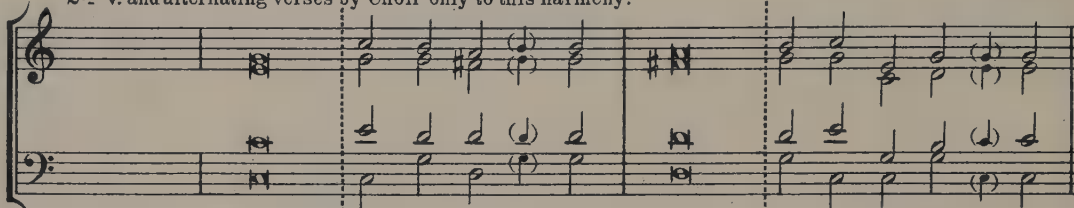
(Matthew Arnold)

4th Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a) 

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(b) 

(Cantor) 1. "Yes, write it in the rock"

Saint Ber-nard said, — : "Grave it on brass with ad - a - man-tine pen: (♩)

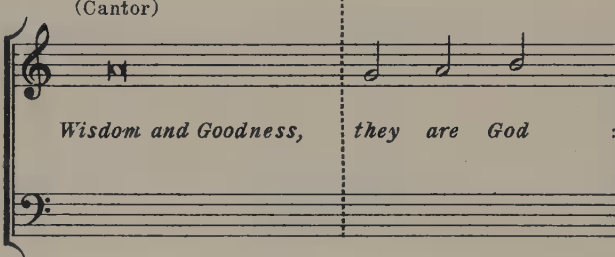
(Harm.)..... 2. 'Tis God him-
self becomes
apparent, when
God's wisdom
and God's good-ness are dis-play'd, : For God of these his at - tri-butes is made." (♩)

(Unis.)..... 3. Well spake the im-pet-uous Saint. — : Now none re-call the obscure op - po-ser he out-weigh'd. (♩)


(Harm.)..... 4. God's wisdom
and God's good-ness! Ay, but
fools mis-de-fine these : till — man knows them no more. (♩)

(Unis.)..... 5. Wisdom and Goodness, they are God! — : What schools have yet so much as heard this sim-pler lore? (♩)

(Harm.)..... 6. This no Saint preaches, and this no Church rules, : 'Tis in the de-sert, now and here - to-fore. (♩)

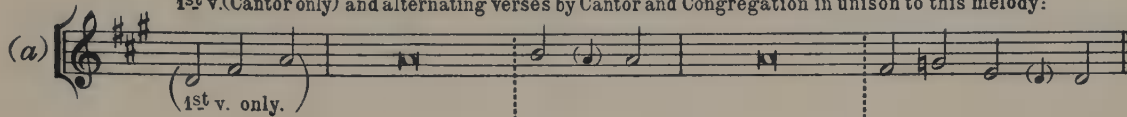
(Cantor) 

Wisdom and Goodness, they are God : So may it be this day. (♩)

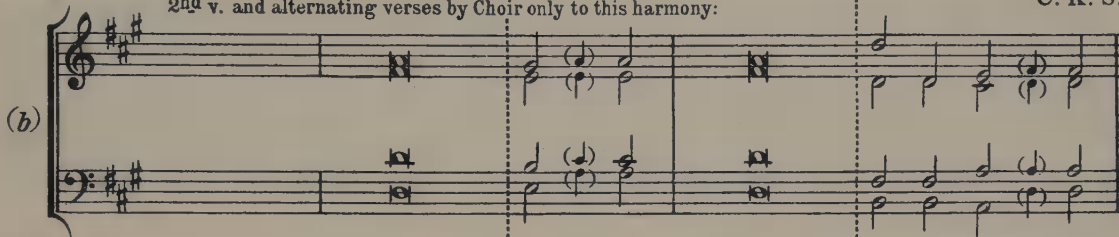
(All) 

FAITH

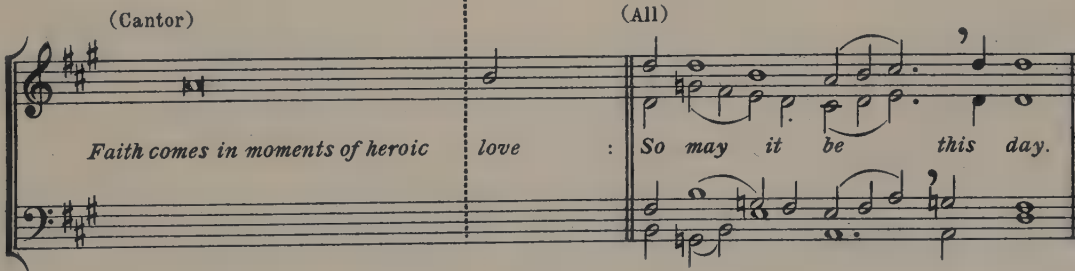
(George Eliot)

5th Tone transposed. Ancient (Sarum) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



(Cantor)	1. Faith comes in	moments of heroic	love —	: unjealous joy in	joy not made for us;
(Harm.)	2.	In conscious triumph		: making us worship	good-ness that re-bukes.
(Unis.)	3.	Even our failures		: even our yearnings	and our bit-ter tears,
(Harm.)	4.	As patriots who		: make liberty more	sa-cred by their pangs.
(Unis.)	5.	Presentiment of		: sweeps in with	
		better things on	earth	: every force that	
				: stirs our souls to	
				: admiration, self-	
				: renouncing love,	
				: or thoughts, like	
				: light, that	bind the world in one.



THE CIRCLE OF THE GOLDEN YEAR

(Tennyson)

8th Mode transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(b)

- | | | | | |
|----------|---|--|-----|--------------------------------------|
| (Cantor) | 1. We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things | move; — : the sun flies forward | (♩) | to his bro - ther sun; |
| (Harm.) | 2. The dark earth follows, wheeled in her | el - lipse; : and human things, returning on themselves, move onward, | (♩) | leading up the gold - en year. |
| (Unis.) | 3. Ah, though the times when some new thought can | bud — : are but as poets' | (♩) | seas - ons when they flower, |
| (Harm.) | 4. Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore, have ebb and flow conditioning | their march; : and slow and sure comes | (♩) | up the gold - en year, |
| (Unis.) | 5. When wealth no more shall rest in mounded | heaps, — : but smit with freer light shall slowly melt in many | (♩) | streams to fat - ten low - er lands; |
| (Harm.) | 6. And light | shall spread : and man be liker Man through all the season | (♩) | of the gold - en year. |
| (Unis.) | 7. But we grow | old! — : Ah! when shall all men's good be each man's rule, and universal peace lie like a shaft of | (♩) | light a - cross the land, |
| (Harm.) | 8. And like a lane of beams a - | thwart the sea, : through all the circle | (♩) | of the gold - en year? |

(Cantor)

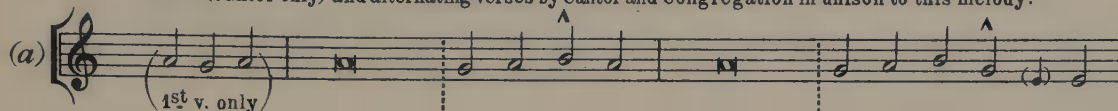
(All)

THE DISTANT VISION CONSOLES US

(Swinburne)

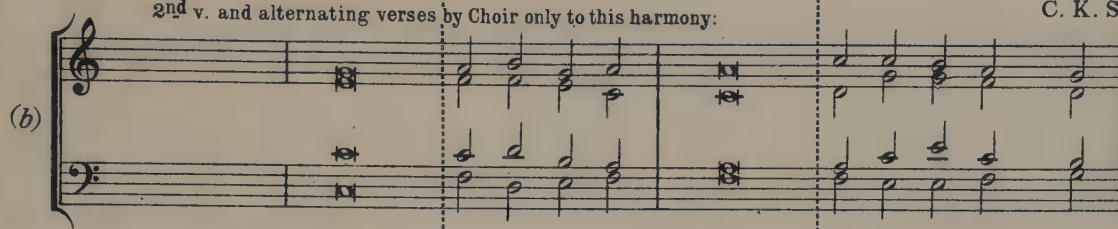
4th Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

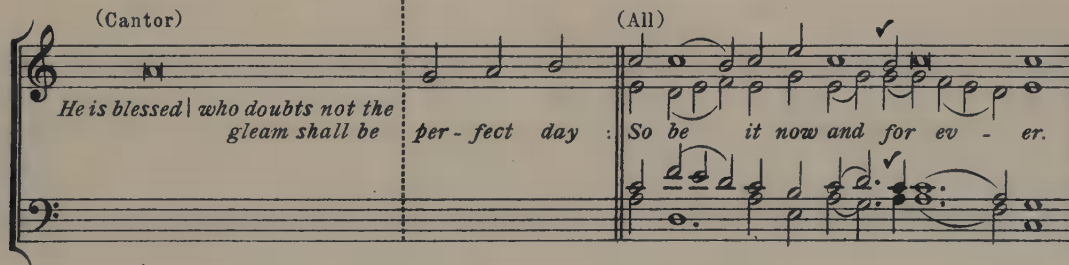


2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



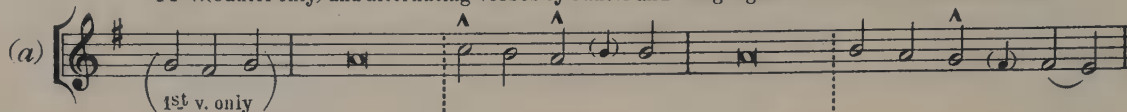
- | | | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| (Cantor) 1. We pray not, we, | for the palm, ■ | : for the fruit | en-graffed of the | fight, |
| (Harm.) 2. For the blossom | of | peace, and the balm | : and the tender | |
| | | triumph and calm | of countless | and wea-pon-less right. |
| (Unis.) 3. We pray not, we, | to be-hold ■ | : the | lat-ter au-gust | new birth, |
| (Harm.) 4. The young day's | pur-ple and gold, | : and divine, and | | |
| | | risen as of | old, the sun-god | of free-dom on earth. |
| (Unis.) 5. All these things | in your day ■ | : ye shall see, O | | |
| (Harm.) 6. But we, in the | | our sons, | and shall hold sure | ly; |
| | grey twilight, | | | |
| | for | one thing we pray | : In that day, | |
| (Unis.) 7. To feel on our | | though | our mem ² ries be | cold, |
| | brows | as we wait ■ | : an air of the | |
| | | morning, a | breath from the | |
| | | springs of the | east, from the | |
| | | gate | whence free-dom is | sues, |
| (Harm.) 8. And fate, sor- | row, and tri-umph, | : | ■ ■ ■ | and death. |



THE LAW OF RIGHTEOUSNESS ABIDETH

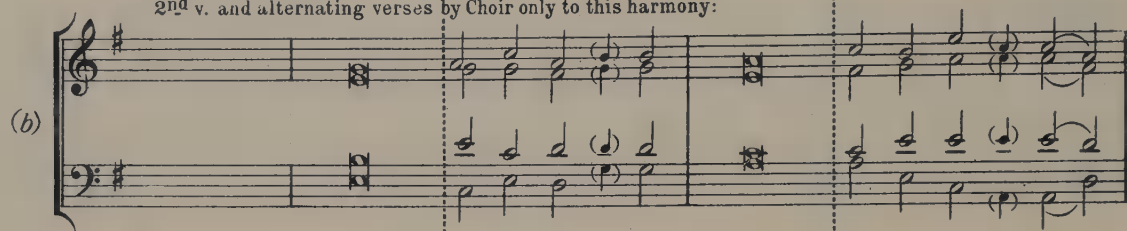
7th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

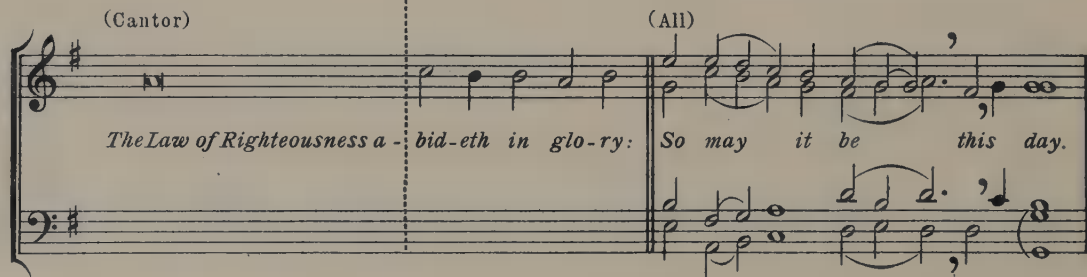
(a) 

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

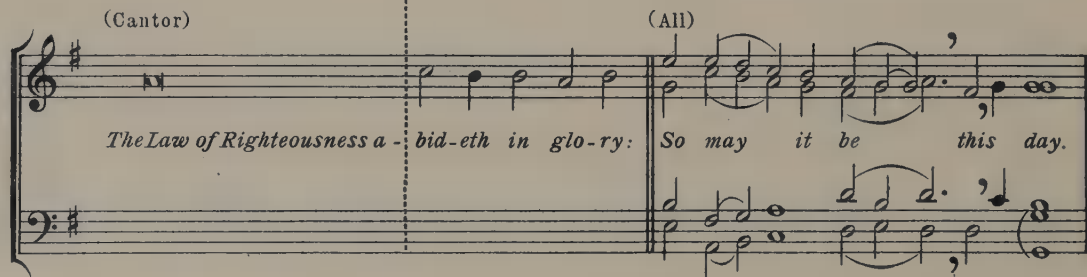
C. K. S.

(b) 

- (Cantor) 1. Oh that my lot might lead me in the path of ho - ly in - no - cence : of thought and deed,
- (Harm.)..... 2. The path which au - gust laws or - dain : Laws which in the highest hea - ven had their birth.
- (Unis.)..... 3. The race of mortal men did not be - get them : nor shall ob - livion e - ver put them to sleep.
- (Harm.)..... 4. Possessions vanish and o - pin - ions change: but by the storms of circumstance unsha - ken, Du - ty re - mains!
- (Unis.)..... 5. It is not the child of to - day's or yes - ter - day's birth : but hath been, no man know - eth how long since.
- (Harm.)..... 6. Hither as to their fountain | other stars re - pairing, in their gold - en urns : draw light.
- (Unis.)..... 7. If this fail, | the pillared firmament is rot - ten - ness : and earth's base | built on stub - ble.

(Cantor) 

The Law of Righteousness a bid - eth in glo - ry: So may it be this day.

(All) 

LOWLY WISE

5th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

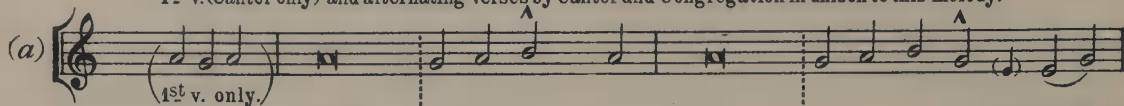
(b)

- (Cantor) 1. Owe not thy humility unto humiliation from ad-
ver - si - ty; :but look humbly down from that state where oth - ers look up to thee.
- (Harm.)..... 2. The Pharisee stood and pray'd thus | with - in him - self : "God, I thank thee I am not as other men are, | extor-tioners, unjust, adulterers, | or even as this pub - li - can; as this pub - li - can; I give tithes of all that I pos - sess!"
- (Unis.)..... 3. I fast twice a week; : I give tithes of all that I pos - sess!"
- (Harm.)..... 4. And the publican, standing afar off, | would not lift up so much as his eyes to hea - ven, :but smote his breast, saying, | "God be merciful to me a sin - ner."
- (Unis.)..... 5. I tell you | this man went down to his house jus - ti - fied : rather..... than the oth - er.
- (Harm.)..... 6. For everyone that exalteth himself | shall be a - bas - ed, :and he that hum-bleth himself | shall be ex - alt - ed.
- (Unis.)..... 7. Oh, let my weak-ness have an end! : Give unto me, made lowly wise, | the spirit of self - sac - ri - fice.

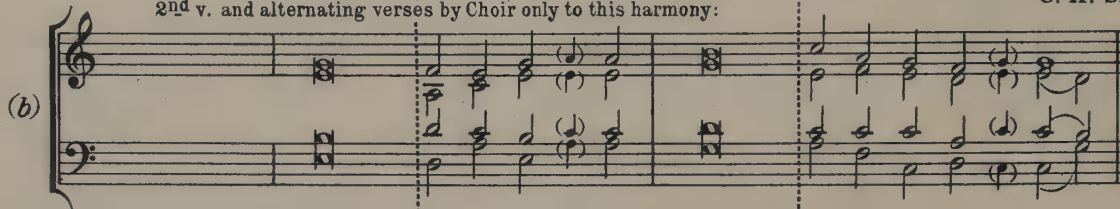
(Cantor) (All)

Blessed are the meek in spi - rit : So may it be this day.

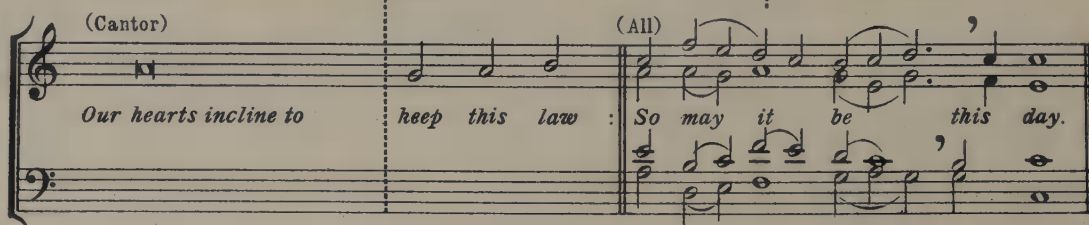
THE GOVERNANCE OF THE TONGUE

4th Tone. Ancient (Sarum) use.1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.



- (Cantor) 1. If an-y man offend not in word, | the same is a per-fect man, — : and able to bri-dle the whole bo - dy.
- (Harm.)..... 2. Behold, we put bits into the hors-es' mouths, | that they may o - bey us, : and we turn a-bout their whole bo - dy.
- (Unis.)..... 3. Behold, also, the ships, | which though they be so great and are driven of fierce winds, | yet are they turned about by a ve-ry small helm — : whithersoever the gov-ern - or list - eth.
- (Harm.)..... 4. Even so the tongue is a little member, | and boast-eth great things : Behold how great a matter | a lit-tle fire kind - leth!
- (Unis.)..... 5. Honour and shame is in talk, — : and the..... tongue of man is his fall.
- (Harm.)..... 6. — Death and life : are..... in the power of the tongue.
- (Unis.)..... 7. Cursed be the whisperer and dou-ble-tongued, — : for such have destroy'd man-y that were at peace.
- (Harm.)..... 8. A backbiting tongue | hath dis-qui-et - ed man - y, : and driven them from na-tion un - to na - tion.
- (Unis.)..... 9. Strong cities | hath it: pull - ed down — : and overthrown the hous-es of great men.
- (Harm.)..... 10. A backbiting tongue | hath cast out vir-tu-ous wo - men, : and depriv'd them of their la - bours.
- (Unis.)..... 11. If any man among us seemeth to be religious, | and brid-leth not his tongue, | but de-ceiveth his own heart, — : this man's re - lig - ion is in vain.
- (Harm.)..... 12. I will take heed to my ways, | that I sin not with my tongue : I will keep my mouth with a bri - dle.
- (Unis.)..... 13. I will put away lying, | and will speak truth and kindness to my neigh - bour; : for we are members | one of a - no - ther.



THE DELIGHT SONG OF WOMEN

(Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne)

6th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Contralto solo) and alternating verses in unison by Choir and Congregation (Women only) to this melody.

(1st v. only)

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir (Women only) to this harmony. C. K. S.

Sop I.
C'alto I.
Sop II.
C'alto II.

(Contralto Solo) 1. Many sing of the pains of wo - men; : but I will sing a song of their happy labours, and of their ever- last-ing de - lights:

(Harm.) 2. I will sing a love-song, a ser-vice song; : a labour - song of wo - men:

(Unis.) 3. For I am the young bride when the doors are open to earth, and the win-dows are open to hea - ven, : and when earth and heaven enter, singing of the ho-ly mystery of one-ness and of the life to come.

(Harm.) 4. And I am, too, the wife of the infirm, the afflict-ed hus - band, : spending herself in the ecstasy of the blessed ser-vice of her suf-fer-ing be - lov - ed.

(Unis.) 5. And I am the bride of no mor-tal lov - er : the bride of the book, the brush, the chisel, the instru-ment of mu - sic,

(Harm.) 6. Whereby the bride's solitary delights are sown a-broad, : to bear multifold joys in the world's bo - som.

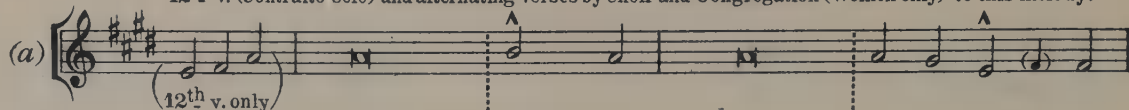
(Unis.) 7. I am the woman | who is called Mo - ther, : in every tone of her child-ren's voi - ces;

(Harm.) 8. And I am the un-mat-ed wo - man, : who is the faith-ful minister to other wo-men's child - ren.

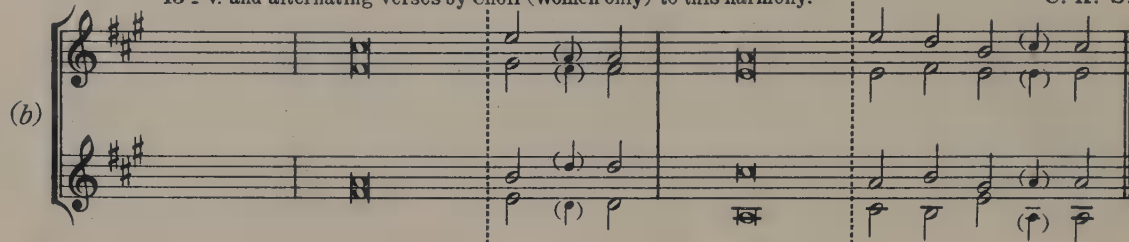
(Unis.) 9. I am the patient nurse, who gives her life in the hos-pital, | not for the sake of hire, : but for the love of as-suag-ing suf-fer-ing;

(Harm.) 10. And I am the teach-er of the young, | guiding them by paths of knowledge in-to wis - dom, : and by paths of sympathy into un-der - stand - ing.

(Unis.) 11. I am the sayer, the singer of the pride of women, | that, in its full tide, washes the world like a flood, : from unclean-ness, inhuman - i - ty and de-cay.

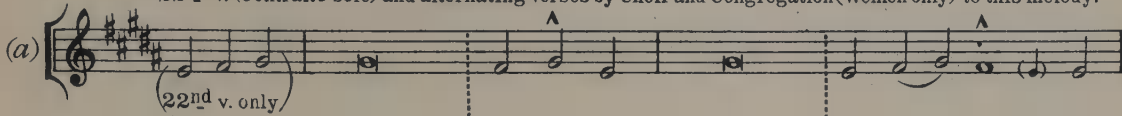
2nd Tone transposed. Solesmes use.12th v. (Contralto solo) and alternating verses by Choir and Congregation (Women only) to this melody:13th v. and alternating verses by Choir (Women only) to this harmony:

C. K. S.

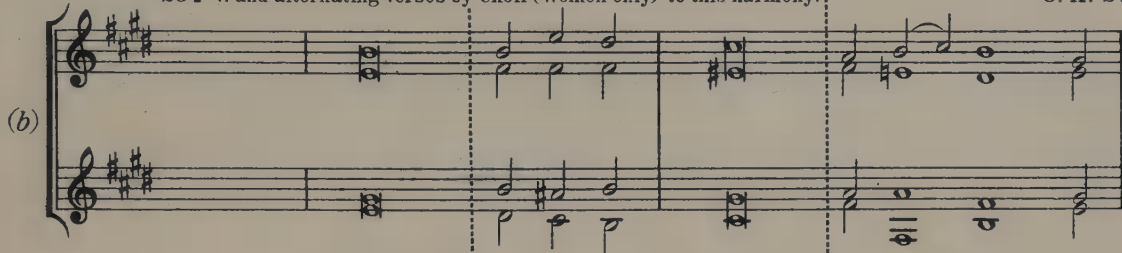


- (C'alto Solo) 12. And I am : the ush - - er - er in - to life: (♩)
- (Harm.)..... 13. The father is proud,| and the mother is proud; : and I al - so am proud;
- (Unis.)..... 14. I am needed|to bring the secretly begotten and secretly cherished life : to the visible world of o - pen day. (♩)
- (Harm.)..... 15. It is my pride to baptize the newborn| in the most sacred of elements - wa - ter; : and to robe it with the offerings of its brother-beast and its sister-flow-er,| for its warmth and pro - tec - tion.
- (Unis.)..... 16. My calling is an ancient and an honourable one, : and one not likely to fall out of fash - ion.
- (Harm.)..... 17. I am the straight-ener,| the straight-ener of the dead; : and my life wash-es you clean for your new birth,| clean for your pass-ing from one stage to another| in your im - mor - tal life. (♩)
- (Unis.)..... 18. I cleanse you from the mortality ad-hering to you — | the errors, the dis-appointments,| and the sor - rows; : and I give you, glad and shining,| to your new day.
- (Harm.)..... 19. I lift you from time; (♩) into e - ni - ty, : from death in - to life.
- (Unis.)..... 20. Through my wash-ing of your bo - dy, : your soul be - comes pure. (♩)
- (Harm.)..... 21. I am the straight-en-er, : the straight - en - er un - to life. (♩)

6th Tone.

22nd v. (Contralto solo) and alternating verses by Choir and Congregation (Women only) to this melody:23rd v. and alternating verses by Choir (Women only) to this harmony:

C. K. S.



(Canto Solo) 22. I am the Mother of Con - so - la - tion, : upon whose
breast | every wo - man slum - bers:

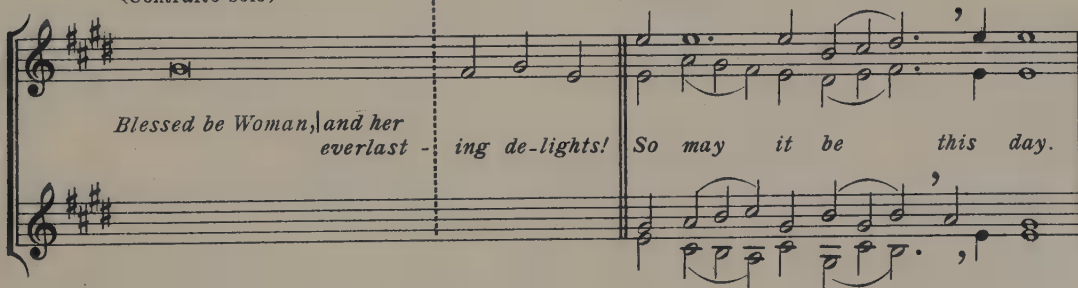
(Harm.)..... 23. At the prayers of
women I open my
hands, | and give
them down, sun-
set, stars, | smiles and flow - ers, : and flow - ing wa - ters;

(Unis.)..... 24. For I am both the
prayers of wo - men : and the ful - fil - ment of the prayers.

(Harm.)..... 25. Blessed be Wo - man, : and her untell-
able | and ever - last - ing de - lights!

(Contralto solo)

(All Women)

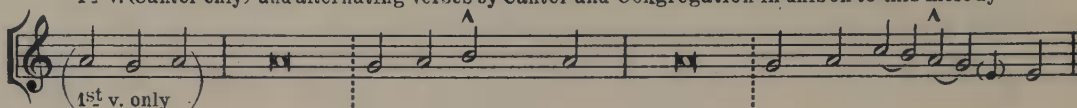


ODE TO DUTY

(Wordsworth)

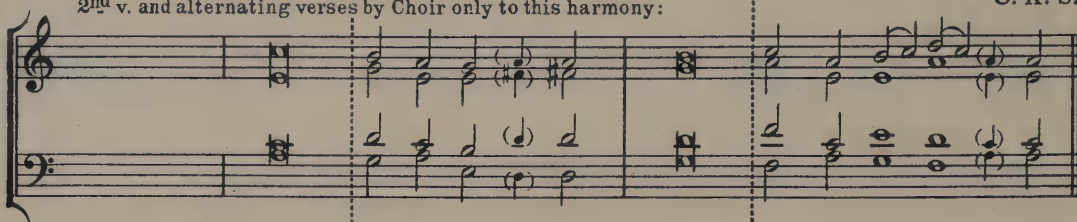
4th Tone. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

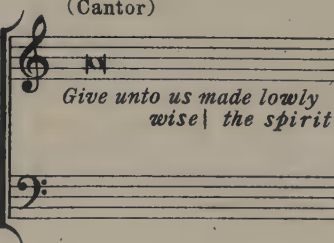
(a) 

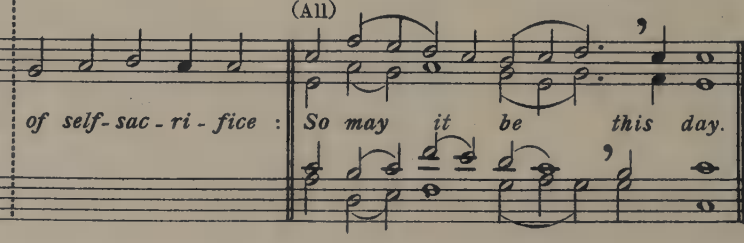
2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(b) 

(Cantor) 1.	Stern daughter of the	voice of God!	: O Duty! if that name thou love!
			who art a light to guide the err-ing, and re-prove;
(Harm.) 2.	Thou who art victory and law	when empty	ter-rors o-ver-awe;
			: From vain temptations dost set free, and calm'st the weary strife of frail hu-man-i-ty!
(Unis.) 3.	There are who ask not if	thine eye	be on them;
			: who in love and truth, where no misgiving is, rely upon the ge-nial sense of youth:
(Harm.) 4.	Glad hearts!	with	out re-proach or blot;
			: who do thy work and know it not:
(Unis.) 5.	Long may the kindly	im-pulse last!	
			: But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!
(Harm.) 6.	Stern lawgiver!	yet thou dost wear the God's	head's
			most be-nig-nant grace;
			: nor know we anything so fair as is the smile up-on thy face.
(Unis.) 7.	Flowers laugh before thee	on their beds;	
			: and fra-grance in thy foot-ing treads;
(Harm.) 8.	Thou dost pre-serve the stars from wrong		: And the most ancient hea-vens,
			through thee, are fresh and strong.

(Cantor)  Give unto us made lowly wise the spirit of self-sac-ri-fice :

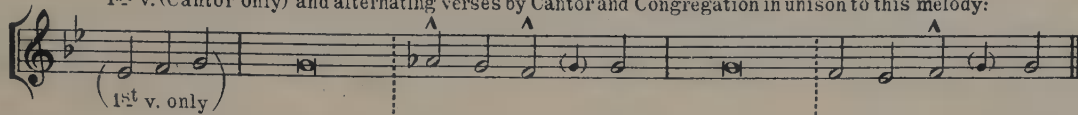
(All)  So may it be this day.

THE WIDENESS OF THE SEA

(Wordsworth and Keats)

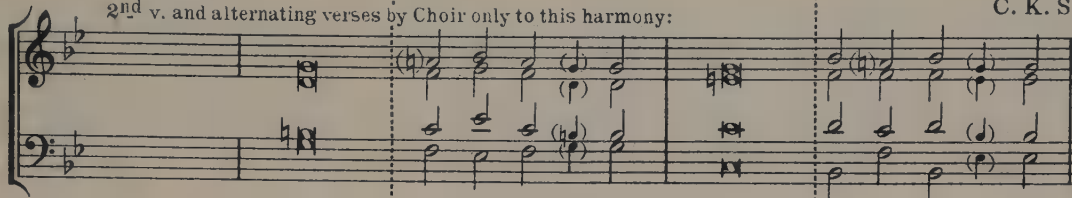
1st Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)  (1st v. only)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

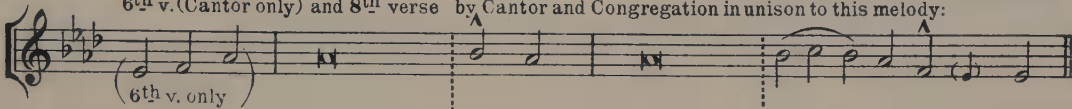
C. K. S.

(b) 

(Cantor) 1. It is a beauteous..... eve-ning, calm and free; :The holy time
is quiet as a
nun| breathless with a - do - ra - tion;
(Harm.)..... 2. The broad sun is its tran-qui-li-ty :the gentleness of heaven is on the sea:
(Unis.)..... 3. Listen!| the migh-ty Be - ing is a - wake, :and doth with
his eternal mo-
tion| make a
sound like thun-der| ev - er - last-ing - ly.
(Harm.)..... 4. It keeps eternal
whisperings| a-
round de - so - late shores, :and with its
mighty swell|
gluts twice ten thou-sand cav-erns.
(Unis.)..... 5. Yet oft 'tis in such gen-tle tem-per found :that scarcely will
the very smallest| shell be moved for days.

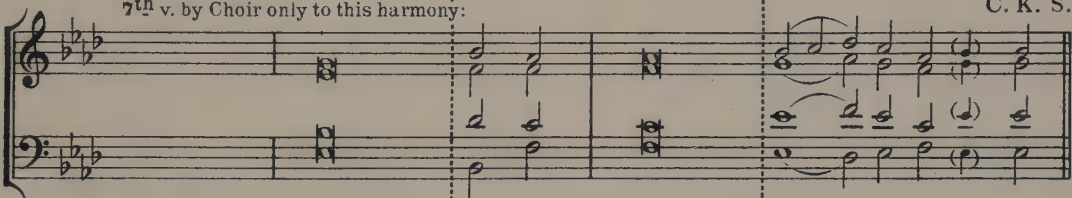
8th Tone transposed.

6th v. (Cantor only) and 8th verse by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)  (6th v. only)

7th v. by Choir only to this harmony:

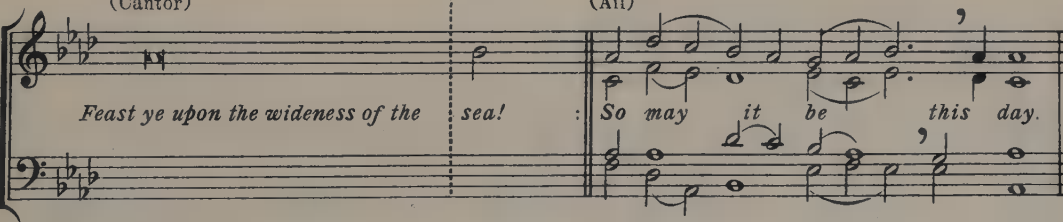
C. K. S.

(b) 

(Cantor) 6. O ye!| who have your eyes long vex'd and tired, ■ :Feast them upon the wide - ness of the sea;
(Harm.)..... 7. O ye!| whose ears are dinn'd with up-roar rude, ■ :or fed too much with cloy - ing me - lo - dy, -
(Unis.)..... 8. Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth,| and start, ■ :as if the sea-nymphs quired.

(Cantor)

(All)

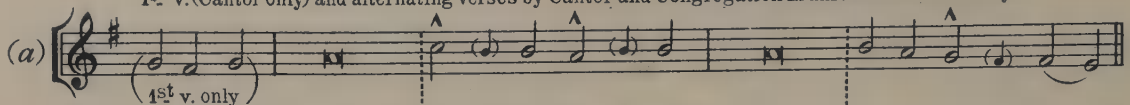
 Feast ye upon the wideness of the sea! : So may it be this day.

THE BLESSING OF THINGS BEAUTIFUL

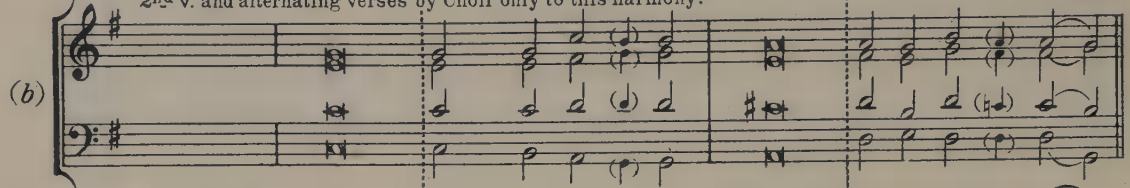
(John Keats)

7th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

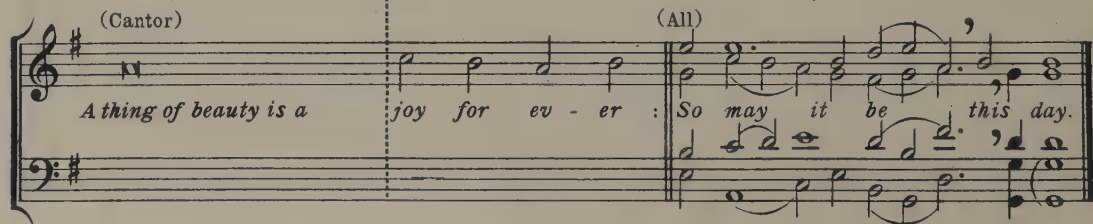
1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

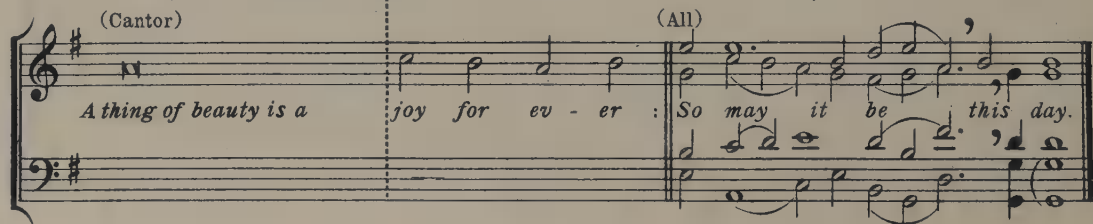
(a)  (1st v. only)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

(b)  C. K. S.

- (Cantor) 1. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever : Its loveliness in-creases :
(Harm.)..... 2. It will never pass in - to no-thing-ness; but still will keep a bower quiet for us, and a sleep full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breath - ing.
- (Unis.)..... 3. Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing a flow-ery band : to bind us to the earth,
(Harm.)..... 4. Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth of noble natures, of the gloomy days, of all the unhealthy and o'er-dark-ened ways, : made for our search - ing:
- (Unis.)..... 5. Yes, | in spite of all, : some shape of beauty moves away the pall | from our dark spi - rits.
- (Harm.)..... 6. Such the sun, the moon, | trees old and young, | sprouting a shady boon for simple sheep; : and such are daffodils | with the green world they live in;
- (Unis.)..... 7. And clear rills | that for themselves a cool - ing cov-ert make : 'gainst the hot sea - son;
(Harm.)..... 8. The mid-for-est brake, : rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
- (Unis.)..... 9. And such too | is the grandeur of the dooms we have im - ag - in'd : for the high-ty dead;
(Harm.)..... 10. All lovely tales that we have heard or read : an endless fountain of im-mor-tal drink, : pouring into us from the heav-en's brink.
- (Unis.)..... 11. Nor do we merely feel these es-sen-ces : for one short hour;
(Harm.)..... 12. No, even as the trees that whisper round a temple | become soon dear as the tem-ple's self, : so does the moon, the passion poesy, glories infinite, | haunt us till they become a cheering light | un-to our souls,
- (Unis.)..... 13. And bound to us so fast, that, | whether there be shine or gloom o'er-cast, | they always must be with us, : or we die.

(Cantor)  A thing of beauty is a joy for ever : So may it be this day.

(All) 

THE GREEN BOOK OF THE BARDS

(Bliss Carman)

5th Tone transposed. Ancient (Solesmes) use.

(a) 1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(b) 2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

C. K. S.

(Cantor)	1.	There is a book not written by any human	hand,	—	:The prophets all have studied, the	priests have al ways banned.
(Harm.)	2.	I read it every				
(Unis.)	3.	And Death shall o- vertake me, trim- ming my humble light, new verses to decipher, new chapters to ex-	morn - ing,	—	: I	pon - der it by night;
(Harm.)	4.	For who could ever tire of that wild		(d)	:While loveliness and wisdom grow	ev - er more and more.
(Unis.)	5.	I pore for days to- gether over some lost re-	le - gend - ry,	—	: The folklore of the mountains, the	dra - ma of the sea?
(Harm.)	6.	This was the creed and canon of Whit- man and	frain,—	—	: The epic of the thunder, the	ly - ric of the rain.
(Unis.)	7.	Here Amiel in sad- ness, and Burns in pure de-	Thor - eau	—	:And all the free be- lievers who	wor-shipped long a - go.
(Harm.)	8.	Here are the marks of greatness ac- complished with-	light,	—	: Sought for the hid- den import of	man's e - ter - nal plight.
(Unis.)	9.	The sweet Chance- rian temper, smil- ing at all de-	out noise,	—	: The Elizabethan vigour, and	the Lan-do-rian poise;
(Harm.)	10.	Here were derived the gospels of Em- erson	feats,	—	:The gusty moods of Shelley, the	au - tumn calms of Keats.
(Unis.)	11.	Here Blake and Job and Omar the au- thor's meaning	and John;	—	: 'Twas with this rev- elation the	face of Mo - ses shone.
(Harm.)	12.	Here Horace learned to question, and Browning	traced,	—	: Here Virgil got his sweetness, and	Ar - nold his un-haste.
(Unis.)	13.	And all these lovely spirits, who read in the great	to re - ply,	(d)	: When Soul stood up on trial for	her mor - tal - i - ty.
		book,	—	—	: Then went away in silence with	their il - lum - ined look.

(Cantor) (All)

Nature never did betray the heart
that lov-ed her : So may it be this day.

O SANE AND SACRED DEATH

(Walt Whitman)

1st Tone.

1st v. (Cantor only) and alternating verses by Cantor and Congregation in unison to this melody:

(a)

2nd v. and alternating verses by Choir only to this harmony:

(b)

(Cantor) 1. O sane and sa - - - cred Death! : The sights of the w -
pen landscape, and
the high-spread sky
are fitting, and life,
and the fields and the huge and thought-ful night.

(Harm.).....2. The night in silence
under many a star,
the ocean shore, and
the husky whisper-
ing wave, whose voice I know; : And the soul turn-
ing to thee, O vast
and well-veiled
Death, and the body gratefully nest-ling close to thee.

(Unis.).....3. Come, lovely and sooth- ing Death, : Undulate round the
world, serene- ly ar - riv - ing,

(Harm.).....4. Arriving in the day,
in the night, to all, to each, : sooner or later, de - li - cate Death!

(Unis.).....5. Praised be the fath-
omless universe for
life and joy, and for
objects and know- ledge cur - ious; : and for love, sweet love;

(Harm.).....6. But praise, O praise and praise, : for the sure-enwind-
ing arms of cool en - fold - ing Death.

(Unis.).....7. Dark Mother, always
gliding near with
soft feet, have none
chanting for thee a
chant of fullest wel - come? : then I chant it for thee;

(Harm.).....8. I glorify thee above
all, I bring thee a
song, that when
thou must in- deed come, : come un - fal - tering-ly.

(Cantor) (All)

Praised be the fathomless Uni-
verse for Life and Joy, for Love and Death: So may it be this day.

Part II

HYMNS

NATURE, MAN'S SERVANT

8.8.7 8.8.7

W. J. FOX (Altered)

German Hymn Melody
(1733)*Broadly* (♩ = 66)

1. Might - y Power, the world per - vad - ing, Oft - en now the

e - vil aid - ing, Thou must whol - ly serve man - kind.

Not by for - mal a - do - ra - tions, Nor by ser - vile

de - pre - ca - tions, We by know - ledge shall thee bind.

2. Laws of thine, by thought detected,
Shall by love be well directed;
Thought and love shall conquer thee.
And, our soul of hope and feeling
Turning thee to ways of healing,
Thou shalt then man's refuge be.
3. Not alone in man's devotion,
In all nature's life and motion
Then the weak a friend shall see.
Mighty Power, the world pervading,
Oft till now the evil aiding,
Thou shalt serve Humanity.

58

THE BLEST

10. 10. 10. 10

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Melody by HENRY LAWES
(1596-1662)
Harmony by NORMAN O'NEILL

In moderate time (♩ = 92)

1. Blest is the man whose heart and hands are pure! He hath no sick-ness that he shall not

cure, No sorrow that he may not well en-dure: His feet are steadfast and his hope is sure.

2. Oh, blest is he who ne'er has sold his soul,
Whose will is perfect, and whose word is whole;
Who hath not paid to common sense the toll
Of self-disgrace, nor owned the world's control!

3. Through clouds and shadows of the darkest night
He will not lose a glimmering of the light,
Nor, though the sun of day be shrouded quite,
Swerve from the narrow path to left or right.

59

VISION AND WORK

L. M.

F. L. HOSMER

Melody from an old
Magdalen Chapel Hymn Book

In moderate time (♩ = 92)

1. Not al-ways on the mount may we Rapt in the ho-ly vi-sion be;

The shores of thought and feel-ing know The spir-it's ti-dal ebb and flow.

2. Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways;

3. Till all the lowly vale grows bright,
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

4. The mount for visions; but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN

L. M. D

C. E. HOOPER

C. K. S.

With fervour (♩ = 80)

1. Spi - rit of Man, as - cend thy throne! Men, cit - ies, ra - tions,

wait for thee; Wan cap - tives cry, dull toil - ers groan; Hearn - en! A - rise, and

set them free! Be - fore all pride of rank and race,

Be - yond all pomps that flour - ish now, Be - neath all shams, all

com - mon - place, A - bove all em - pires, Man, art thou!

2. Ascend thy throne—the globe of earth,
That wheels through ether's sea of light;
Be thine the crown of Human Worth,
The orb of Love, the sceptre, Right!
No longer let the strife for gain
Make losers slaves and winners foes;
For how shall Peace o'er nations reign
When men to men their lives oppose?

3. No longer let deceit prevail,
Fomenting enmity with lies,
And cloaking hatred with a tale.
Oh, snatch the beam from anger's eyes!
Rebuke the zeal of cults and creeds!
That path where saints and prophets trod
To one supreme confession leads:
The God in Man, for Man, is God.

4. Be thou that God enthroned below,
With calm-eyed Truth at thy right hand,
Who bids us dare all doubts, to know
What men can fitly understand.
Be Knowledge linked to Love and Peace,
Break down the barriers of pride,
That self, self-centred, may decrease,
And thou, the boundless Self, abide!

I DARE NOT SCORN THE MEANEST THING

C. M.

ROBERT NICOLL

English Traditional Melody

Moderate movement (♩ = 84)

1. I dare not scorn the mean-est thing That on the earth doth crawl; The

slave who dares not burst his chain, The ty-rant in his hall.

2. The vile oppressor, who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though cruel, heartless, he may stand,—
I cannot, dare not scorn.

3. The darkest night that shrouds the sky
Of beauty hath a share;
The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That light may waken there.

4. I pity all that evil are,
I pity and I mourn;
But love may yet refashion all,
And so I dare not scorn.

62

A DAY IN AUTUMN

C. M.

F. L. HOSMER

English Traditional Melody

With quiet movement (♩ = 84)

1. I walk the un-fre-quent-ed road With o-pen eye and

ear; I watch a-field the far-mer load The boun-ty of the year; in.

2. I filch the fruit of no man's toil—
No trespasser am I,
And yet I reap from every soil
And the unmeasured sky.

3. I gather where I did not sow,
And bind the mystic sheaf,
The amber air, the river's flow,
The rustle of the leaf.

4. A beauty spring-time never knew
Haunts all the quiet ways,
And sweeter shines the landscape through
Its veil of autumn haze.

5. I face the hills, the streams, the wood,
And feel with all akin;
I lope my heart,—their fortitude
And peace and joy flow in.

63 IN HOURS OF GLOOM

73

MATTHEW ARNOLD

8. 8. 8. 8. 8

NORMAN O'NEILL

Not fast (♩ = 84)

1. We can-not kin-dle when we will The fire that in the heart re-sides.

The spir-it blow-eth and is still; In mys-te-ry our soul a-bides:

But tasks in hours of in-sight willed Can be through hours of gloom ful-filled.

2. With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

64 THE CALM OF HOLIER DAYS

10. 10. 10. 10

W. M. W. CALL

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY
(1840-1876)

Rather slow (♩ = 52)

1. All grows, says Doubt, all falls, decays and dies; There is no second life for flower or tree:

O suf-fring soul, be humble and be wise, Nor dream new worlds have a-ny need of thee!

2. And yet, cries Hope, the world is deep and wide;
And the full circle of our life expands,
Broadening and brightening, on an endless tide
That ebbs and flows between these mystic lands.

3. Not endless life, but endless love I crave,
The gladness and the calm of holier springs,
The hope that makes men resolute and brave,
The joyful life in the great life of things.

4. The soul that loves and works will need no praise;
But, fed with sunlight and with morning breath,
Will make our common days eternal days,
And fearless greet the mild and gracious death.

FEARS MAY BE LIARS

9. 8. 9. 8

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

C.K.S.

Firmly (♩ = 76)

1. Say not, the struggle nought a - vail - eth, The la - bour and the wounds are vain;

The e - ne - my faints not, nor fail - eth, And as things have been, they re - main. bright.

2. If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in ycu smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field.

3. For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

4. And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
But westward, look! the land is bright.

66

TO MERCY, PITY, PEACE AND LOVE

C. M.

WILLIAM BLAKE

Adapted from SPOHR

Gently (♩ = 92)

1. To mer - cy, pi - ty, peace and love, All pray in their dis - tress,

And to these vir - tues of de - light Re - turn their thank - ful - ness.

2. For mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And love the human form divine,
And peace the human dress.

3. Then every man of every clime
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, mercy, pity, peace.

4. For mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And love the human form divine,
And peace the human dress.

THE CHRIST-COUNTRY

L. M. D

EVELYN PYNE

Melody from Day's Psalter
1563*Gently but not too slow* (♩ = 45)

1. Wea - ry and faint, a - thirst, a - lone, Just as he wan - dered, wan - der we;

Count - ing no gift, no grace, our own, Pil - grims that seek the Christ-coun - try.

Hung - 'ring and poor, with feet that bleed, Just as he suf - fered, suf - fer we;

Bless - ing the cur - sers, still we plead: Bro - thers, fol - low to Christ-coun - try!

2. Patient we stand at man's heart-gate,
Just as he knocked there, so knock we;
Praying we wait if soon or late
Some will hear of the Christ-country.
Scattered and sad and weak we seem,
Just as he toiled on, so toil we;
"Dreamers," they call us, Life's a dream:
Would they might wake in Christ-country!

3. Roads are many that lead thereto,
Just as he promised, promise we;
Life hath windows where souls gaze through
Right across to the Christ-country.
Weary and faint, yet strong to death,
Just as he bore all, so bear we;
Soul and body and heart and breath
Yielding to win our Christ-country.

4. Labour and pain and scoff and loss,
Just as he crowned them, so crown we;
Love is stronger than sword or cross,
And he leads us to Christ-country.
Weary and faint, athirst, alone,
Just as he wandered, wander we,
Counting no gift, no grace, our own,
Pilgrims that seek the Christ-country.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

9.7.9.7 (Irregular)*

HARROLD JOHNSON

Adapted from a 16th cent. composition

Joyous and quick (♩ = 66)

1. The spir - it of spring is a - broad in all The hearts and the minds of

men; The new sapmounts and the old leaves fall, The world shall be green a - gain.

2. The new wine is bursting the old wine-skin,
And the new cloth rends the old;
The light of day and the soul within
Shine bright in the brave and bold.

3. The old aisles are dim, and the fretted vaults
Are storied with hallowed years;
The priest with his book and dead creed halts,
With his old-time hopes and fears.

4. The garden is glad with the apple-bloom,
The moor with the gorse and the bee;
The Soul of Man, it shall yet have room
In the Church that is to be.

*The rhythm of above tune must be slightly altered to fit v's 2, 3 and 4.

THOUGHTS SHALL CHANGE TO PURPOSE STRONG

C. M.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Cardinal

17th cent. Hymn Melody

Firmly (♩ = 88)

1. Prune thou thy words, the thoughts con - trol That o'er thee swell and throng;

They will con - dense with - in thy soul, And change to pur - pose strong.

2. But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

3. Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest pray'rs,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

ALL TRUTH IS CALM

4. 6. 8. 6

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

C. K. S.

Rather slow (♩ = 88)

1. All truth is calm, Re - fuge and rock and tower;

The more of truth the more of calm, Its calmness is its power.

2. Truth is not strife,
Nor is to strife allied;
It is but Error that is bred
Of storm, by rage and pride.

3. Calmness is truth,
And truth is calmness still;
Truth lifts its forehead to the storm
Like some eternal hill.

THE PEACE OF PITY

11. 10. 11. 10

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

C. K. S.

Not slow (♩ = 108)

1. O bro - ther man, fold to thy heart thy bro - ther! Where pit - y

dwells, the joy of peace is there; To wor - ship right - ly

is to love each o - ther, Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a prayer.

2. Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of those whose holy work was doing good;
So shall the wide earth seem a human temple;
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

3. Then shall all shackles fall; the stormy clangour
Of wild war-music o'er the earth shall cease;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

THE GIFTS OF SORROW

6. 5. 6. 5

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

Adapted from a 16th cent. German Hymn Melody

Simply (♩=92)

1. Let me count my trea - sures, All my soul holds dear;
Given me by dark spi - rits Whom I used to fear.

2. Through long days of anguish
And sad nights, did pain
Forge my shield—Endurance—
Bright and free from stain.

4. Sorrow, that I wearied
Should remain so long,
Wreathed my starry glory—
The bright crown of Song.

6. Suffering, that I dreaded,
Ignorant of her charms,
Laid the fair child—Pity—
Smiling, in my arms.

3. Doubt, in misty caverns,
'Mid dark horrors sought,
Till my peerless jewel—
Faith—to me she brought.

5. Strife, that racked my spirit
Without hope or rest,
Left the blooming flower—
Patience—on my breast.

7. So I count my treasures,
Stored in days long past:
And I thank the givers
Whom I know at last!

73

HOPE

7. 7. 7. 7

G. W. FOX

Adapted from a traditional Scotch Melody

Not too slow (♩=80)

1. Hard is now the con-stant woe, Bit-ter is the long des-pair,
Cast-ing doubt on all we know, Blot-ting out our vi-sions fair.

2. Weakly strain we after truth,
Slowly mount we toward the good,
Searching long in gloom and ruth
For the soul's sustaining food.

3. Man's immortal task is great,
Greatly must it be achieved;
And his doom is still to wait,
Hoping still, though still deceived.

4. Hoping for the greater day,
Hoping for the larger light,
Day that shall endure for aye,
Light that yieldeth not to night.

FEAR NOT THE TRUTH

C. M.

HENRY ALFORD, Dean

Adapted from Psalm 132
in Day's Psalter, 1563*With quiet force* (♩ = 88)

1. Be true to ev - 'ry in - most thought; Be as thy thought thy speech;

What thou hast not by suf - fring bought, Pre - sume thou not to teach.

2. Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.
3. Show forth thy light! If conscience gleam,
Cherish the rising glow;
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

4. Guard thou the fact! Though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.
5. Face thou the wind! Though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The true must first be tried.

75

THE SPIRIT MAKES THE SHRINE

L. M.

CHARLES SWAIN

From SCHUMANN

In moderate time (♩ = 88)

1. The heart it hath its own es - tate, The mind it hath its wealth un - told;

It needs not for - tune to be great, While there's a coin sur - pass - ing gold.

2. No matter which way fortune leans,
Wealth makes not happiness secure;
A little mind hath little means,
A narrow heart is always poor.

3. 'Tis not the house that honour makes,
True honour is a thing divine;
It is the mind precedence takes,
It is the spirit makes the shrine.

THE GIFTS OF LIFE

7.6.7.6.12

• ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

NORMAN O'NEILL

1st Tune

Brightly (♩=404)

1. With us the winds and fountains And lightnings live in tune; The morning-coloured mountains That burn in - to the noon, The mist's mild veil on valleys muffled from the moon:

2nd Tune

Adapted from a 15th Cent. Melody in the Dorian Mode

1. With us the winds and fountains And lightnings live in tune; The morning-coloured mountains That burn in - to the noon, The mist's mild veil on valleys muffled from the moon:

2. The thunder-darkened highlands,
And lowlands hot with fruit,
Sea-bays and shoals and islands,
And cliffs that foil man's foot,
And all the flower of large-limbed life and all the root:
3. The clangour of sea-eagles
That teach the morning mirth,
With baying of heaven's beagles
That seek their prey on earth,
By sounding strait and channel, gulf and reach and firth.
4. With us the fields and rivers,
The grass that summer thrills,
The haze where morning quivers,
The peace at heart of hills,
The sense that kindles nature, and the soul that fills.
5. The strife of things and beauty,
The fire and light adored,
Truth, and life-lightening duty,
Love without crown or sword,
That by his might and godhead makes Man god and lord.

THE EARTH IS OURS

8.8.8.8.8

MARY HOWITT (Altered)

Melody by KUGELMAN
(1540)*Confidently* (♩ = 69)

1. Thou, earth, art ours, and ours to keep,

That man may labour not in vain; Thou giv'st the grass, the

corn, the tree; Seed - time and harvest - come from thee,

The - ear - ly and the lat - ter rain.

2. Thou, earth, art mine—thou summer earth,
Fresh with the dews, the sunshine bright,
With golden clouds in evening hours,
With singing birds and fragrant flowers,
Creatures of beauty and delight.
3. Thou, earth, art mine; when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree,
When from the north the fierce winds blow,
When falleth fast the mantling snow,
Thou, earth, belongest still to me.
4. The earth is yours and mine, O men!
Ours are all worlds, all suns that shine;
Darkness and light, and life and death,
Whate'er all space inhabiteth,
All these are yours and all are mine.

78 THE CLARION CALL TO DUTY

8. 7. 8. 7

ANON.

Melody from Corner's "Gesangbuch," 1631

In moderate time (♩ = 60)

1. All a - round us, fair with flow - ers, Fields of beau - ty sleep - ing

lie; All a - round us clarion voi - ces Call to du - ty stern and high.

2. Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labour
Still be sure to do our part.

3. Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

4. Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest before to-morrow's sun
We, too, mournfully departing,
Shall have left our work undone.

79 TO DUTY ONLY LET ME KNEEL

L. M.

Sir LEWIS MORRIS

Melody by J. MACBEAN

Moderately slow (♩ = 66)

1. What shall I frame my life to gain? Not rich - es; low - er mun - dane

things Spread wide their fic - kle, treach'rous wings, And who pur - sues them strives in vain.

* Or half tone higher

2. Nor fame; for she fleets faster yet,
Or comes not ere the closing tomb;
The sun of glory sets in gloom,
And all men hasten to forget.

3. To Duty only let me kneel,
Her painful circlet on my brow.
To her, my queen, my head shall bow,
Not knowing, but content to feel!

4. All faint, all fade, all pass, but she
Shines clear for young and aged eyes;
High as the peaks that kiss the skies,
Profound as the unfathomed sea!

80
THE POWER OF NATURE
L. M.

83

WREFORD (Altered)

C. K. S.

Gladly (♩ = 56)

1. Power of the o - cean, earth — and sky, In thy bright
pres - ence we re - joice; We feel - thee, see — thee
e - ver nigh, And glad - ly hear thy my - riad voice.

2. We feel thee in the sunny beam,
We see thee stride the mountain waves;
We hear thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the tempest wildly raves.

3. Thee in the fragrant groves we meet
Thee in the vale and on the hill;
Thou kneelest at our human feet,
As if in waiting on our will.

81
THE CHURCH OF MAN TO COME
8.8.8.6

HARROLD JOHNSON

NORMAN O'NEILL

With movement (♩ = 104)

1. Bring beams of oak and boul - der-stone, And build the Church of Man to come;
Bring com - rade hearts and com - rade hands, Bring joy and mar - tyr - dom.

2. Bring the deep, solemn organ-tone,
And wistful aisles a master wrought:
Bring poet-psalm and prophet-page,
And painter's symbolized thought.

3. There man shall hear the Word of Man
Through shadowed arches solemn roll,
And riving, lightning-flashed commands
From Sinais of the soul.

4. There man shall move the heart of man,
And hands shall be stretched forth to bless;
There brother-love to brother-man
Shall emblem holiness.

5. There faith in all-enfolding love
Shall be the creed of man made strong,
And hope and love and joy shall be
His sounding battle-song.

6. Amid the Silence and the Vast,
With terrors and with splendours dumb,
Awed, yet undaunted, she shall rise —
The Church of Man to come.

LOVE VANQUISHES DESPAIR

10.10.10.10.10.10

MALCOLM QUIN

Welsh Hymn Melody

Gladly (♩ = 112)

1. Now comes the light for which our souls have sought,
Now comes the peace for which we long have wrought,

O - ver the cloud - y path - ways of our life;
Crown - ing with glad re - sults our cease - less strife;

O light and peace! ye pow'rs of glad - ness sure,

With you we con - quer, or with you en - dure.

2. Now comes the love which makes all souls but one,
Calmly emergent from the strife of years;
Now comes the truth which long our souls did shun,
Lifting us high above all doubts and fears;
O love and truth! ye stars of human fate,
Be ye with us, and we for joy can wait.
3. O light and peace! O love and truth supreme!
Ye come, and coming, vanquish our despair;
Ye bring us faith, ye bring the august dream
Of some great gladness which we now prepare;
Oh, make us worthy of that after time
Whose image fronts us now with looks sublime!

TIME WILL STRENGTHEN RIGHT

ROBERT NICOLL

L. M.

ORLANDO GIBBONS
(1583-1625)*With nobility* (♩ = 80)

1. Think not that mar-tyrs die in vain, Think not that truth so soon will fail;

We, wave-like, break to form a - gain, And, grass-like, bow be - fore the gale.

2. There groweth up a mighty will,
And time will only give it force;
It tendeth to an object still,
Though somewhat swerving in its course.

4. And all the failures of the past
But make the future more secure;
The triumph of our cause at last
The bygone sufferings ensure.

3. Though vengeance were the battle-cry,
And fell revenge first drew the sword;
We seek a nobler victory,
More firm in act, more true in word.

5. Secure in truth, we wait the day
As watchers wait the morning light;
The false alone need dread delay,
For time will only strengthen right.

THE EVENING HOUR

ANON.

L. M.

C. K. S.

Quietly (♩ = 66)

1. Sweet eve - ning hour! sweet eve - ning hour! That calms the air and shuts the flow'r,

That brings the wild bee to its rest, The in - fant to its mo - ther's breast!

2. O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
And thoughts too sacred to repeat;

3. Sweet evening hour! thou art the time
When hearts expand and wishes climb,
O may thy gentle influence give
New strength a nobler life to live!

85

BE LORD OF SELF

L. M.

Sir HENRY WOTTON

C. K. S.

With moderate movement (♩ = 88)

1. How hap - py is he born and taught Who ser - veth not an - o - ther's will -

Whose ar - mour is his hon - est thought, And sim - ple truth his on - ly skill!

2. Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied to worldly things by care
For public fame or private breath!

3. This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

86

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

6. 6. 6. 6

THOMAS CAMPION

THOMAS CAMPION
(1575-1619)*With quiet dignity* (♩ = 80)

1. The man of life up - right, Whose guilt - less heart is free

From all dis - hon - est deeds Or thought of van - i - ty;

2. The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent:

3. That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

4. He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

5. Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

TRIUMPH IN DEATH

7. 7. 7. 7

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Plain Song, 1st Mode*With calm grandeur* (♩ = 72)

1. Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious win-ter's rage;

Thou thy world-ly task hast done, Home art gone, and ta'en thy wage.

2. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
Now the reed is as the oak.

3. Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor th'all-dreaded thunderstone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan.

88

IT IS THE MEANER PART THAT DIES

L. M.

Sir LEWIS MORRIS

Traditional Gaelic Melody Adapted by J. MACBEAN
Harm. by C. K. S.*In moderate time* (♩ = 84)

1. Though love be bought and hon - our sold, The sun - set keeps its glow of

gold; And round the ro - sy summits cold The white clouds hov - er, fold on fold.

2. Though over-ripe the nations rot,
Though right be dead and faith forgot,
Though one dull cloud the heavens may blot,
The tender leaf delayeth not.

3. Though all the world be sunk in ill,
The beauteous autumn's mellow still;
By virgin sand and sea-worn hill
The constant waters ebb and fill.

4. From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise:
"It is the meaner part that dies."

89 NO GOOD ACTION LOST

L. M.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Adapted from a 15th cent. German Hymn. Melody

Firmly (♩ = 84)

1. What is it that the crowd re-quite Thy love with hate, thy truth with lies?

And but to faith, and not to sight, The walls of free-dom's tem-ple rise?

2. Yet do thy work; it shall succeed
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

3. Faith shares the future's promise; love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.

4. Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

5. Thy nature, which through fire and flood
To peace again finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And Duty's holiest cause obey!

90 LOVE AND SORROW

TENNYSON

L. M.

A. HOGG

In moderate time (♩ = 92)

1. I en-vy not in an-y moods The cap-tive void of no-ble rage,

The lin-net born with-in the cage, That nev-er knew the sum-mer woods.

2. I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes:

3. Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.

4. I hold it true whate'er befall;
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

91
DEMOCRACY
8. 8. 8. 6. D

89

C. J. WHITBY

NORMAN O'NEILL

Brightly (♩ = 98)

1. De - moc - ra - cy, De - moc - ra - cy! Oh, word of hope and thrill-ing power!

Oh, salt wind blow-ing from the sea To brace us hour by hour!

We wait thine ad - vent, and we dream Of life re - newed and made sub - lime;

But slow - ly, slow - ly mounts thy gleam A - bove the hills of Time!

2. Democracy, Democracy!

From height to height ascend we still
Up the steep rock of Liberty,
Knit by one dauntless will.
One, howsoe'er dispersed in space,
Though severing seas betwixt us roar,
Of alien feature, tongue, and race,
Yet one the wide world o'er!

3. Democracy, Democracy!

No teeming cities thronged with knaves,
No pampered rogues in luxury,
No starved and abject slaves!
Life steeped in sunshine, bathed in air,
Life redolent of earth and sea,
As calmly strenuous and fair
As growth of grass or tree.

4. Democracy, Democracy!

Our sordid lives take thou in hand;
Transmute them to a symphony
Of organ-music grand.
With cleansing fires our souls assay,
Consume the false, confirm the true,
And in the searching light of day
Establish us anew.

92

EARTH'S REFORMERS

11. 10. 11. 10

THOMAS LAKE HARRIS

C.K.S.

With movement (♩ = 112)

1. O Earth! thy past is crowned and con-se-cra-ted With its re-for-mers, speaking yet, though dead;

Who un-to strife and toil and tears were fa-ted, Who un-to fie - ry martyrdoms were led.

2. O Earth! thy present too is crowned with splendour
By its reformers, battling in the strife;
Friends of humanity, stern, strong and tender,
Making the world more hopeful with their life.
3. O Earth! thy future shall be great and glorious
With its reformers, toiling in the van;
Till truth and love shall reign o'er all victorious,
And earth be given to freedom and to Man.

93

WARFARE AGAINST EVIL

8.8.8.8.8.8

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN BISHOP
C.1665 — 1737

** Sternly (♩ = 72)*

1. When Free - dom, on her na - tal day, With - in her war - rocked crad - le lay,

An ir - on race a - round her stood, Bap - tised her in - fant brow in blood;

And through the storm which round her swept, Their con - stant ward and watch - ing kept.

* Or half-tone lower

2. Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung;
And every gift on Freedom's shrine,
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

3. Our fathers to their graves have gone,
Their strife is past, their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honoured place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

THE ANGEL HEART OF MAN

8. 8. 10. 6

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

H. BAKER

Flowing (♩ = 80)

1. There is no wind but sow - eth seeds Of a more true and o - pen life,

Which burst, un - looked for, in - to high-souled deeds With way - side beau - ty rife.

2. We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.

3. Within the hearts of all men lie
These promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

4. All that hath been majestic
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all —
The angel heart of man.

NOT IN VAIN IS FAITH IN MAN

C. M.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (adapted)

Finnish Traditional Melody

In moderate time (♩ = 88)

1 O pure re - form - ers! not in vain Your trust in hu - man kind;

The good which blood-shed could not gain, Your peace-ful zeal shall find.

2. The truths ye urge, the good ye plan,
Are served by wind and tide;
The voice of nature and of man
Speaks out upon your side.

3. The weapons which your hands have found,
Are those which time hath wrought;
Light, truth, and love, — your battle-ground
The free, broad field of thought.

4. Oh, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.

96

ENGLAND, ARISE!

11. 10. 11. 10. 5. 5. 10

EDWARD CARPENTER

C. K. S.

With fervour (♩ = 60)

mf

1. Eng - land, a - rise! the long, long night is o - ver, Faint in the

east be - hold the dawn ap - pear; *cresc.* Out of your e - vil

Out

dream of toil and sor - row A - rise, O Eng - land, for the

day is here; From your fields and hills Hark! the an - swer

swells: A - rise, O Eng - land, for the day is here! *ff*

2. People of England! all your valleys call you,
 High in the rising sun the lark sings clear;
 Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you?
 Will you disown your native land so dear?
 Shall it die unheard,
 That sweet pleading word?
 Arise, O England, for the day is here!

3. Over your face a web of lies is woven;
 Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground;
 Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen;
 On its bent back sits idleness encrowned.
 How long, while you sleep,
 Harvest shall it reap?
 Arise, O England, for the day is here!

4. Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!
 Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!
 Mighty in faith of freedom, your great mother,
 Giants refreshed in joy's new-rising morn!
 Come and swell the song,
 Silent now so long:
 England is risen! and the day is here!

O THOUGHT AT RANDOM CAST

C. M.

CHARLES MACKAY

English Traditional Melody

Fairly fast (♩=132)

1. A dreamer dropp'd a ran - dom thought; 'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—

A sim - ple fan - cy of the brain, But strong in be - ing true.

2. It shone upon a genial mind
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life—a beacon ray—
A monitory flame.

3. The thought was small, its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

4. A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

5. A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

6. O germ, O fount, O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

98

LOVE'S SKILL

7.7.7.7

H. W. LONGFELLOW

From "Magdalen Hymns," 1760(?)

Flowing movement (♩=120)

1. Ah! how skil - ful grows the hand That o - bey - eth love's com - mand!

'Tis the heart and not the brain To the high - est doth at - tain.

2. He that followeth love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest —
Ah! how skilful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command!

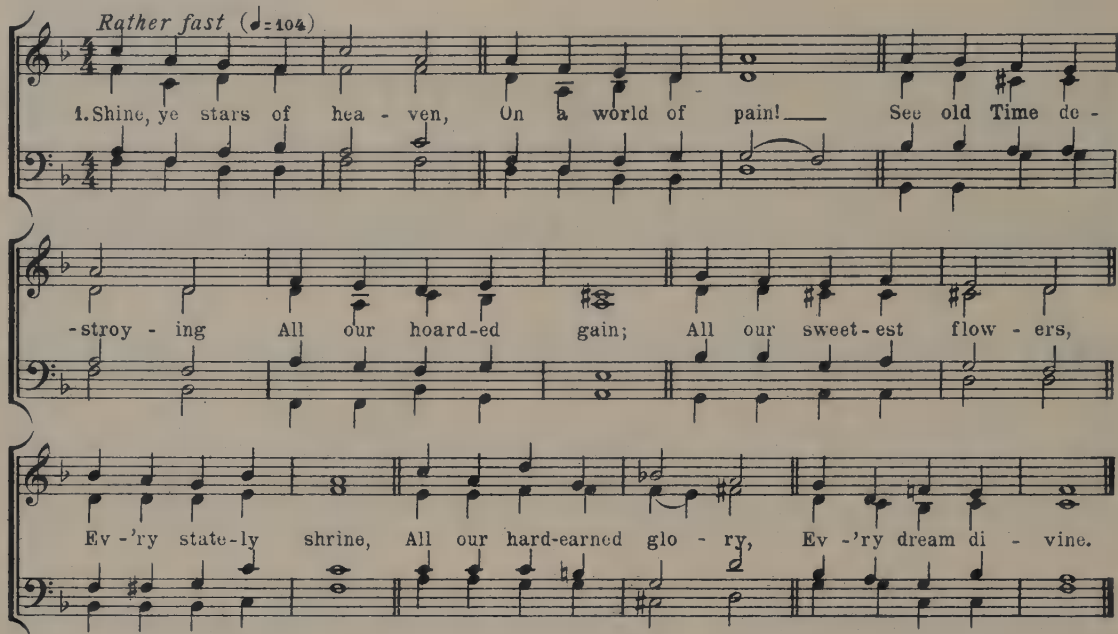
THE ROLLING YEARS

6.5.6.5 D

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

A. HOGG

Rather fast (♩ = 104)



1. Shine, ye stars of hea - ven, On a world of pain! — See old Time de -
-stroy - ing All our hoard-ed gain; All our sweet-est flow - ers,
Ev - 'ry state-ly shrine, All our hard-earned glo - ry, Ev - 'ry dream di - vine.

2. Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the rolling years!
See how Time, consoling,
Dries the saddest tears;
Bids the darkest storm-clouds
Pass in gentle rain;
While up-spring in glory
Flowers and dreams again.

3. Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On a world of fear!
See how Time, avenging,
Bringeth judgment here;
Weaving ill-won honours
To a fiery crown;
Bidding hard hearts perish,
Casting proud hearts down.

4. Shine, ye stars of heaven,
On the hours' slow flight!
See how Time, rewarding,
Gilds good deeds with light;
Pays with kingly measure;
Brings earth's dearest prize;
Crowned with rays diviner,
Bids the end arise.

100

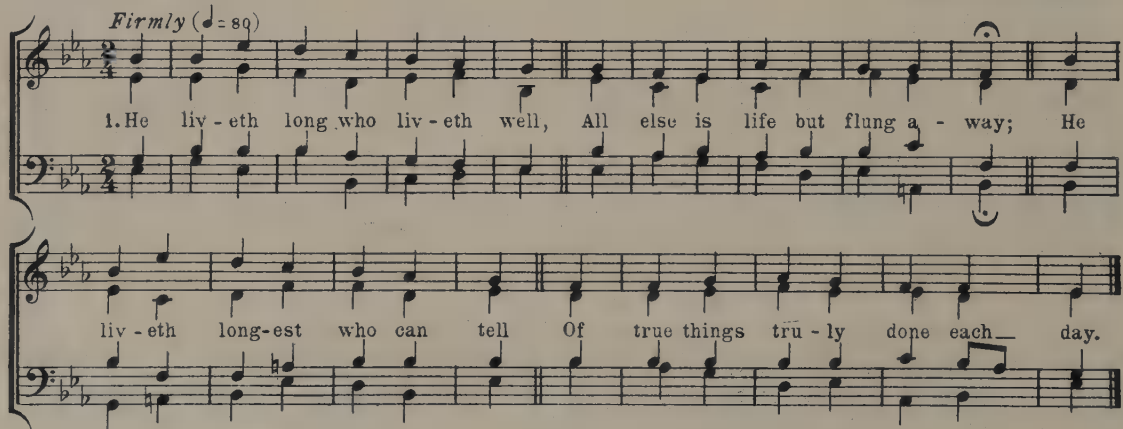
HE LIVETH LONG WHO LIVETH WELL

L. M.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

German Chorale Melody

Firmly (♩ = 80)



1. He liv - eth long who liv - eth well, All else is life but flung a - way; He
liv - eth long-est who can tell Of true things tru - ly done each - day.

2. Be wise and use thy wisdom well:
Who wisdom speaks, must live it too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he lived, then spake, the true.

3. Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap:
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep,
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

4. Sow love and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

MANKIND ARE ONE IN SPIRIT

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

C. K. S.

With exaltation (♩ = 96)

1. When a deed is done for free-dm, Through the broad earth's ach-ing breast

Runs a thrill of joy pro-phet-ic, Tremb-ling on from east to west;

And the slave, wher-e'er he cow-ers, Feels the soul with-in him climb

To the aw-ful verge of man-hood, As the en-er-gy sub-lime

Of a cen-tury bursts full blos-somed On the thorn-y stem of time.

2. Through the walls of hut and palace
 Shoots the instantaneous throe
 When the travail of the ages
 Wrings earth's systems to and fro;
 At the birth of each new era,
 With a recognizing start,
 Nation wildly looks at nation,
 Standing with mute lips apart,
 And glad truth's yet mightier man-child
 Leaps beneath the future's heart.

3. For mankind are one in spirit,
 And an instinct bears along,
 Round the earth's electric circle,
 The swift flash of right or wrong.
 Whether conscious or unconscious,
 Yet Humanity's vast frame,
 Through its ocean-sundered fibres,
 Feels the gush of joy or shame;
 In the gain or loss of one race
 All the rest have equal claim.

ON, ON, FOR EVER

6.6.6.6.6.5

HARRIET MARTINEAU

NORMAN O'NEILL

With movement (♩ = 92)

1. Be - neath the starry arch Nought rest-eth or is still; But all things hold their march As if by
one great will: Moves one, move all, move all! Hark! hark to the foot-fall! On, on, for ev - er!

2. Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As eave-drops swell the streams
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, for ever!

3. By night, like stars on high,
The Hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by—
I never watch in vain:
Moves one, move all, move all!
Hark! hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

4. They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid bright verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvests of all time,
On, on, for ever!

103

WE CAN MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLIME

8.7.8.7

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Melody by Freylinghausen, 1708

In moderate time (♩ = 80)

1. Tell me not in mournful numbers, "Life is but an emp - ty dream";
For the soul is dead that slum - bers, And things are not what they seem.

2. Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

4. Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

5. Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

6. Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

104
STRENGTH OF SOUL
C. M.

97

ANON.

English Melody (14th or 15th Cent.)

Not fast (♩ = 80)

1. If dim the gold of life has grown, I will not count it dross,
Nor turn from treasures still my own To sigh for lack and loss.

2. How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
Beneath a level sun!

4. But barks by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

3. How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamour of the throng!
How old harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

5. And better than self-centred years
The out-flung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle ears
The tumult of the truth.

6. Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
Put let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

105
HOLY NIGHT
10. 6. 10. 6

H. W. LONGFELLOW

C.K.S.

Mystically, with gentle movement (♩ = 72)

1. I heard the trail-ing gar-ments of the night Sweep through her mar-ble halls;
I saw her sa-ble skirts all fringed with light From the cel-es-tial walls.

2. I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the night,
As of the one I love.

3. From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

4. O holy night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before;
Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

FEED THE FLAME YOUR FATHERS LIT

8.7.8.7. 8.7

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

From "Laudi Spirituali," 1585

Smoothly (♩ = 96)

1. From the - ter - nal - sha - dow - round - ing,

All un - sure as - star - light - here, Voi - ces -

of our - lost - ones - sound - ing, Bid - us - be of -

heart - and - cheer, Thro' the - si - lence, down - the -

spa - ces, Fal - ling - on the in - ward - ear.

2. Let us draw their mantles o'er us,
Which have fallen in the way;
Let us do the work before us
Calmly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh,
And with us it is not day.

107
DISPLACE BY REPLACING
8.8.8.4

99

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

C. K. S.

With emphasis, not fast (♩ = 80)

1. All grim and soiled, and brown with tan, I saw a strong one,
in his wrath, Smit - ing the god - less shrines of man A - long his path.

Slower

2. The church, beneath her trembling dome,
Essayed in vain her ghostly charm:
Wealth shook within his gilded home
With strange alarm.

3. Grey-bearded use, who, deaf and blind,
Groped from his old accustomed stone,
Leaned on his staff, and wept to find
His seat o'erthrown.

4. Yet louder rang the strong man's stroke,
Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam!
Shuddering and sick of heart, I woke
As from a dream.

5. I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled—
The waster seemed the builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined old,
I saw the new.

6. 'Twas but the ruin of the bad
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

108
THE PATRIOT'S SONG
7.6.7.6.D

F. L. HOSMER

Melody by H. L. HASSLER (1564-1612)

Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH

With grandeur (♩ = 69)

1. O beau-ti - ful, my coun - try! Be thine a no - bler care Be it thy pride to
Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har-vests wav-ing fair;
lift up The man-hood of the poor; Be thou to the op - press - ed Fair freedom's o - pen door!

2. For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed!
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

3. O beautiful, my country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem!

CEASING TO GIVE, WE CEASE TO HAVE

C. M.

R. C. TRENCH

Traditional Irish Melody

Tenderly (♩ = 92)

1. Make chan-nels for the streams of love, Where they may broad-ly run;

And love has o-ver-flow-ing streams To fill them ev-'ry one.

2. But if unheedingly we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

3. For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have;
Such is the law of love.

HUMAN FAITH

C. M.

LOUISE S. GUGGENBERGER
(altered)BEETHOVEN
(1770-1827)*Boldly* (♩ = 84)

1. Oh, help the pro-phet to be bold, The po-et to be true!

It yet re-mains for man to learn What love to man may do.

2. With faith not pent within a book,
Or buried in a creed,
But growing with th' expanding thought
And deepening with the need;

4. A faith whose sacred strength is sure,
And needs no priest to tell;
Its law—"Be kind, be pure, be just";
Its promise—"Thence be well!"

3. A faith that laughs in little joys
Of children at their play,
That weeps in every woman-grief,
And joins each noble fray;

5. For joy shall one with feeling be,
And feeling planet-wide,
Where many men have done their best,
And, doing it, have died.

6. Oh, help the prophet to be bold,
The poet to be true!
It yet remains for man to learn
What love to man may do.

DUTY IS THE AIM OF LIFE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

8. 7. 8. 5

C. K. S.

Rather slow (♩ = 84)

1. Hast thou, 'midst life's emp - ty nois - es, Heard the so - lemn steps of time,
And the low, mys - te - rious voic - es Of an - a - ther clime?

2. Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth
With a deep and strong beseeching, —
What, and where, is truth?

3. Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
As our being's end;

4. Earnest toil and strong endeavour
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

5. And without, with tireless vigour,
Steady heart and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

112

SILENT GROWTH

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6

T. T. LYNCH

Welsh Hymn Melody

With solemnity (♩ = 84)

1. In si - lence migh - ty things are wrought; Si - lent - ly build - ed, thought on thought,
thought on thought,
Truth's tem - ple greets the sky; And, like a cit - a - del with towers,
greets the
The soul with her sub - servient powers Is strengthened si - lent - ly.

2. Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of giant girth;
Each mighty star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

3. The silent frost with mighty hand
Fetters the rivers, binds the land
With universal chain;
Then, smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

SPEAK OUT THE TRUTH

8.7.8.7

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Adapted from a Melody in "Psalmody Sacra",
Gotha, 1715*Not slow* (♩ = 92)

1. He who has the truth, and keeps it, Keeps what not to him be - longs,

But per - forms a self - ish ac - tion That his fel - low - mor - tal wrongs.

2. He who seeks the truth, and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman,
He at best is but a slave.

4. Be thou like the noble ancient -
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear:
Speak! no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear.

3. He who hears the truth, and places
Its high promptings under ban,
Loud may boast of all that's manly,
But can never be a man.

5. Be thou like the first Apostles -
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly - speak it all!

DEVOTION TO TRUTH

7.6.7.6

ERNEST MYERS

Adapted from a 15th Cent. German Hymn Melody

With animation (♩ = 100)

1. Now in life's breez - y morn - ing, Here on life's sun - ny shore,

To all the pow'rs of false - hood We vow e - ter - nal war.

2. Eternal hate to falsehood;
And then, as needs must be -
O Truth, O lady peerless -
Eternal love to thee.

3. All fair things that seem true things
Our hearts shall aye receive,
Not over quick to seize them,
Nor over loth to leave.

4. But one vow binds us ever:
That whatsoever shall be,
Nor life nor death shall sever
Our souls, O Truth, from thee.

115
THE VOICELESS
8. 9. 8. 9

103

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Russian traditional Melody

Soft and slow (♩ = 92)

1. We count the brok - en lyres that rest Where the sweet wail - ing sing - ers slum - ber;
But o'er their si - lent sis - ter's breast, The wild flowers who will stoop to num - ber? hea - ven!

2. A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!
3. Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!

4. O hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses,
5. If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sweet as earth, as high as heaven!

116
LET FAITH BE STRONG

MALCOLM QUIN

L. M.

NORMAN O'NEILL

In moderate time (♩ = 84)

1. Our tasks are man - y, and our wills Are weak be - neath the weight of woe;
And of - ten all we see and know Seems but the seed of fur - ther ills.

2. The gracious promise of the past,
The living hope that fills us now,
The dreams of love and faith that show
The future kingdom calm and vast;—

3. These oft are lost in sudden fear,
That speaks our failures to our hearts,
And makes us shun the nobler parts,
And claim the gladness which is here.

4. Oh, may our faith be strong, as still
The task of human life is great;
And may we have the strength to wait
Our dreams of gladness to fulfil.

117 THE SKY

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

C.K.S.

Not fast, clearly (♩ = 78)

1. Pal - ace - roof of cloud - less nights! Pa - ra - dise of gold - en lights!

Deep, im - mea - sur - a - ble, vast, Which art now and which wert then!
Of the pres - ent and the past, Of the - ter - nal where and when,

Presence - chamber, tem - ple, home, Ev - er - can - o - py - ing dome

Of the a - ges yet to come! such al - way.

Vs 1. & 2. V. 3.

2. Glorious shapes have life in thee,
Earth, and all earth's company;
Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms and wilderness,
And green worlds that glide along,
And swift stars with flashing tress;
Icy moons most cold and bright,
Mighty suns beyond the night,
Atoms of intensest light.

3. E'en thy name is as a god,
Heaven! for thou art the abode
Of that power which is the glass
Wherein Man his nature sees.
Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees.
Unremaining gods, and they,
Like a river roll away:
Thou remainest such alway.

118 NEW YEAR

105

J. W. CHADWICK

C. M.

English Traditional Melody

In moderate time (♩ = 92)

1. An - o - ther year of set - ting suns— Of stars by night re -

- vealed, Of spring-ing grass, of ten - der buds, By winter's snows con - cealed;

2. Another year of summer's glow —
Of autumn's golden brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

3. Another year of happy work
That better is than play,
Of simple cares and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

4. Another year of baby mirth
And childhood's blessed ways,
Of thinker's thought and prophet's dream
And poet's tender lays.

5. Another year at beauty's feast,
At every moment spread —
Of silent hours, when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

6. Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have stood,
Another year of life's delight,
Another year for good!

119 CHARITY

L. M.

JOHN RUSKIN

A. J. R. HAMILTON

Not fast (♩ = 84)

1. O dew of life! O light of earth! Fain would our hearts be filled with thee, Be -

cause nor dark - ness comes, nor dearth, A - bout the home of Cha - ri - ty.

2. The violets light the lonely hill,
The fruitful furrows load the lea;
Man's heart alone is sterile still
For lack of lowly Charity.

3. He walks a weary vale within,
No lamp of love in heart hath he;
His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,
For lack of gentle Charity.

4. O dew of life! O light of earth!
Fain would our hearts be filled with thee,
Because nor darkness comes, nor dearth,
About the home of Charity.

120

SPLENDOUR OF THE MORNING

8.7.8.7

FELIX ADLER

C.K.S.

With life and movement (♩ = 100)

1. Splen-dour of the morn-ing sun-light Shines in-to my heart to-day,

Floods each cran-ny of my be-ing With new strength and spi-rit gay.

2. Let me use the golden hours,
As they glide so swiftly by;
Fill them with a precious freight of
Truth and Love and Knowledge high.

3. And when evening comes, and kindling
Stars my conduct seem to ask,
May I look aloft and tell them
I have finished well my task.

121

SWEET DUTY, COMFORT ME

7.7.7.6

ROBERT HERRICK (Adapted)

Adapted from a Chorale by F. FILITZ
(1804-1876)*Soft and slow* (♩ = 66)

1. In the hour of my dis-tress, When temp-ta-tions me op-press,

And when I my sins con-fess, Sweet Du-ty, com-fort me!

2. When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Duty, comfort me!

3. When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Duty, comfort me!

WHO BADE THE WORLD GO FREE

C. M. D

ROBERT NICOLL

From Mainz Gesangbuch
1833

With force (♩ = 100)

1. An of - f'ring to the shrine of pow'r Our hands shall ne - ver bring;

A gar - land on the car of pomp Our hands shall ne - ver fling;

Ap - plaud - ing in the con - queror's path Our voi - ces ne'er shall be;

But we have hearts to hon - our those Who bade the world go free!

2. Praise to the good, the pure, the great,
 Who made us what we are!
 Who lit the flame which yet shall glow
 With radiance brighter far:
 Glory to them in coming time,
 And through eternity,
 Who burst the captive's galling chain,
 And bade the world go free!

THE MORAL IDEAL

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

11. 10. 11. 10

C.K.S.

With movement (♩=116)

1. Mother of Man's time - travel - ling gen - er - a - tions, Breath of his nos - trils, heartblood of his heart,

VS 1 & 2

God a - bove all gods worshipped of all na - tions, Light a - bove light, Law beyond law, thou art!

VS 3 & 4

They have woven for ves - tures of thee and for veils.
And the age is as the broken glass of thee.

2. Thy face is as a sword, smiting in sunder
Shadows and chains and dreams and iron things;
The sea is dumb before thy face, the thunder
Silent; the skies are narrower than thy wings.

3. All old grey hist'ries hiding thy clear features,
O secret Spirit and Sovereign, all men's tales,
Creeds woven of men, thy children and thy creatures,
They have woven for vestures of thee and for veils.

4. Thou say'st "Well done," and all a century kindles;
Again thou say'st "Depart from sight of me,"
And all the light of face of all men dwindles,
And the age is as the broken glass of thee.

124

WE ARE GIRT WITH OUR BELIEF

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

6. 6. 6. 6. 12

NORMAN O'NEILL

Fairly fast (♩=104)

1. We mix from man - y lands, We march from ve - ry far; In hearts and lips and
hands Our staffs and weap - ons are; The light we walk in darkens sun and moon and star.

2. It doth not flame and wane
With years and spheres that roll,
Storm cannot shake nor stain
The strength that makes it whole,—
The fire that moulds and moves it of the sovereign soul.

3. We're girt with our belief,
Clothed with our will and crowned;
Hope, fear, delight, and grief,
Before our will give ground;
Their calls are in our ears as shadows of dead sound.

4. Out under moon and stars
And shafts of th' urgent sun,
Whose face on prison-bars
And mountain-heads is one,
Our march is everlasting till time's march be done.

125 HERE BE THE WANDERER HOMEWARD LED

109

SAMUEL JOHNSON

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP

★ Serenely (♩ = 69)

1. To Light, that shines in stars and souls; To Law, that rounds the world with calm;
To Love, whose e - qual tri-umph rolls Thro' mar-tyr's prayer and pro-phet's psalm;
These walls are wed with un-seen bands, In ho - lier shrines not built with hands.

★ Or half tone lower

2. May purer sacrament be here
Than ever dwelt in rite or creed;
Hallowed the hour with vow sincere
To serve the time's all-pressing need;
And rear, its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of freedom, folds of love.

3. Here be the wanderer homeward led;
Here living streams in fulness flow;
And every hungering soul be fed
That yearns the truer life to know,
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears,
For harvests in serener years.

126 THE SPIRIT REFRESHED

L. M.

ANN RADCLIFFE

Traditional French Carol
(Béarnais)

Gently flowing (♩ = 84)

1. Soft silk - en flower that in the vale Un - fold'st thy beau - ty to the morn,
And breath - est fra - grance on her gale, O'er earth's green hills and val - leys borne.

2. When day has closed his dazzling eye,
And dying winds sink soft away,
When eve steals down the western sky,
And mountains, woods, and vales decay;
3. Thy tender cups that graceful swell,
Droop sad beneath eve's chilly dews;
Thy odours seek their silken cell,
And twilight veils thy languid hues.

4. But soon, fair flower, the morn shall rise
And rear again thy pensive head,
Again unveil thy snowy eyes,
Again thy velvet foliage spread.
5. Sweet child of spring! like thee in shade
Full oft in tears I droop forlorn;
Like thine, may light my gloom pervade,
And sorrow fly before the morn!

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

C. M. D

Rev. W. C. GANNETT

C. K. S.

Rather slow, mysteriously (♩ = 96)

1. I hear it of - ten in the dark, I hear it in the light;

Where is the voice that comes to me With such a qui - et might?

It seems but e - cho to my thought, And yet be - yond the stars!

It seems a heart - beat in a hush, And yet the plan - et jars!

2. Oh, may it be that far within
 My inmost soul there lies
 A spirit-sky, that opens with
 Those voices of surprise?
 Thy heaven is mine— my very soul!
 Thy words are sweet and strong;
 They fill my inward silences
 With music and with song.

3. They send me challenges to right,
 And loud rebuke my ill;
 They ring my bells of victory;
 They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
 They ever seem to say: "My child,
 Why seek me so all day?
 Now journey inward to thyself,
 And listen by the way."

O GRAVE, WHERE IS THY VICTORY?

L. M.

MALCOLM QUIN

E. MILLER
(1731-1807)*Broadly* (♩ = 84)

1. Say not they die, those mar - tyr souls Whose life is wing'd with pur - pose fine;

Who leave us, point - ing to the goals; Who learn to con - quer and re - sign.

2. Such cannot die; they vanquish time,
And fill the world with growing light,
Making the human life sublime
With mem'ries of their sacred might.

3. They cannot die whose lives are part
Of that great Life which is to be,
Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart,
And throb with its high destiny.

4. Then mourn not those who, dying, gave
A gift of greater light to man:
Death stands abashed before the brave;
They own a life he may not ban.

129

HE HATH FOUGHT THE NOBLE FIGHT

7. 7. 7. 7

Rev. WILLIAM GASKELL

Melody from the Andernach Gesangbuch, 1608

Slowly (♩ = 66)

1. Calm - ly, calm - ly lay him down! He hath fought the nob - le fight;

He hath bat - tled for the right; He hath won th'un - fa - ding crown.

2. Mem'ries, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past;
Faithful toiled he to the last,
Faithful through unflagging years.

3. All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

4. Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

5. Dying, he can never die!
To the dust his dust we give;
In our hearts his heart shall live;
Moving, guiding, working aye.

130

THE NEW ORDER

C. M.

W. M. W. CALL

Melody attributed to CRASSELIOUS

With dignity (♩ = 76)

1. A no - bler or - der yet shall be Than a - ny that the world hath known, When
men o - bey, and yet are free, Are loved, and yet can stand a - lone.

2. Oh, boldly speak thy secret thought,
And tell thy want, and by the wise
Be unto nobler action brought,
And breathe the air of purer skies.

3. Strive less to bring the lofty down
Than raise the low to be thy peers;
Love is the only golden crown
That will not tarnish with the years.

4. Soon the wild days of war shall end,
And days of happier work begin,
When love and toil shall man befriend,
And help to free the world from sin.

131

FREEDOM SCORNS EXTREMES

8. 8. 8. 6

TENNYSON

NORMAN O'NEILL

Quietly (♩ = 88)

1. Of old sat Free - dom on the heights, The thun - ders breaking at her feet;
A - bove her shook the star - ry lights, She heard the tor - rents meet.

2. There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gathered in her prophet mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

3. Then stopt she down through town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men revealed
The fulness of her face.

4. Her open eyes desire the truth:
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

5. That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

132 CAST SEEDS INTO TIME'S FURROW

113

FREDERICK TENNYSON

8. 8. 8

C. K. S.

Joyous (♩ = 96)
fairly quick

1. The har-vest days are come a-gain, The vales are surg-ing with the grain, The hap-py work goes on a-main;

2. Pale streaks of cloud scarce veil the blue;
Against the golden harvest hue
The autumn trees look fresh and new;

3. And wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea.

4. The wains the sunny slopes roll down;
Afar the happy shout is blown
Of children and of reapers brown.

5. May we into time's furrow cast
Our deeds, as seed-corn, thick and fast,
Whose fruit eternally shall last.

133 NAMELESS MARTYRS

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8

F. D. HEMANS

C. E. KETTLE, F. S. Sc.

Slowly (♩ = 72)

1. The kings of old have shrine and tomb In many a min-ster's haught-y gloom;
And green, a - long the o - cean side, The mounds a - rise where he - roes died;
But show me on thy flow - 'ry breast, Earth! where thy name-less mar-tyrs rest!

2. The thousands that, uncheered by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For truth, for right, for freedom's sake,
Resigned the bitter cup to take;
And silently in fearless faith
Bowing their noble souls to death:—

3. Where sleep they, Earth? By no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known;
The still sad glory of their name
Hallows no fountain unto fame.
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers!

4. Yet haply all around lie strewed
The ashes of that multitude:
It may be that each day we tread
Where thus devoted hearts have bled;
And the young flowers our children sow,
Take root in holy dust below.

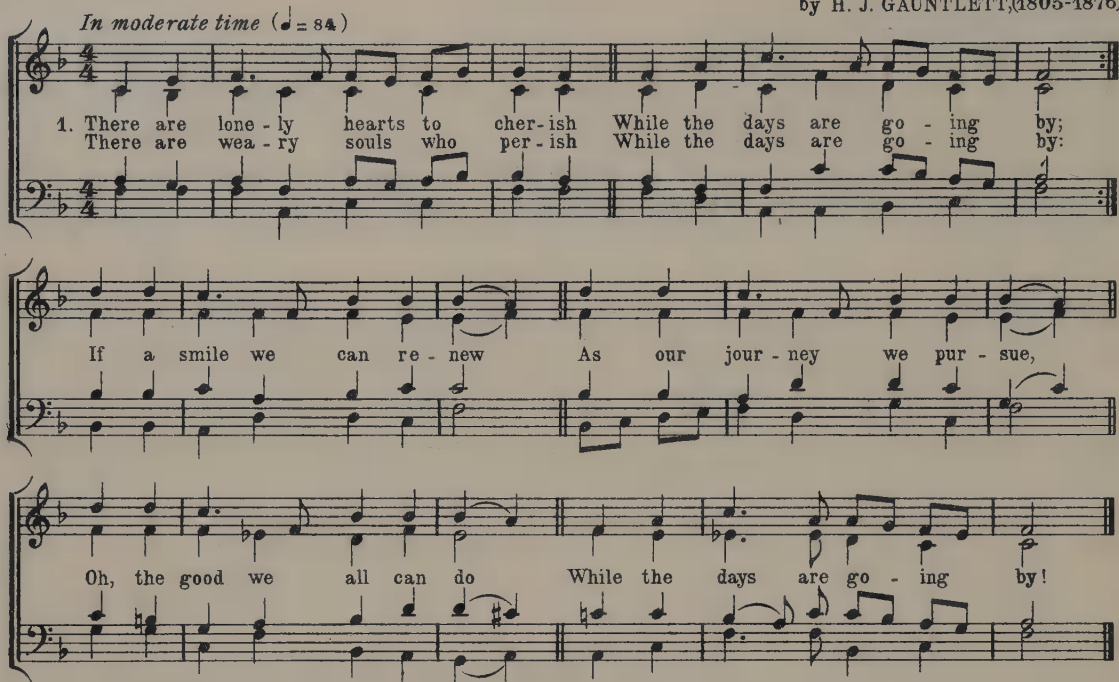
THERE ARE LONELY HEARTS TO CHERISH

ANON.

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

Adapted from a Tune
by H. J. GAUNTLETT, (1805-1876)

In moderate time (♩ = 84)



1. There are lone-ly hearts to cher-ish While the days are go-ing by;
There are wea-ry souls who per-ish While the days are go-ing by;

If a smile we can re-new As our jour-ney we pur-sue,

Oh, the good we all can do While the days are go-ing by!

2. There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by;
Be our faces like the morning
While the days are going by
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help the fallen one to rise
While the days are going by.

3. All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by:
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in sun and shade will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by.

135

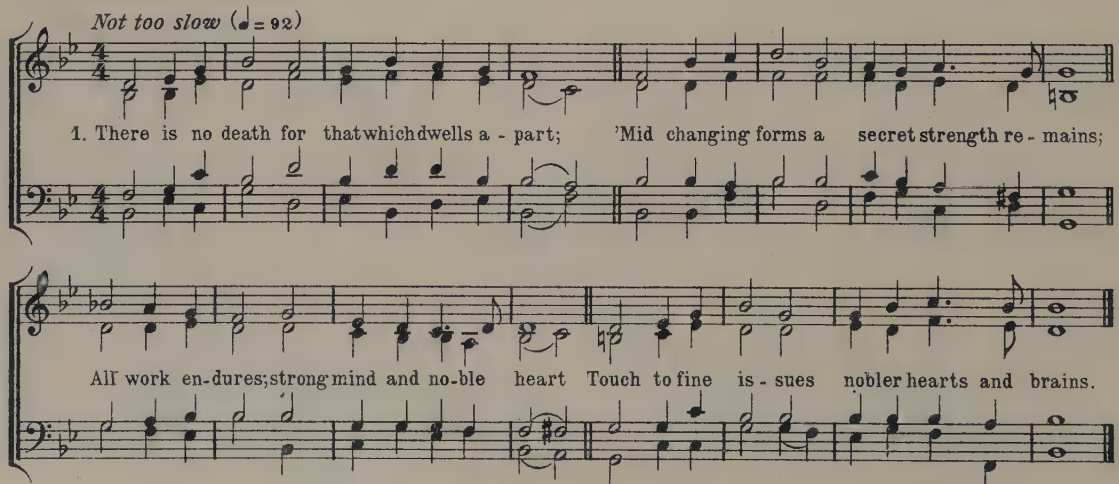
A PALACE YET MORE FAIR

10. 10. 10. 10

W. M. W. CALL

English Hymn Melody

Not too slow (♩ = 92)



1. There is no death for that which dwells a-part; 'Mid changing forms a secret strength re-mains;

All work en-dures; strong mind and no-ble heart Touch to fine is-sues nobler hearts and brains.

2. True word, kind deed, sweet song, shall vibrate still,
In rings that wander through celestial air;
And human will shall build for human will
Fair basement to a palace yet more fair.

THE CLEANSING POWER OF GRIEF

Lord MORPETH

L. M.

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP

With quiet feeling (♩=92)

1. How lit - tle of our - selves we know Be - fore a grief the heart has felt! The

les - sons that we learn of woe May brace the mind, as well as melt.

2. The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

3. And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

137

MY OWN SHALL COME TO ME

JOHN BURROUGHS

L. M.

C. K. S.

With quiet confidence (♩=92)

1. Se - rene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind or tide or sea;

I rave no more 'gainst time or fate, For lo! my own shall come to me.

2. I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid th' eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

3. Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Or change the tide of destiny.

4. What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

5. The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the Good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

6. The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me.

138 SPRING-TIME

C. M. D

EMILY TAYLOR

English Traditional Melody

With movement (♩ = 100)

1. There's life a-broad! From each green tree A bu-sy mur-mur swells: The bee is up at

ear-ly dawn, Stir-ring the cow-slip-bells. There's motion in the light-est leaf That

trembles on the stream; The insect scarce an in-stant rests, Light danc-ing in the beam.

2. There's life abroad! The silvery threads
That float about in air,
Where'er their wanton flight they take,
Proclaim that life is there.
And bubbles on the quiet lake,
And yonder music sweet,
And stirrings in the rustling leaves,
The self-same tale repeat.

3. All speak of life! And louder still
The spirit speaks within,
O'erpowering, with its strong deep voice
The world's incessant din:
There's life without; and better far,
Within there's life and power,
And energy of heart and will
To glorify each hour.

139 WOMAN'S LOYALTY

8. 8. 7

W. J. FOX

From PETER WINTER

** Rather slow* (♩ = 72)

1. Foes were wrought to cru-el mad-ness; Friends had fled in

fear and sad-ness; Ma-ry stood the cross be-side.

** Or half tone lower*

2. At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.

4. But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
Mary stood the cross beside.

3. Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified;

5. And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified.

6. But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the cross beside.

140
FORWARD!
7. 6. 7. 6 D

117

ANON.

Adapted from BEETHOVEN

With stress and spirit (♩ = 104)

1. Forward! the day is break-ing; Earth shall be dark no more; Millions of men are wak-ing On ev-ry sea and shore. With trumpets and with ban-ners The world is marching on, The air rings with ho-san-nas, The field is fought and won.

2. Forward! the world before us
Listens to hear our tread,
And the calm heavens o'er us
Smile blessings on our head;
Hope, like an eagle, hovers
Above the way we go;
The shield of patience covers
Our hearts from every foe.

3. Forward! as near and nearer
Draw we unto our rest,
Joyous, the light shines clearer
In every faithful breast.
The past has ceased to bind us,
Its chains are hurled away,
The deepest gloom behind us
Melts in the dawn of day.

141
IN THINE HOUR OF NEED

8. 8. 8. 8. 3

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

NORMAN O'NEILL

Slowly

1. When the en-ern-y is near thee, In our hands we will up-bear thee, He shall neith-er scathe nor scare thee, He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee. Call on us!

* Ties only to be made in last verse.

2. Call when all good friends have left thee,
Of good sights and sounds bereft thee;
Call when hope and heart are sinking,
And the brain is sick with thinking,
Help, O help!

3. When the panic comes upon thee,
Hope and choice have all forgone thee,
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
And but one way stands before thee,
Call on us!

4. Oh, and if thou dost not call,
Be but faithful, that is all.
Go right on, and close behind thee
There shall follow still and find thee
Help, sure help.

142

LOVE THOU THY LAND

TENNYSON

L. M.

Melody by F. H. BARTHÉLÉMON
(1741 - 1808)

Not too slow (♩ = 80)

1. Love thou thy land with love far-brought From out the storied past, and used

With - in the pre - sent, but trans-fused Through fu - ture time by power of thought.

2. Make knowledge circle with the winds;
But let her herald, reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bears seed of men and growth of minds.

3. Watch what main-currents draw the years;
Cut prejudice against the grain:
But gentle words are always gain:
Regard the weakness of thy peers.

4. Nor toil for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise:
It grows to guerdon after-days;
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch.

5. Nor clinging to some ancient saw,
Nor mastered by some modern term:
Nor swift nor slow to change, but firm:
And in its season bring the law.

143

THE NEW TRANSCENDS THE OLD

L. M.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

C. K. S.

In moderate time (♩ = 72)

1. Oh, some-times gleams up - on our sight, Through pre-sent wrong, th'e -

- ter - nal right; And step by step, since time be - gan,

We see the stead - y gain of man: calm and clear.

2. That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad;
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3. For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men, the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle-graves.

4. Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way:
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

144 SUNSHINE AND PURITY

119

ANON.

7. 6. 7. 6

Adapted from 15th Cent.
German Hymn Melody

Brightly (♩ = 144)

1. The light pours down from hea - ven, And en - ters where it may,
The eyes of all earth's child - ren Are cheered by one bright day. verses 1-4 | last verse

2. So let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men's waiting spirits
As th' waters fill the sea.

3. The soul can shed a glory
On every work well done,
As even things most lowly
Are radiant in the sun.

4. Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The peace of inward purity
Shall spread like heaven's own light.

5. Till earth becomes love's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

145 EACH DAWN MAY WAKE TO BETTER LIFE

8. 8. 8. 4

JOHN STERLING

J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.
(1823-1876)

With exalted feeling (♩ = 84)

1. Sweet morn! from count - less cups of gold Thou lift - est rev - 'rent - ly on
high More in - cense fine than earth can hold, To fill the sky.

2. Where'er the vision's bound'ries glance
Existence swells with living pow'r,
And all th' illumined earth's expanse
Inhales the hour.

3. In man, O morn! a loftier good
With conscious blessing fills the soul,
A life by reason understood,
Which metes the whole.

4. To thousand tasks of fruitful hope,
With skill against his toil he bends,
And finds his work's determined scope
Where'er he wends.

5. From self, and selfish toil and strife,
To glorious aims his soul may rise;
Each dawn may wake to better life
With purer eyes.

'TIS NOT THE LENGTH OF LIFE

6.6.4. 6.6.4

R. H. U. BLOOR

C. K. S.

Flowing (♩ = 100)

1. The rose is for a day,

The lily fades away In one short

noon; The sud - den blush of dawn, The

cloud - less face of morn, Pass all too soon.

2. The lark's song in the sky,
The thrush's soft reply,
Die with the flower;
Things that immortal seem
Are dreams about a dream,
Gone in an hour.

3. Let not my soul be mute;
String me a larger lute,
With iron strings;
And with my spirit's might
I'll sing, in Time's despite,
Eternal things.

6. Bring, Death, thy wintry blight—
The darkness of the night
That hath no star!
'Tis not of life the length;
It is the depth and strength
Eternal are!

4. It is the soul that gives
Life unto all that lives—
Sun-ray or song;
The beauty of the hour,
The glory and the power,
To her belong.

5. Though form and fashion pass
As light winds in the grass,
As ebbing tides,
Fixed in enduring state,
With power to re-create,
The soul abides.

147
BE YE AS THE LIGHT OF MORNING
8. 7. 8. 7. D

121

GUSTAV SPILLER

A. HOGG

With movement (♩ = 104)

1. Years are com-ing, years are go-ing, Creeds may change and pass a-way,
But the power of love is grow-ing Strong-er, sur-er, day by day.
Be ye as the light of morn-ing, Like the beau-teous dawn un-fold,
With your ra-diant lives a-dorn-ing All the world in hues of gold.

2. Selfish claims will soon no longer
Raise their harsh, discordant sounds,
For the law of love will conquer,
Bursting hatred's narrow bounds;
Human love will spread a glory
Filling men with gladsome mirth,
Songs of joy proclaim the story
Of a fair, transfigured earth.

3. Thaw the hearts that now are frozen,
Thaw them by the rays of love,
And the task that ye have chosen
Will be blest all else above.
For persistent, pure devotion
To the good of all mankind
Is the star of our emotion,
Is the anchor of the mind.

148
YOUNG VOICES KEEP THE STRAIN
5. 5. 5

Sir LEWIS MORRIS

C. K. S.

★ *With easy movement* (♩ = 72)

Where are last year's snows, Where the sum-mer's rose, Who is there who knows? guide

*Or a tone higher

2. Or the glorious note
Of some singer's throat
Heard in years remote?

3. Snows are sweet spring rain,
Roses bloom again,
Children keep the strain.

4. Where the love they bore
Who, in days of yore,
Loved, but are no more?

5. Old affection mild
Springs up undefiled,
Both for friend and child.

6. Where the faiths men knew,
When, before mind grew,
All strange things seemed true?

7. Old faiths, grown more wide,
Pure and glorified,
Still are life's true guide.

BLESSED BE ALL POWER FOR EVER

J. HOGG (Altered)

L. M. D

Melody by JOHANN CRÜGER
1649*Grandly and reverently* (♩ = 76)

1. Bles - sed be all power for e - ver,
We can trust it in our sleep - ing,

It shall serve our good en - dea - - vour!
On it rest till time of reap - - ing.

Laws of still - ness and of mo - tion, Of the de -
Laws of still - ness and of mo - tion, Of the

- sert and the o - - cean, Of the moun - tain, rock, and
Of the moun - tain, rock, and
Of the moun - - tain, rock, and
de - sert and the o - - cean, Of the moun - tain, rock, and

ri - - ver -
ri - - ver - Bles - sed be all power for e - - ver!
ri - - ver - Bles - sed be all power for e - - ver!
ri - - ver - Bles - sed be all power for e - - ver!

2. Constant are the ways thou keepest:
Blessed he who knows them deepest!
O thou power of sunset's ray,
Of midnight gloom and dawn of day,
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of infinity:
Power in all, that faileth never,
Blessed be thy ways for ever!

150

ARCHITECTS OF FATE

123

7. 7. 7. 7

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Melody attributed to THIBAUT, King of Navarre

Firmly, but not too slow (♩ = 100)

1. All are arch-i-tects of fate, Work-ing in these walls of time;
Some with mas-sive deed and great, Some with or-na-ments of rhyme.

2 Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

3 For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

4 Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

151

WHO IS THY NEIGHBOUR?

C. M.

Rev. W. B. O. PEABODY

C. K. S.

Not fast. Tenderly (♩ = 88)

1. Who is thy neighbour? He whom thou Hast power to aid or bless;
'Tis he whose careworn burn-ing brow Thy sooth-ing hand may press.

2. Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim:
Oh, enter thou his humble door
With aid and peace for him.

4. Thy neighbour? 'Tis the weary slave
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave:
Go thou and ransom him.

3. Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim;
With words of high sustaining hope
Go thou and comfort him.

5. Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

THE MARCH OF THE WORKERS

8.7.8.7.8.7.7 D

WILLIAM MORRIS

NORMAN O'NEILL

In quick march time (♩ = 112)

1. What is this, the sound and ru-mour? What is this that all men hear?
Whith-er go they and whence come they? What are these of whom ye tell?

Like the wind in hol-low val-leys When the storm is draw-ing near; Like the roll-ing
In what country are they dwelling, 'Twixt the gates of heav'n and hell? Are they mine or

on of oce-an In the ev-en-tide of fear? 'Tis the peo-ple marching on.
thine for mo-ney? Will they serve a mast-er well? Still the rumour's marching on!

ff Unison

Hark! the roll-ing of the thun-der! Lo, the sun! and lo, there-un-der

Ris-eth wrath and hope and won-der, And the host comes march-ing on.

2. Forth they come from grief and torment,
On they wend toward health and mirth;
All the wide world is their dwelling,
Every corner of the earth.
Buy them, sell them, for thy service!
Try the bargain, what 'tis worth!
For the days are marching on.
These are they who build thy houses,
Weave thy raiment, win thy wheat,
Smooth the rugged, fill the barren,
Turn the bitter into sweet,—
All for thee this day and ever:
What reward for them is meet?
Still the host comes marching on!
Hark! &c.

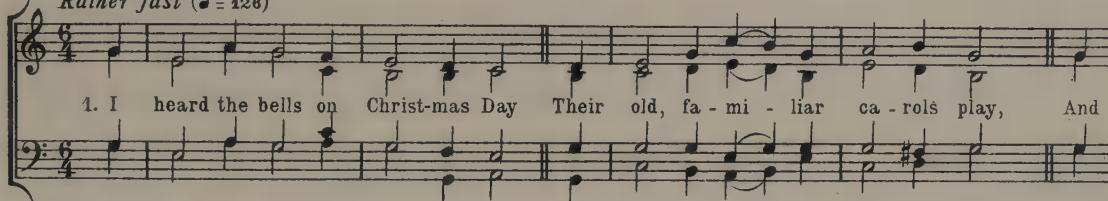
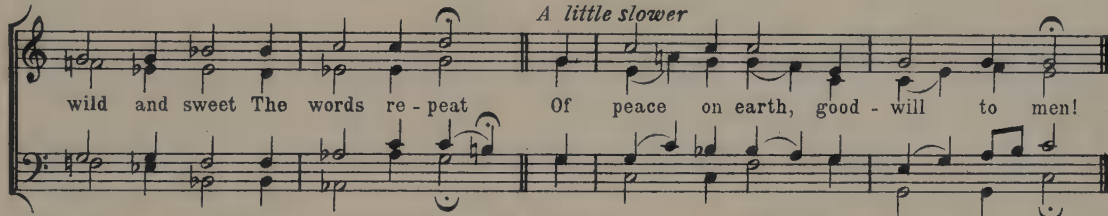
3. Is it war, then? Will ye perish
As the dry wood in the fire?
Is it peace? Then be ye of us,
Let your hope be our desire!
Come and live! for life awaketh,
And the world shall never tire,
And your hope is marching on.
"On we march, then, we, the workers,
And the rumour that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle
And deliverance drawing near;
For the hope of every creature
Is the banner that we bear."
And the world is marching on!
Hark! &c.

PEACE ON EARTH

H. W. LONGFELLOW (Slightly altered)

8.8.4.4.8

E. JOSEPHINE TROUP

Rather fast (♩ = 126)*A little slower*

2. Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

3. And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

4. Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"Love is not dead, nor doth it sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

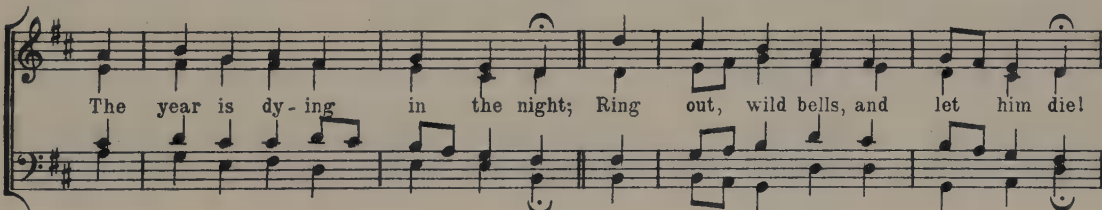
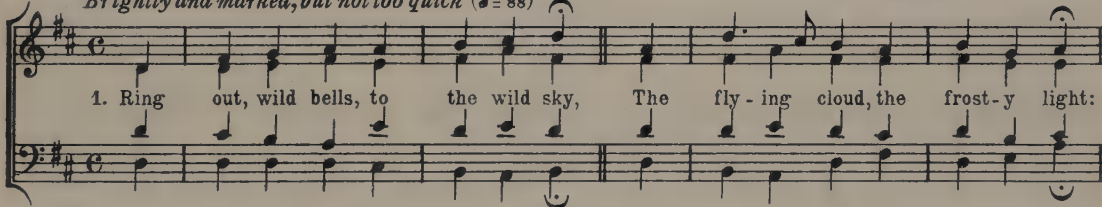
154

RING IN THE NEW

8.8.8.8

TENNYSON

Melody from the Andernach Gesangbuch, 1608

Brightly and marked, but not too quick (♩ = 88)

2. Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going; let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

6. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

7. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

155

THE HUMAN OUTLOOK

L. M.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Rev. RALPH HARRISON

Grandly (♩ = 69)

1. These things shall be! a lof - tier' race Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise,

With flame of free-dom in their souls, And light of sci - ence in their eyes.

2. They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3. Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

5. These things—they are no dreams—shall be
For happier men when we are gone:
Those golden days for them shall dawn,
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

156

THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD DEEDS

8.8.6.6

H. W. LONGFELLOW

C. K. S.

In moderate time (♩ = 96)

1. When - e'er a no - ble deed is wrought, When - e'er is spok'n a no - ble thought,

Our hearts, in glad sur - prise, To high - er lev - els rise.

2. The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all deeper cares.

3. Honour to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

7. 6. 7. 6. D

SIDNEY DYER

NORMAN O'NEILL

With force (♩ = 96)

1. Work, for the night is com-ing! Work through the morning hours! Work, while the dew is spark-ling, Work, 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work, in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.

2. Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming:
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

158

OUR EMBLEM IS THE DOVE

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

E. DAVIS

Adapted from F. de GIARDINI
(1716 - 1796)

With power, not fast (♩ = 80)

1. Not with the flash-ing steel, Not with the can-non's peal, Or stir of drum;
But in the bonds of love, Our white flag floats a-bove; Her em-blem is the dove: 'Tis thus we come.

2. What is that great intent
On which each heart is bent
Our hosts among?
It is that hate may die,
That war's red curse may fly,
And war's high praise for aye
No more be sung.

3. On, then, in love's great name!
Let each pure spirit's flame
Burn bright and clear;
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
Be every fear forgot;
Love leads us here!

4. So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands —
One brotherhood —
Together rise and sing,
Gifts to one altar bring,
And Love, man's future king,
Pronounce it good.

WAIT NOT TILL THE EVENING

7.6.7.6 D

F. I. B. WOODBURY

English Traditional Melody

With movement (♩ = 120)

1. Ho! reapers of life's har - vest, Why stand with rust - ed blade
Un - til the night draws round you, And day be - gins to fade? Why stand ye i - dle,
wait - ing For reapers more to come? The golden morn is pass - ing: Why sit ye i - dle, dumb?

2. Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

160

NOT BY SUDDEN FLIGHT

L. M.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Adapted from an English Traditional Melody

In moderate time (♩ = 96)

1. All com - mon things,—each day's e - vents That with the hour be - gin and
end; Our pleasures and our dis - con - tents Are steps by which we may as - cend.

2. The longing for ignoble things,
The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart that brings
Irreverence for the dreams of youth:
3. All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

4. The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.
5. Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

WHEN LOVED ONES CEASE TO BE

C.M.D

Rev. W. B. O. PEABODY

Melody in "Drei schöne neue Geistliche Lieder," München, 1637

Quietly (♩ = 92)

1. Be - hold the west - ern eve - ning light, It melts in
So calm the right - eous sink a - way, Des - cend - ing
deep - er to the gloom; tomb. The winds breathe low, the yel - low leaf
Scarce whis - pers from the tree; So gent - ly flows the
part - ing breath When loved ones cease to be.

2. How beautiful on all the hills.
The crimson light is shed!
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast!
So sweet the memory left behind
When loved ones breathe their last.

3. And lo! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears,
And peace steals o'er the mourner's heart
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
Night falls, but now love's holy light
Grows purer than before;
In faithfulness is comfort found
Which doth our loss restore.

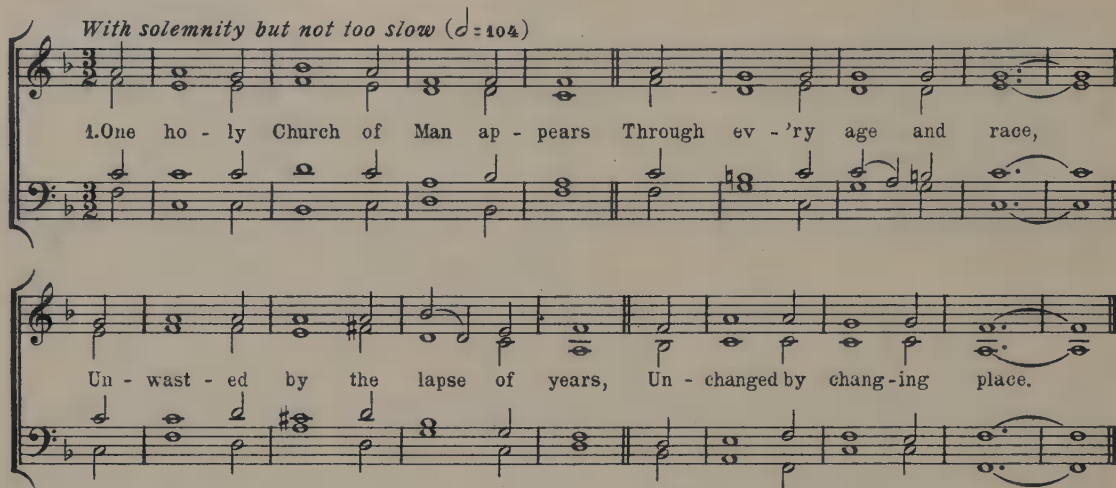
THE HOLY CHURCH OF MAN

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

C.M.

C.K.S.

With solemnity but not too slow (♩ = 104)



1. One ho - ly Church of Man ap - pears Through ev - 'ry age and race,
Un - wast - ed by the lapse of years, Un - changed by chang - ing place.

2. From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen presence she adores
With silence or with psalm.

3. Her priests are all man's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptised ones;
Love her communion-cup.

4. The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

5. O living Church! thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time!

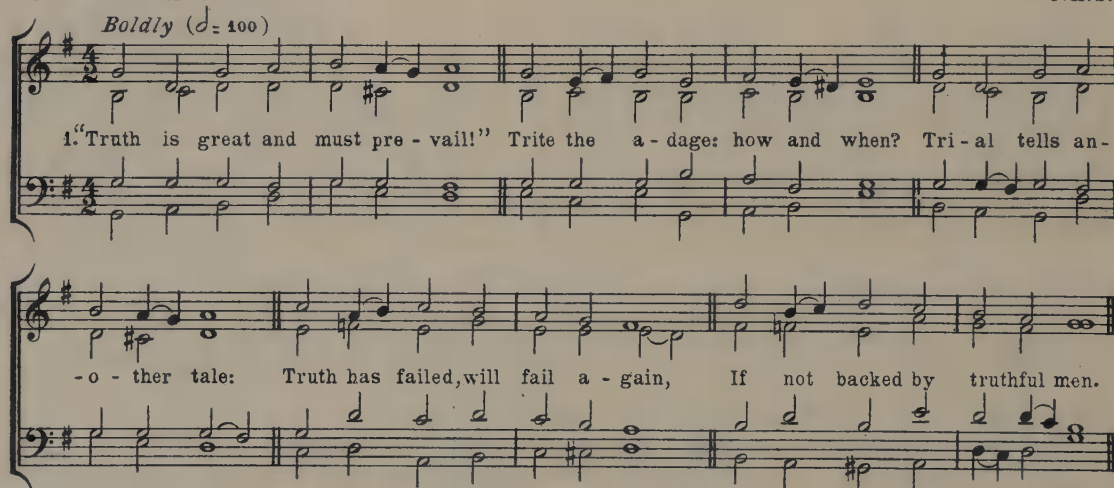
TRUTH SHALL PREVAIL

7. 7. 7. 7. 7

DR ALEXANDER J. ELLIS

C.K.S.

Boldly (♩ = 100)



1. Truth is great and must pre - vail!" Trite the a - dage: how and when? Tri - al tells an -
o - ther tale: Truth has failed, will fail a - gain, If not backed by truthful men.

2. Truth is man's maturest thought
That the earnest grasp and try;
Who for truth has never fought,
Who lets falsehood known go by,
Propagates himself the lie.

3. Truth through deserts leads the way,
Like the mythic fire of God;
Those who know its beam, and stray
Far from where they're signed to plod,
Keep the paths of truth untrod.

4. To the plough, then, lay your hand!
Truth is nought when not embraced!
Look not back, nor listless stand
Where your line of work is traced;
Falsehood vanishes when faced.

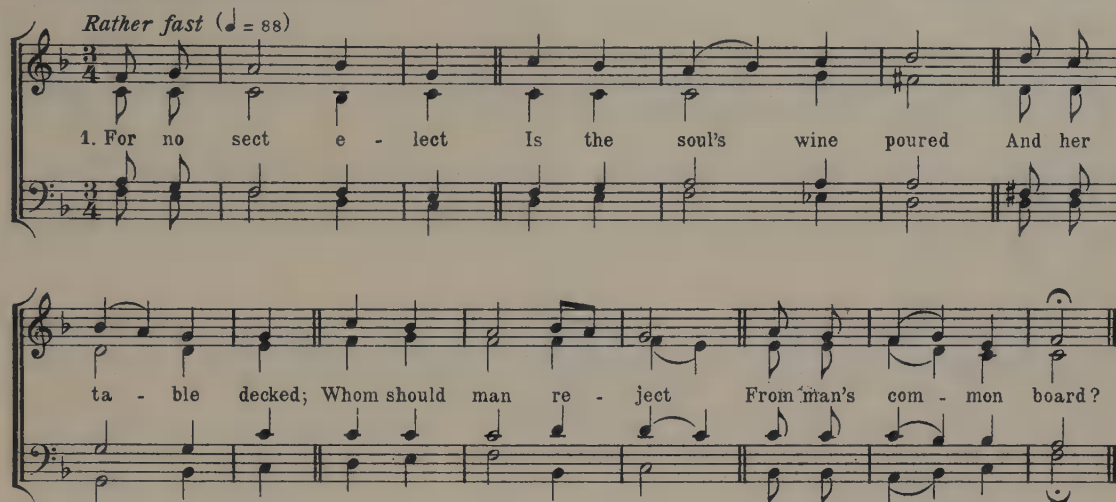
WHOM SHOULD MAN REJECT?

5. 5. 5. 5. 5

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

NORMAN O'NEILL

Rather fast (♩ = 88)



1. For no sect e - lect Is the soul's wine poured And her
ta - ble decked; Whom should man re - ject From man's com - mon board?

2. Brotherhood of good,
Equal laws and rights,
Freedom, whose sweet food
Feeds the multitude
All their days and nights.

3. What of thine and mine,
What of want and wealth,
When one faith is wine
For my heart and thine,
And one draught is health?

165

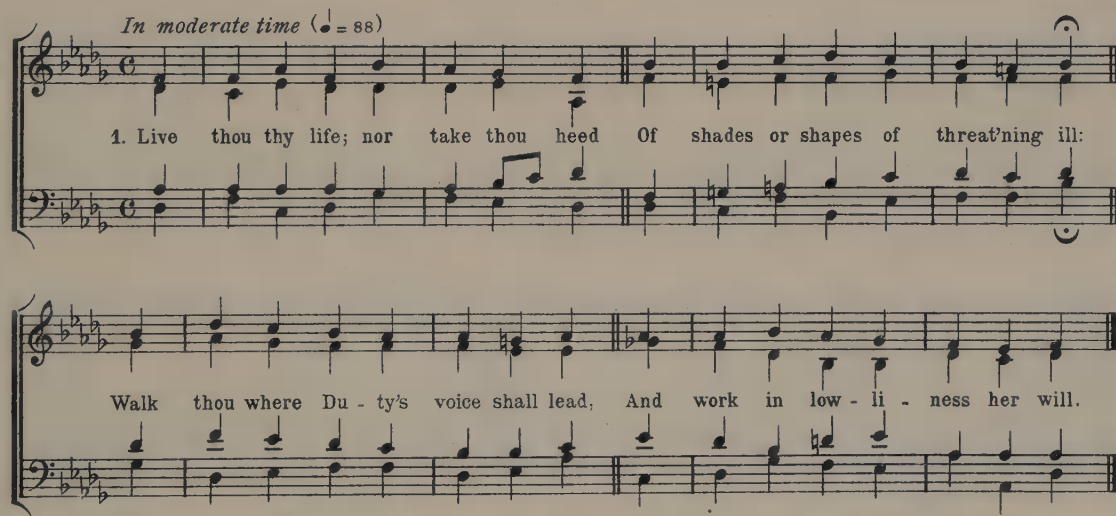
IN DOUBT AND WEAKNESS SCORN TO GROPE

L. M.

ARTHUR SYMONS

Melody by GESIUS, 1601

In moderate time (♩ = 88)



1. Live thou thy life; nor take thou heed Of shades or shapes of threat'ning ill:
Walk thou where Du - ty's voice shall lead, And work in low - li - ness her will.

2. Let Conscience to thy soul be dear;
In doubt and weakness scorn to grope;
Be steadfast, having nought to fear;
Be joyful, having much to hope.

3. What though the skies are dark to see,
The ways are dim before thy feet?
If thine own soul be firm in thee,
No harm there is that thou canst meet.

4. For courage treads a thornless road,
While fancies pierce the fearful soul;
And hope will ease thee of thy load,
And faith will bring thee to thy goal.

5. Live thou thy life, and ere it end,
Some grace acquire, some good bestow;
When death shall come, thy final friend,
Nor long to leave, nor fear to go.

O GOLDEN YEARS, ADVANCE!

8.8.8.8.8.8.12

W. M. W. CALL

C. K. S.

Joyously (♩ = 100)

1. O gold - en years, ad - vance, advance! O years of — re - gal

work and thought! Ye doubt - ing hearts! the child's romance Shall in - to splen - did —

fact be wrought; By laugh - ing years, in chor - al dance, The

world's great sum - mer shall be brought, And crad - led hours shall wake and sing

An au - tumn rich in — fruits, as once in buds — the spring.

2. Then science, reconciled with song,
 Shall throb with life's melodious beat;
 Then song, through science wise and strong,
 Shall her impassioned tale repeat;
 Then right shall reign, discrediting wrong,
 Then old compliance shall be sweet,
 Then star to kindred star shall call,
 And soul to soul shall answer: Love is lord of all.

IN FAITH TO UNSEEN GOALS

MALCOLM QUIN

L. M.

T. TALLIS
c. 1515-1585*With firm movement (♩=80)*

1. We move in faith to un-seen goals, We strive in pa-tience through the night, Which weighs up - on our doubt - ing souls, To some great realm of love and light.

2. The task is heavy, stern the way,
And hope is faint, and sight is weak;
And oft the light of that great day
Is lost to us, howe'er we seek.

3. For still the ignorance that kills,
And still the hatreds that divide,
And still the strife of warring wills,
Subdue our strength, and check our pride.

4. But, even as we fail, our aim
Grows larger from our high attempt;
And while we suffer love's large blame,
And reason's most august contempt,

5. We grow in greatness of design,
In higher powers of patient toil,
In hopes that seize the secret sign
Of far-off joys which nought may foil.

168

MAN'S PURPOSE GIVETH BIRTH TO DESTINY

GUSTAV SPILLER

10.10.2.10.10.10

C.K.S.

Not too slow (♩=50)

1. Doth life re - sem - ble clouds that come and go? Or fit - ful sparks that but a mo-ment glow? Not so! Man's life is vast, and deep-er than the sea; His purpose giv-eth birth to de-sti - ny; He moulds and carves his own fu-tu-ri - ty.

2. Is life a senseless weary wail of woe?
A glittering bubble such as babes might blow?
Not so!
Life's meaning is as lofty as the sky,
It stirs the heart to action pure and high,
It thrills the human breast with ecstasy.

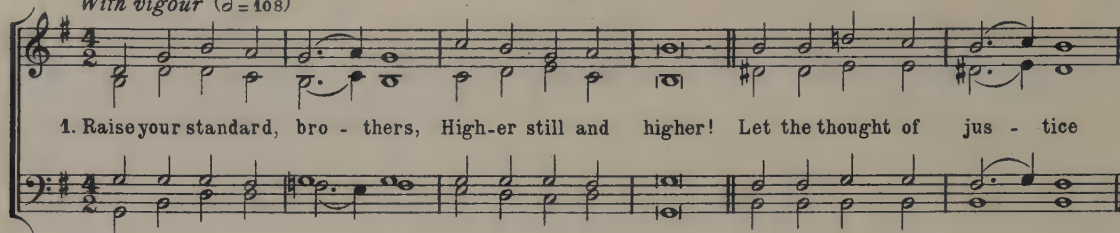
3. Is life a noxious weed which whirlwinds sow?
A useless flint o'er which the waters flow?
Not so!
A life well spent has not its worth in gold;
It is the clearest crystal earth doth hold,
A gem beside which suns seem dull and cold.

WORK FOR MAN'S SALVATION

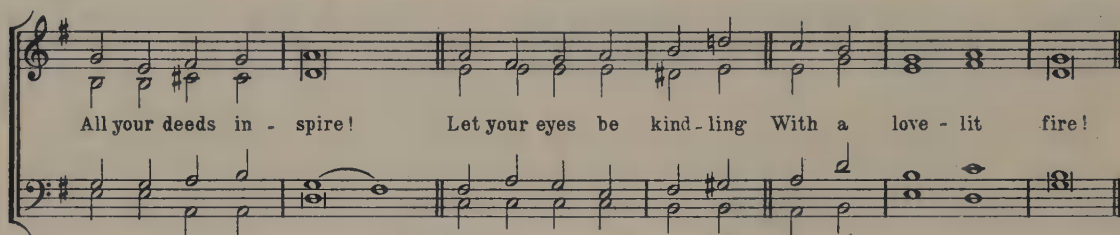
6. 5. 6. 5 (12 lines)

GUSTAV SPILLER

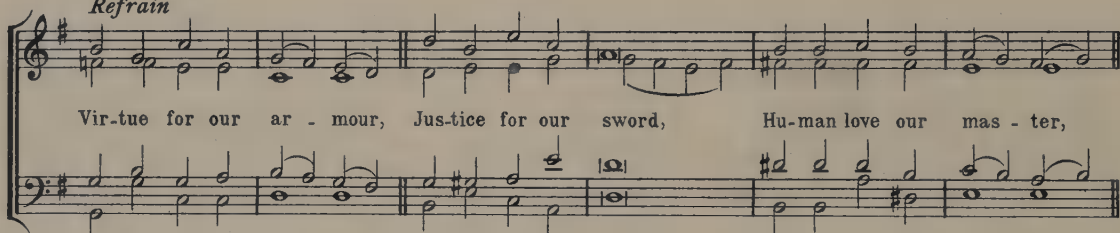
C. K. S.

With vigour ($\text{♩} = 108$)


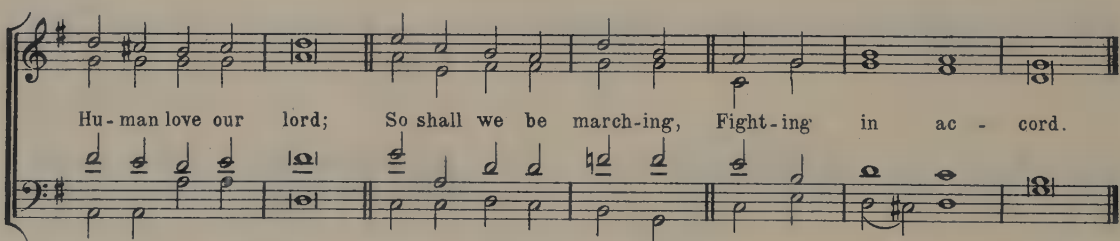
1. Raise your standard, bro - thers, High-er still and higher! Let the thought of jus - tice



All your deeds in - spire! Let your eyes be kind - ling With a love - lit fire!

Refrain


Vir-tue for our ar - mour, Jus-tice for our sword, Hu-man love our mas - ter,



Hu-man love our lord; So shall we be march-ing, Fight-ing in ac - cord.

2. Work for man's salvation,
Work with might and main;
Lift the poor and fallen
To a higher plane;
Purge from law and custom
Each and every stain.

Virtue for our armour, &c.

3. Rest not till within you
Strength of virtue grow,
Till with streams of kindness
Heart and mind o'erflow,
Till a sense of kindred
Bindeth high and low.

Virtue for our armour, &c.

4. Fight till you have silenced
All the rebel throng,
Silenced lawless passions
Luring men to wrong -
Fight till all things human
To the right belong.
Virtue for our armour, &c.

ALL BEFORE US LIES THE WAY

7.7.7.7 D

ELIZA T. CLAPP.

Welsh Hymn Melody

Fairly fast (♩ = 108)

1. All be - fore us lies the way; Give the
All be - fore us is the day; Night and

past un - to the wind: - hind! Not where long past a - ges
dark - ness are be -

sleep Seek we E - den's gold - en trees; In the

fu - ture, fold - ed deep, Are its mys - tic har - mo - nies.

2. Eden with its angels bold,
Trees and flow'rs and coolest sea,
Is no ancient story told,
But a glowing prophecy.
In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The true Eden shall we find.

3. It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient in the strife;
To the quiet heart at home,
Wise in thought and true in life.
When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs paradise around.

171

THE PIONEER

7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

NORMAN O'NEILL

Smoothly (♩ = 92)

1. Hap-py he whose spir-it ear Inward com-fort-ings can hear O'er the rab-ble's laugh-ter;

And, while hatred's faggots burn, Glimpses through the smoke dis-cern Of the good here-after.

2. Knowing this, that never yet
Share of truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

3. Thus, with somewhat of the seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow:
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

172

THE GOOD LIFE PASSES EVENLY

C. M.

F. W. FABER

W. HORSLEY
1774-1858

1. By riv-er-sides the fleet-ing hours Will of-ten lapse a-way,

Till eve-ning al-most seems to steal A march up-on the day.

* Or half tone lower

2. So should it be with man's career;
Each hour a duty find,
And not a stone be there to check
The current of the mind.

3. The path of duty, like the stream,
Hath flowers that round it bloom;
The thicker and the lovelier
The nearer to the tomb.

4. And, ah! the best and purest life
Is that which passes slow,
And yet withal so evenly
We do not feel it go.

THINK TRULY

6. 6. 8. 6. 8. 6

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

C. K. S.

In moderate time ($\text{♩} = 92$)

1. Thou must be true thy - self, If thou the true wouldst teach; Thy soul must o-ver-flow, if thou

An - other's soul wouldst reach. The o-ver-flow of heart it needs To give the lips full speech.

2. Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

174

THE DAWNING OF LIBERTY

L. M.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW

Adapted from a Melody
by J. H. SCHEIN
(1586-1630)

With moderate movement ($\text{♩} = 80$)

1. Out of the dark the circ - ling sphere Is round - ing on - ward to the light;

We see not yet the full day here, But we do see the pal - ing night;

2. And hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And faith, that shines as spotless will,
And love, that courage re-inspires—
These stars have been above us still.

3. O sentinels, whose tread we heard
Through long hours when we could not see,
Pause now; exchange with cheer the word—
Th'unchanging watchword, Liberty!

4. Look backward, how much has been won!
Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done,
The watches of the day begin.

THE CITY OF THE LIGHT.

8.7.8.7 D

DR FELIX ADLER

C. K. S.

Brightly (♩ = 80)

1. Have you seen the golden ci - ty, Mentioned in the legends old?

Ev - er - last - ing light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are told;

On - ly right-eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleaming wall;

Wrong is ban - ished from its bord - ers, Just-ice reigns supreme o'er all.

2. We are builders of that city;
 All our joys and all our groans
 Help to rear its shining ramparts,
 All our lives are building stones;
 But the work that we have builded,
 Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
 And in error and in anguish,
 Will not perish with the years.

3. It will be, at last, made perfect
 In the universal plan,
 It will help to crown the labours
 Of the toiling hosts of man;
 It will last and shine transfigured
 In the final reign of right,
 It will merge into the splendours
 Of the City of the Light.

TRUE FREEDOM

7. 7. 7. 7 D

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Melody from "Plymouth Collection" (U.S.A.) 1855

Boldly (♩ = 96)

1. Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers brave and free, -

If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly free and brave?

If ye do not feel the chain When it works a brother's pain,

Are ye not base slaves in - deed, Slaves un - worth - y to be freed?

2. Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And, with heart and hand, to be
 Earnest to make others free!

3. They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

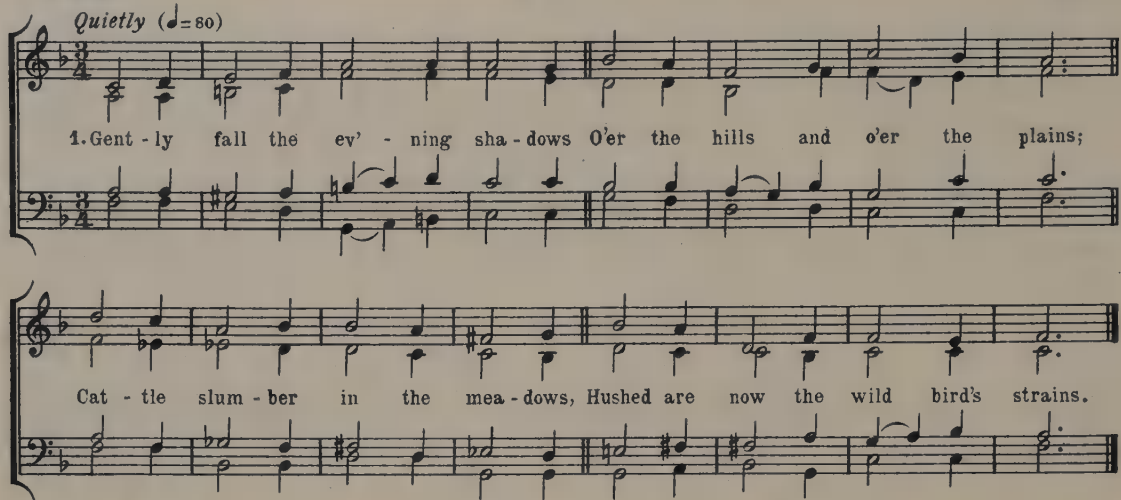
EVENING ASPIRATION

8. 7. 8. 7

E. TOZER

C. K. S.

Quietly (♩ = 80)



1. Gently fall the evening shadows O'er the hills and o'er the plains;
Cat-tle slumber in the meadows, Hushed are now the wild bird's strains.

2. Whispering leaves in light winds quiver,
Moonbeams flush the silent grove,
Stars gleam on the brimming river;
Earth is wrapt in folds of love.

3. Have we in the day just going
Breathed pure thoughts and purpose high,
Used the hours now past us flowing
Wisely, ere the night draws nigh?

4. On our hearts sweet peace is falling
Softly, like the shades of night,
And to each a voice is calling,
"Be thou faithful to the right?"

178

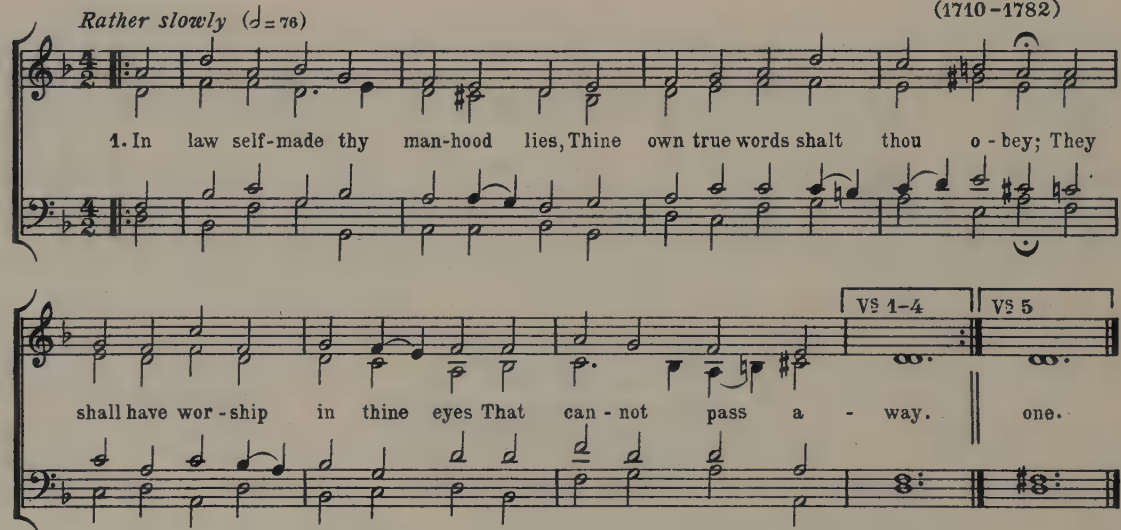
MANLINESS

8. 8. 8. 6

W. M. W. CALL

Melody by S. HOWARD
(1710-1782)

Rather slowly (♩ = 76)



1. In law self-made thy man-hood lies, Thine own true words shalt thou obey; They
shall have worship in thine eyes That cannot pass away. one.

2. Link the pale present with the past,
Live in the light of common hours,
Nor tremble at the passionate blast
That rocks the world's great towers.

3. Thou lowly child of earth and sky,
Love all the brothers of thy blood;
For others live, for others die,
Not great, but nobly good.

4. The common earth, the general seas,
Open to all the human race;
Unchain the sunlight, loose the breeze,
Make free all time and space.

5. So shall the human city stand,
Self-balanced, central as the sun;
Each nation hath its fatherland,
Yet are all nations one.

THE TORCH OF DUTY

C. M.

JONES VERY (Last verse altered)

NORMAN O'NEILL

In moderate time (♩=96)

1. I saw on earth an - o - ther light Than that which lit mine

eye Come forth, as from my soul with - in, And from a high - er sky.

2. Its beams still shone unclouded on,
When in the distant west
The sun I once had known had sunk
For ever to his rest.

3. And on I walked—though dark the night,
Nor rose his orb by day—
As one to whom a surer guide
Was pointing out the way.

4. 'Twas brighter far than noonday's beam:
'Twas Duty shone within,
And lit, as by a lamp from heaven,
The world's dark track of sin.

180

DEPTH OF FEELING

S. M.

Madame GUYON

Melody by MELCHIOR FRANK
d. 1639*With quiet flow* (♩=80)

1. The foun - tain in its source No drought of sum - mer

fears; The fur - ther it pur - sues its course, The nob - ler it ap - pears.

2. But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

3. The cisterns I forsake,
O inner Fount, for thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink serenity.

181

THE JOY OF SERVING

C. M.

Dr WILLIAM DRENNAN

C. K. S.

With gentle movement (♩ = 84)

1. Oh, sweet-er than the sweet-est flow'r At ev'ning's dew - y close,

The will, u - ni - ted with the pow'r, To suc - cour hu - man woes.

2. And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.

3. True helpful kindness strikes a root
That dies not nor decays,
And coming days shall yield the fruit
Which blossoms now, in praise.

4. The youthful hopes which now expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land
In rich and yellow sheaves.

182

OUR FOES

7.7.7.7

Rev. STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH

ANON. (Melody from Wesley's Hymns)

Boldly marked (♩ = 76)

1. There's a strife we all must wage, From life's en - trance to its close,

Blest the bold who dare en - gage, Woe for him who seeks re - pose.

2. Honoured they who firmly stand
While the conflict presses round,
Right's high banner in their hand,
In its service faithful found.

3. What our foes? Each thought impure;
Passions fierce that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;-

4. Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.

WHAT A LITTLE CHILD MAY DO

ANON.

7.6.8.6

C.K.S.

Simply, rather fast (♩ = 138)

1. Sup - pose the lit - tle cows - lip Should hang its gold - en cup,
And say, "I'm such a ti - ny flower, I'd bet - ter not grow up."

2. How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell?

3. Suppose the glistening dewdrop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away";

4. The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

5. How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do!
Although it has so little strength
And little wisdom too.

6. It needs a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
For others, by his love.

184

INWARD PROGRESS

ANON.

6.5.6.5 D

Old English Melody.

With easy movement (♩ = 100)

1. Pu - rer yet and pu - rer I would be in mind;
Dear - er yet and dear - er Ev - ry du - ty find; Hop - ing yet and trust - ing
Wrong will dis - ap - pear; Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing All will yet grow clear.

2. Calmer yet and calmer
Trial bear and pain;
Surer yet and surer
Peace within to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To my task resigned,
And to love subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3. Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night;
Nearer yet and nearer,
Rising to the light;
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4. Quicker yet and quicker
Ever onward press;
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I progress:
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Though their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

185

THE VIRGIN MORN

6.4.6.4

ROBERT HERRICK (altered)

C.K.S.

Not slow (♩ = 104)

1. When with the vir - gin morn I do a - rise,
I come in so - ber joy To sa - cri - fice.

2. I wash in innocence
My heart, and bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure,
Pure everything.

3. Then do I humbly kneel,
And kneeling, thence
Give up my soul in clouds
Of frankincense.

4. Love's golden censers, filled
With odours sweet,
Shall make my acts with all
My thoughts to meet.

186

LITTLE THINGS

6.5.6.5

E.C. BREWER

C.K.S.

Simply, with movement (♩ = 104)

1. Lit - tle drops of wa - ter, Lit - tle grains of sand,
Make the might - y o - cean And the beau - teous land.

2. And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

3. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Bring a peace and gladness
Every joy above.

4. So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Into sin to stray.

I WAKE THIS MORN

C. M. D

From CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

Old English Melody
Harm. by NORMAN O'NEILL

* With simple joy (♩ = 100)

1. I wake this morn, and all my life is fresh-ly mine to

live; The fu-ture, with sweet pro-mise rife, Has crowns of joy to

give: New words to speak, new thoughts to hear, New love to give and

take; Per-chance new bur-dens I may bear To-day for love's sweet sake;

* Or half tone higher

2. New hopes to open in the sun,
New efforts worth the will,
Or tasks, with yesterday begun,
More bravely to fulfil.
Fresh seeds for all the time to be
Are in my hand to sow,
Wherefrom, for others and for me,
Undreamed-of fruit may grow.

188

OUT FROM THE HEART OF NATURE

8. 8. 8. 8. 8

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

EDITH SWEPSTONE

Out from the heart of na-ture rolled The burdens of the Bi-ble old; The lit-a-nies of na-tions came

Like the vol-ca-no's tongue of flame, Up from the burning core be-low-The can-ti-cles of love and woe.

* Or half-tone higher

2 Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pinetree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?

3. Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids.

4. O'er England's abbeys bend the skies,
As on their friends, with kindred eyes:
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race.

5. The word unto the prophet spoke
Was writ on tables yet unbroke;
The word by seer or sybil told,
In grove of oak, or fane of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.

189

THE RESCUE OF THE OUTCASTS

5. 5. 5. 5. 5

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

NORMAN O'NEILL

Smoothly

Ye that weep in sleep, Soul and bo-dy bound, Ye that

all night keep Watch for change, and weep That no change is found,

2 Ye that cry and die,
And the world goes on
Without ear or eye,
And the days go by
Till all days are gone,

3. Man shall do for you,
Men, the sons of Man,
What no god would do
That they sought unto
While the blind years ran!

4. No desire brings fire
Down from heaven by prayer,
Though man's vain desire
Hang faith's wind-struck lyre
Out in tuneless air.

5. Gods refuse and choose,
Grudge and sell and spare;
None shall Man refuse,
None of all men lose,
None leave out of care.

190 THE WORD

147

WILLIAM C. GANNETT

7.6.7.6 D

J. S. BACH
(1685-1750)

With spirit (♩ = 92)

1. It sounds a - long the a - ges, Soul an - swer - ing to
It kind - les on the pa - ges of ev - 'ry Bi - ble

soul; scroll; The psalm - ists heard and sang it,

From mar - tyr - lips it broke, And pro - phet tongues out -

- rang it Till sleep - ing na - tions woke.

2. From Sinai's cliffs it echoed,
It breathed from Buddha's tree,
It charmed in Athens market,
It gladdened Galilee;
The hammer-stroke of Luther,
The Pilgrims' sea-side prayer,
The oracles of Concord
One holy Word declare.

3. It dates each new ideal,
Itself it knows not time;
Man's laws but catch the music
Of its eternal chime.
It calls—and lo, new Justice!
It speaks—and lo, new Truth!
In ever nobler stature
And unexhausted youth.

HAPPINESS WITHIN

C.M.

LETITIA E. LANDON

Dr. JOHN BLOW
(1648-1708)

Not fast (♩ = 76)

1. It sure - ly is a was - ted heart, It is a was - ted mind,
That seeks not in the in - ner world Its hap - pi - ness to find:

* Or half tone lower.

2. For happiness is like the bird
That broods above its nest,
And finds beneath its folded wings
Life's dearest and its best.

LOVE IS THE LAW OF LIFE

7.7.7.7.7.7

THOMAS CAMPION

THOMAS CAMPION
(1575-1619)

In moderate time (♩ = 84)

1. Wise men pa - tience ne - ver want, Good men pi - ty can - not hide;
Fee - ble spi - rits on - ly vaunt Of re - venge, the poor - est pride:

He a - lone for - give that can Bears the true soul of a man.
Bears the true soul

2. Some there are debate that seek,
Making trouble their content,
Happy if they wrong the meek,
Vex them that to peace are bent:
Such undo the common tie
Of mankind, society.

3. Kindness grown is, lately, cold;
Conscience hath forgot her part;
Blessed times were known of old,
Long ere law became an art:
Shame deterr'd, not statutes, then;
Honest love was law to men.

4. Deeds and words from love that flow,
Foster like kind April showers;
In the warm sun all things grow,
Wholesome fruit and pleasant flowers:
All so thrives his gentle rays,
Whereon human love displays.

WHILE YET 'TIS DAY

8. 4. 8. 4

ANON.

C. K. S.

Fairly fast (♩ = 100)

1. A - rise, my soul! nor dream the hours Of life a - way;

A - rise! and do thy be - ing's work While yet 'tis day.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'Fairly fast' with a note value of 100. The lyrics are printed below the staves. The first system contains the first line of the hymn, and the second system contains the second line. The music is written in a simple, clear style, typical of early 20th-century hymnals.

2. The doer, not the dreamer, breaks
The baleful spell,
Which binds with iron hands the earth
On which we dwell.
3. Up, soul! or war, with fiery feet,
Will tread down men;
Up! or his bloody hands will reap
The earth again.
4. O dreamer, wake! your brother man
Is still a slave;
And thousands go heart-crushed this morn
Unto the grave.
5. The brow of wrong is laurel-crowned,
Not girt with shame:
And love and truth and right as yet
Are but a name.
6. From out time's urn your golden hours
Flow fast away: —
Then, dreamer, up! and do life's work
While yet 'tis day.

Part III

RESPONSES

A UNIVERSAL LITANY

(Stanton Coit)

Music by C. KENNEDY SCOTT.

Cantor

That we have been delivered from untold evils:

Cantor and Congregation

By the self-sacrifice, courage and wisdom of
countless men and wo - men,

Choir

We gratefully ac - know - ledge.

Cantor & Cong.

That we may be spared to render like
service in our day; and that we may escape
the censure of the just,

Choir

Is the deep yearn - ing of our hearts.

Cantor & Cong.

That our offences and the offences
of our forefathers may not be remem -
bered by anyone against us; nor ven -
geance of our sins ta - ken,

Choir

We ask for mer - cy from our fel - low - men.

Cantor & Cong.

From all evil and mischief; from sin,
from the crafts and assaults of malicious
persons and liars; from the wrath of the
good, and from unrelenting condem - na - tion,

Choir

We call up - on all men to save us.

Cantor & Cong.

From all prejudice of class, sect and
nationality; from all pride, vainglory
and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred and
malice, and all unchari - ta - ble - ness,

Choir

We call up - on all men to save us.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

From drunkenness, gluttony and lust,
and all other deadly sin; from the deceits
of vanity and appetite, and the plots of
tempters and mischief-ma-kers, We call up-on all men to save us.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

From lightning and tempest; from plague,
pestilence and famine; from battle and
murder, and from unpre-pared-for death, Man by his foresight and mercy shall save us.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

From all sedition, privy conspiracy and
rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy
and schism; from hardness of heart and
contempt for good counsel and du-ty, Man by his wisdom and mer-cy shall save us.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

In all time of our wealth; in all time of our
tribulation; in every day of judgment, and
in the hour of death, Give us humility, peace and strength.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

That all nations may work together in
unity, peace and concord for the relief of man's es-tate, We beseech them to heed our en-trea-ty.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

That those to whom the will of the people has
entrusted the government of our land may
deal justly with all na-tions, We beseech them to heed our en-trea-ty.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

That our King may be strengthened and kept
in devotion to the nation's welfare; and that
his heart may be ruled by love of justice and by
respect for the liberty of all men, We con - fi - dent - ly hope.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

That our Prime Minister; the members of the
Cabinet and Houses of Parliament; and all per-
sons having authority in our Civil Service and
our Army and Navy; may be endued with the
spirit of humanity, wisdom and hu-mi-li-ty, We entreat them to o - pen their hearts.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

That all magistrates and interpreters
of the law may execute justice and main-tain truth, We beseech them to heed our en - trea - ty.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

That all physicians and other guardians of
our bodily and mental life; by their know-
ledge, skill and devotion; may ensure to our
people the bless - ings of health, We con - fi - dent - ly hope.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

That all who labour with their hands; all con-
trollers of industry, finance and the public
Press; and all thinkers and discoverers, artists
and inventors; may find their motive in the
doing of good; and not in per-son-al gain, We beseech them to heed our en - trea - ty.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

To help in hastening the time when all prevent-
able poverty, untimely mortality and excessive
toil shall have ceased; and when all avoidable
causes of injury to life and health, to happiness
and character shall have been re - mov - ed, Is our high task and pri - vi - lege.

Cantor & Cong.

That in our time|the Christian, Jewish and Mo-
hammedan Churches and all other religious
denominations in the world,|may bring their
sacraments, doctrines and governments| into

Choir.

harmony with human reason, science and con-science, We beseech them to heed our en-trea-ty.

Cantor & Cong.

That all ministers of religion and all teachers,
may devoutly study the laws of the universe in
which we live; and that both by word and deed
they may set forth the principles of humanity

and jus-tice,

Choir

We beseech them to heed our en-trea-ty.

Cantor & Cong.

That all our people may increase in readiness
to investigate truth, both new and old, and re-
ceive it with pure affection; so that they may
bring forth the fruits of wis-dom,

Choir

We beseech them to heed our en-trea-ty.

Cantor & Cong.

That the time may soon come when all men
and women will understand and revere the
responsibilities of fatherhood and moth-er-hood,

Choir

By our faith in mankind we hope.

Cantor & Cong.

That all fathers and mothers may mercifully
give heed to the individual nature and limit-
ations of each child born to them,

Choir

In our love for mankind we plead.

Cantor & Cong.

Choir

That the time may soon come|when all husbands
and wives will together live for the common
good;|and not each for themselves;|nor merely
for each other, nor for their children on - ly,

By our faith in mankind we hope.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

That the time may soon come when men will respect
all women; and when women will be accorded full
citizenship, yet will not the less re-
vere their wo-man-hood, By our faith in mankind we hope.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

That in our hearts we may love and dread Righteousness,
and diligently live after its com-mand-ments, We reverently de-sire.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To lead into the way of truth all such as have
erred and are de-cei-ved, Is our high task and pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To strengthen such as do stand; comfort and
help the weak-hearted; raise up them that
fall; and finally beat down all malice and
falsehood un-der our feet, Is our high task and pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To succour, help and comfort all that are in
danger, necessity and tribu-la-tion, Is our high task and pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To minister to the needs of all women with child,
and all sick persons and young chil-dren, Is our high task and pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To show our love for the humanity in every
culprit, by visiting upon him no other suf-
fering than is needed to reform him and to
protect so-ci-e-ty, Is our high task and pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To love and provide for fatherless and motherless
children; and tenderly minister to all that are
desolate and op-press-ed, Is our high task and pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To have mercy upon all men; and to be kind to every
sentient crea-ture, Is our high pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

To forgive our enemies, persecutors and slanderers,
and to turn their hearts, Is our high pri-vi-lege.

Cantor & Cong. , Choir

That we may feel true repentance; forgive one
another's sins, negligences and ignorances;
and be endued with power to amend our lives
according to the principles of un-self-ish love, Is the deep yearn-ing of our hearts.

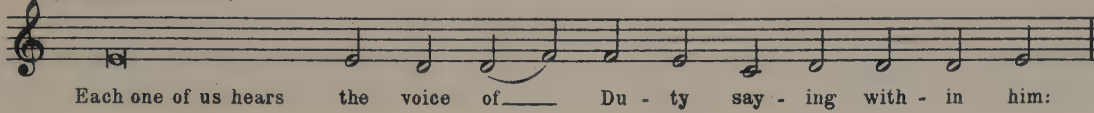
Cantor (only) , Choir & Congregation

So be it now and for ev-er. A-men.

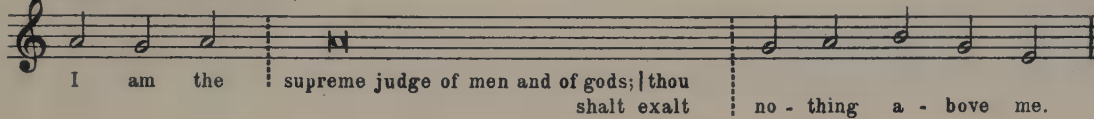
TEN WORDS OF THE MORAL LIFE

(Stanton Coit)

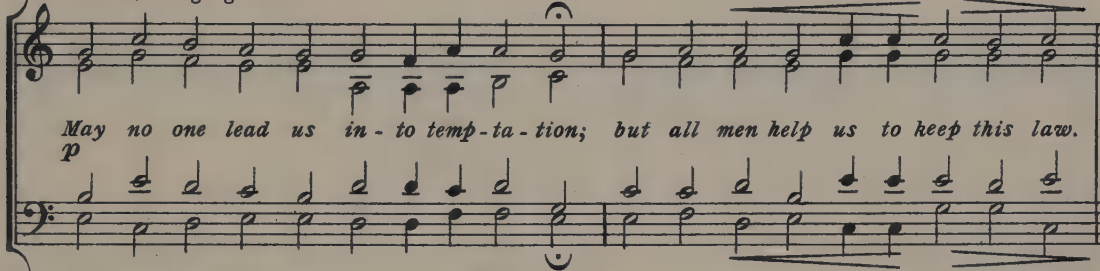
(A woman's voice)



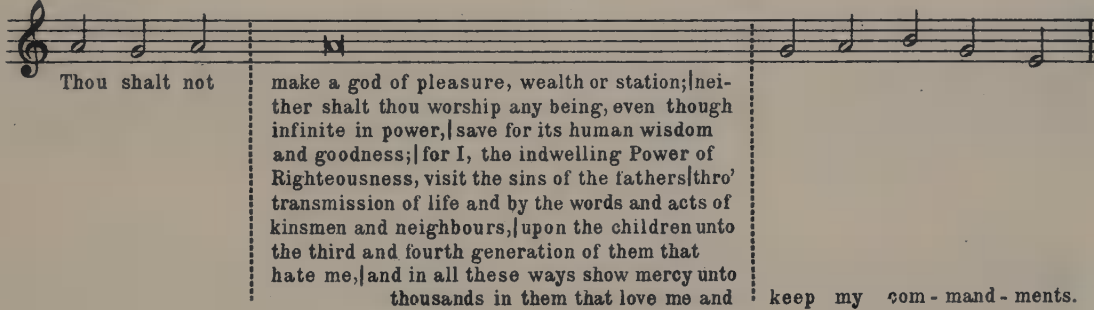
Cantor. (A man's voice)



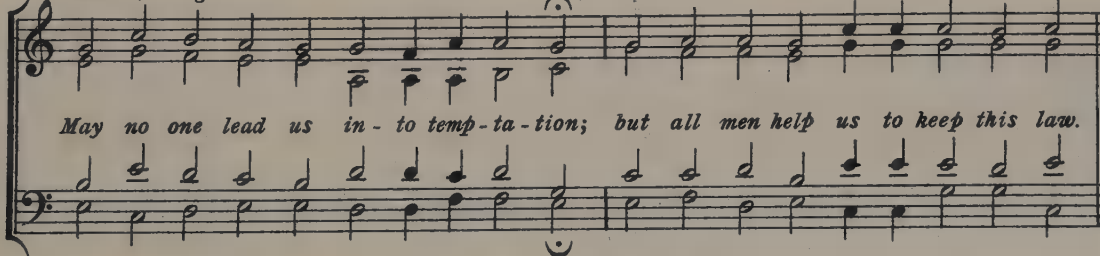
Choir & Congregation



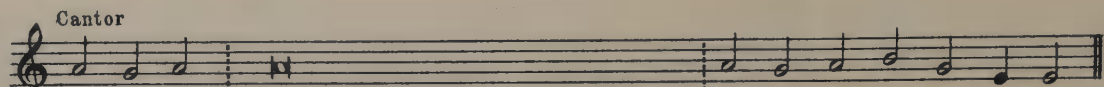
Cantor



Choir & Cong.

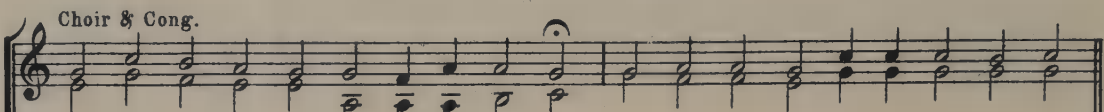


Cantor

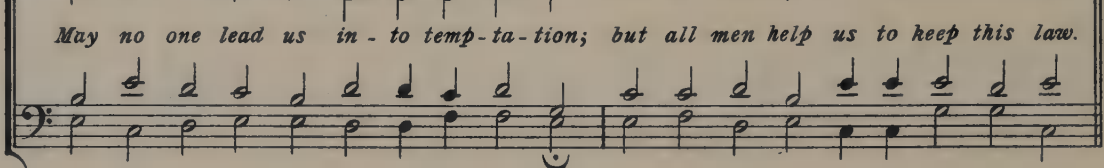


Thou shalt not use words that signify any form of righteousness or unrighteousness, either cynically or in levity; for they who so use such words weaken the common reverence for Righteousness.

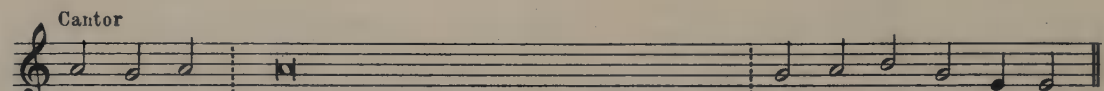
Choir & Cong.



May no one lead us in - to temp - ta - tion; but all men help us to keep this law.

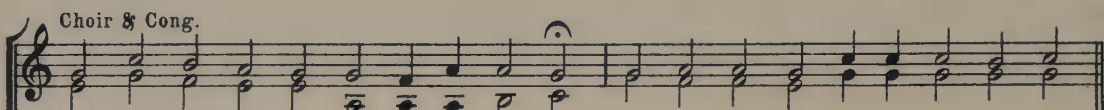


Cantor

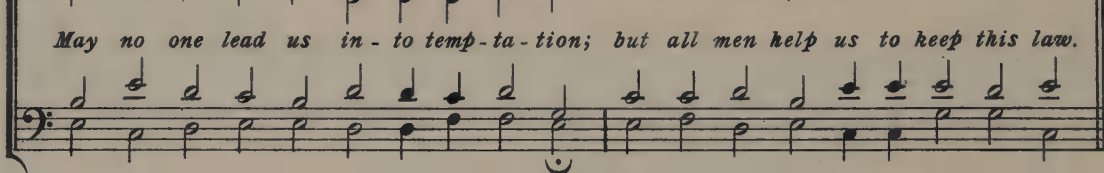


Re - mem - ber to keep sacred to meditation upon the higher destinies of man the one day in seven set apart by the community to that end. Six days shalt thou give to labour and recreation; but the seventh is the sabbath of I - de - al hu - man - i - ty.

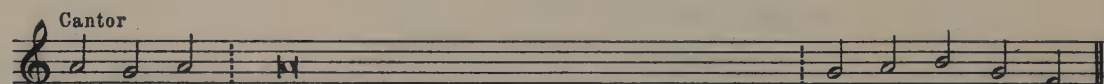
Choir & Cong.



May no one lead us in - to temp - ta - tion; but all men help us to keep this law.

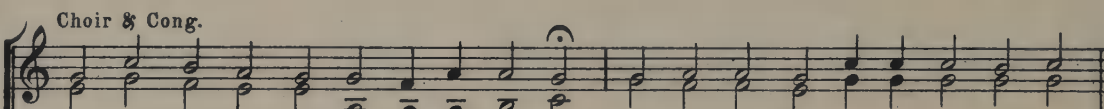


Cantor

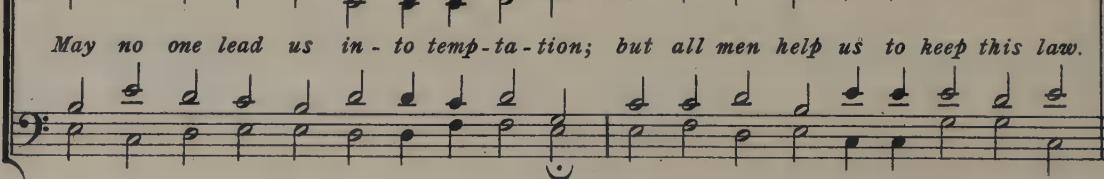


Hon - our thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest preserve to thyself and transmit to thy children the high tradition of the world, thus securing length of days unto thy family and thy nation.

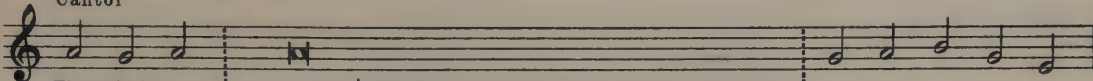
Choir & Cong.



May no one lead us in - to temp - ta - tion; but all men help us to keep this law.




Cantor



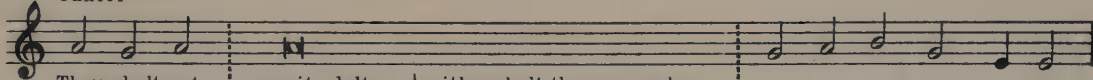
Thou shalt do no murder; neither shalt thou inflict any injury, either of mind or body, upon thyself or any other sentient creature, except the good of all shall re-quire it.

Choir & Cong.



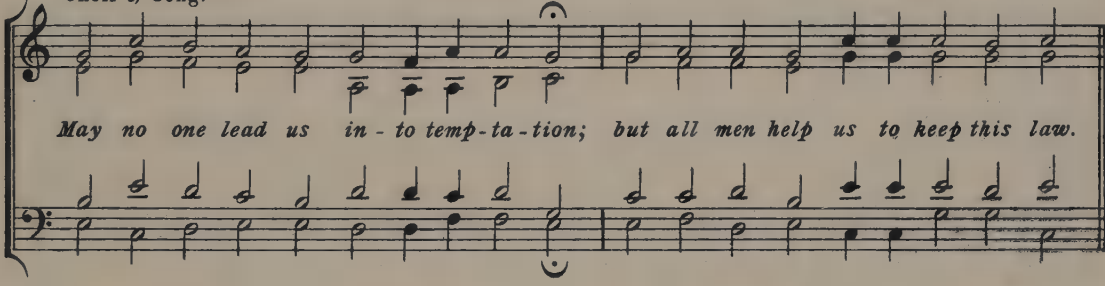
May no one lead us in - to temp-ta - tion; but all men help us to keep this law.

Cantor



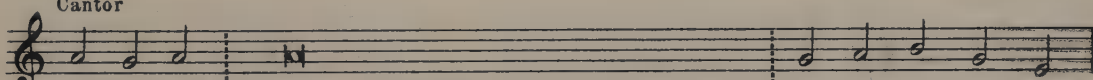
Thou shalt not commit adultery; neither shalt thou so much as desire anyone whom for the sake of the com - mon life thou shouldst not have.

Choir & Cong.



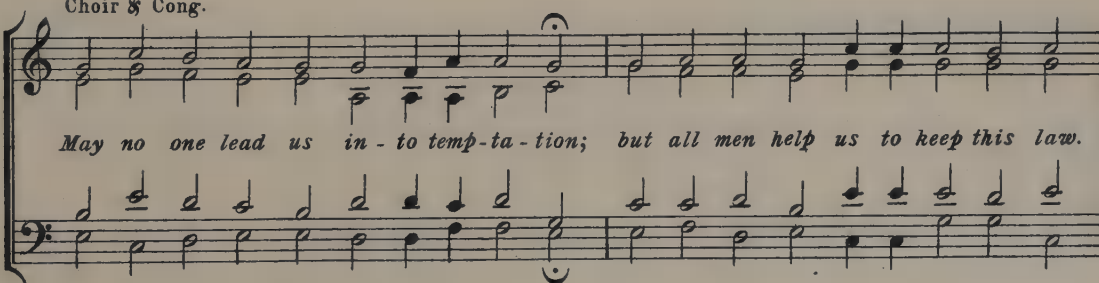
May no one lead us in - to temp-ta - tion; but all men help us to keep this law.

Cantor



Thou shalt not steal; neither shalt thou take or keep anything which the general welfare requires that oth - ers should have.

Choir & Cong.



May no one lead us in - to temp-ta - tion; but all men help us to keep this law.

Cantor

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour; neither shalt thou misrepresent or withhold from him any fact or any conviction of thine own which it were best for the social life that he should know.

Choir & Cong.

May no one lead us in - to temp-ta-tion; but all men help us to keep this law.

Cantor

Thou shalt not covet anything which another owns; neither shalt thou so much as desire to get or keep anything which it were best for the community that oth-ers should possess.

Choir & Cong.

May no one lead us in - to temp-ta-tion; but all men help us to keep this law.

May we al - so lead none in - to temp-ta-tion; but help all to keep these laws.

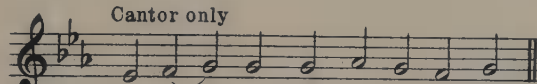
Forgive us our trespasses against you, all ye our fel-low men, as we forgive you your trespass - es a - gainst us;

And strengthen us, that we may show forth these laws not only with our lips but in our lives. So be it now and for ev - er.

THE PRAYER OF JESUS

(H. Youlden)

Cantor only



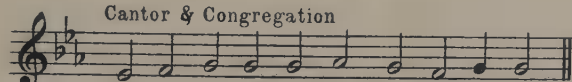
Our Fa - ther, which art in hea - ven

Choir

f thou reign of law, both strong and kind, | thou solemn plan | and onward pur - pose of all things;

 Musical notation for the Choir's part, second line. It consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major. The melody is a series of half notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Cantor & Congregation



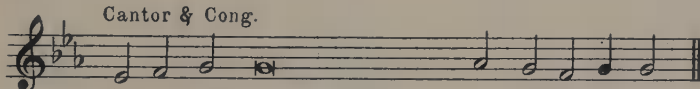
Hal-low-ed be thy Name. Thy Kingdom come—

Choir

mf the harmony of man's desires with man's duties, | when perfect law shall melt into perfect liberty, | and the passions of the soul | become stea - dy as the stars.

 Musical notation for the Choir's part, fourth line. It consists of two staves in G major. The melody is a series of half notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Cantor & Cong.



Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dai-ly bread—

Choir

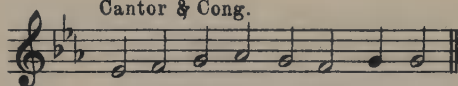
f Give up your secrets, O earth, | that no need of man may go unsatisfied. Ye governors and captains of industry, | let the word go forth: | poverty shall be no more.

 Musical notation for the Choir's part, sixth line. It consists of two staves in G major. The melody is a series of half notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Let wealth heap no secret store, | nor let any want lie for-got-ten. Go forth, O men, | to bat-tle against waste and idleness, | against sickness, frost and fire and flood, | and conquer the earth | for the blessings of the bo - dy.

 Musical notation for the Choir's part, seventh line. It consists of two staves in G major. The melody is a series of half notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Cantor & Cong.



And for-give us our tres-pass-es—

Choir

 Musical notation for Choir part, first system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats. The music is written in a simple, stepwise fashion.

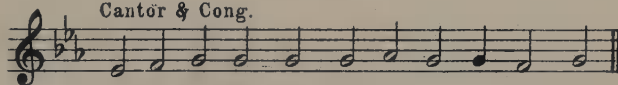
Be merciful to us, our brothers, for we are clay; we were born in weak-ness

p

 Musical notation for Choir part, second system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats. The music is written in a simple, stepwise fashion.

and reared in temp-ta-tion. We hate the sins that make you mourn.

Cantor & Cong.



As we for-give them that trespass a-against us—

Choir

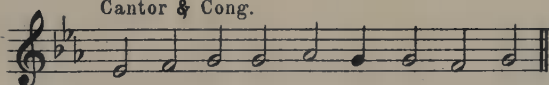
 Musical notation for Choir part, third system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats. The music is written in a simple, stepwise fashion.

We have no enemies; and now do we
they are slain by the hands of our love, shrive our souls of all mal-ice.

mf *cresc.* *dim.*

souls of—

Cantor & Cong.



And lead us not in - to temp - ta - tion—

Choir

 Musical notation for Choir part, fourth system. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of two flats. The music is written in a simple, stepwise fashion.

Place us not, O Life— O our friends, where circumstances are too difficult for us. Train us with hardship, teach us by experience, but remem-ber our weak-ness-es.

mf

cresc.

Believe in us and set us where bright ex - am - ples make vir - tue ea - sy.

Cantor & Cong.

But de - liv - er us from e - vil,—

Choir

from the grip of old habits, from sullen moods, from savage temper, from peevish complaint, from pride and fear;

and may a sense of safe-ty bring us all—back to the in-no-cence and whiteness of child - hood.

GLORIA. Cantor only

f For yours, O Earth and Heaven, the life be - neath and the law a - bove;

O men, dead and liv - ing, and yet to come; Ye minds of truth and souls of fire—

Choir only

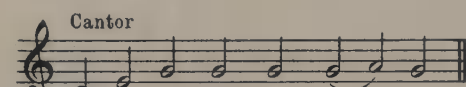
ff Yours is the Kingdom and the Power and the Glo - ry, for - ev - er and - ev - er. A - - men.

All

WE REJOICE WITH THANKSGIVING

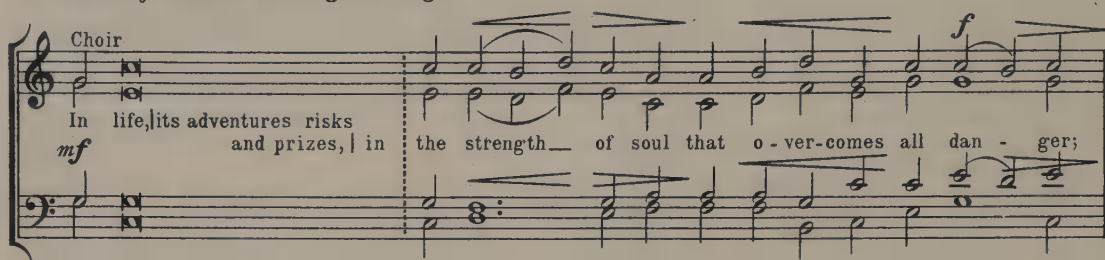
(H. Youlden)

Cantor



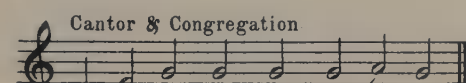
We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir



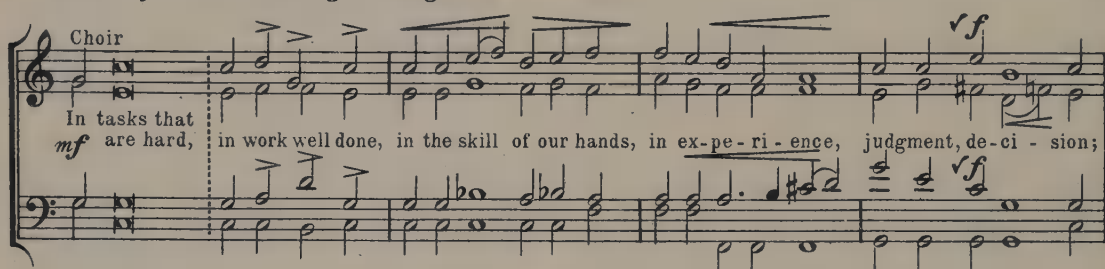
mf In life, its adventures risks and prizes, in the strength of soul that o-ver-comes all dan - ger;

Cantor & Congregation



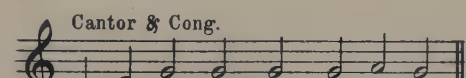
We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir



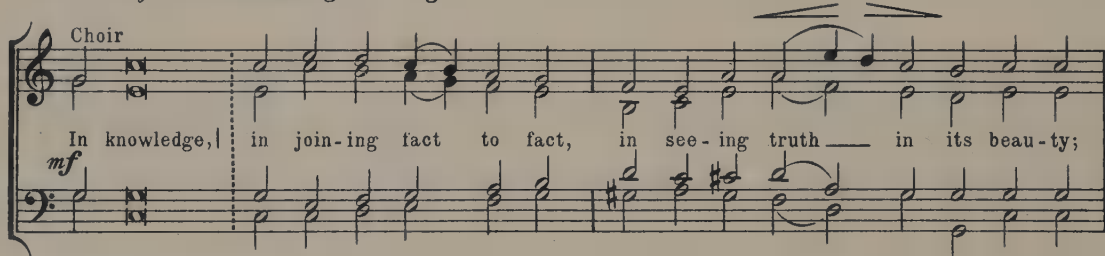
mf In tasks that are hard, in work well done, in the skill of our hands, in ex-pe-ri-ence, judgment, de-ci - sion;

Cantor & Cong.



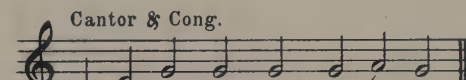
We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir



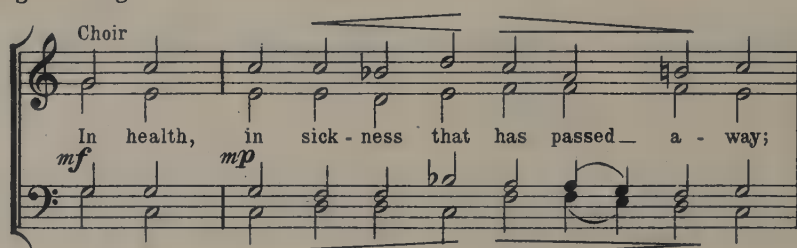
mf In knowledge, in join-ing fact to fact, in see-ing truth in its beau-ty;

Cantor & Cong.



We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir



mf In health, *mp* in sick-ness that has passed a - way;

Cantor & Cong.

We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir

mf In sorrows that have not visited us, | in temptations that did not tar - ry at our door, in fears that turned to tri - umph; *ff*

Cantor & Cong.

We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir

mf In the faces of those we love, | *p* in eyes that look kindly upon us | *p* even when we fail, in those with whom we are at rest; *p*

Cantor & Cong.

We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

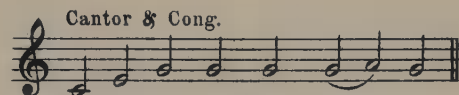
Choir

mf In those occasions when we hum-bled our-selves and chose *p* the way of meekness, in the things we did | which were wi - ser than we knew, *p*

cresc.

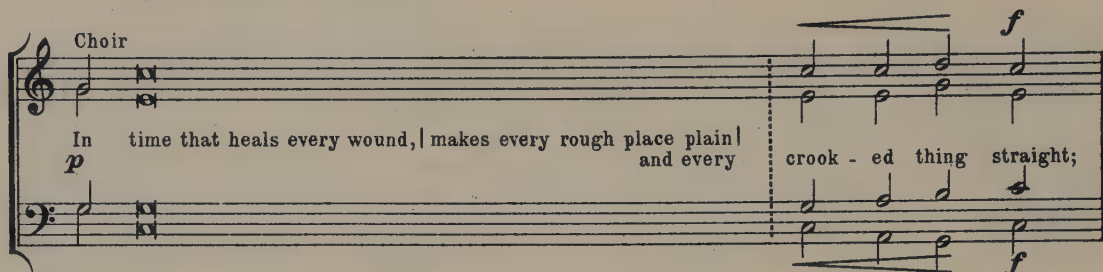
in the unex-pected strength that came to us in the hour of weak - ness and des - pair; *cresc.*

Cantor & Cong.



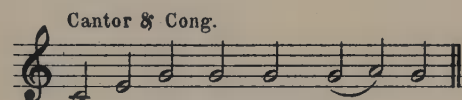
We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir




In time that heals every wound, | makes every rough place plain |
 and every crook - ed thing straight;

Cantor & Cong.



We re-joice with thanks-giv - ing:

Choir

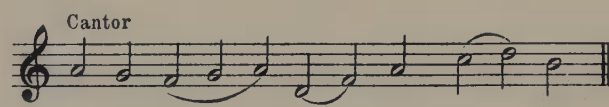


In the Mother-spirit that rules the world, at whose feet we do our work | and



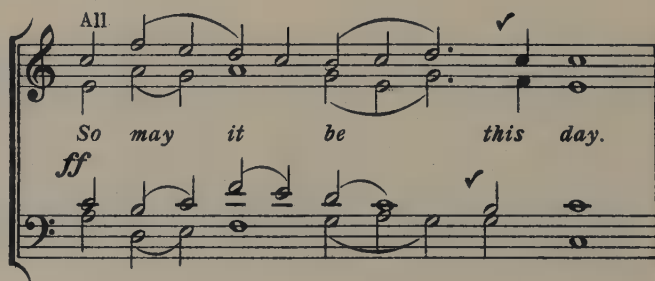
in whose arms we fall a - sleep.

Cantor



We re - joice — with thanks - giv - ing:

All



So may it be this day.

WE BELIEVE

(H. Youlden)

Cantor (only)

We be-lieve in hu-man na-ture:

Choir

Every sin we commit|is
against the laws of our own be-ing.

mf

Cantor & Congregation

We believe in
liber-ty, strength and de-light:

Choir

For such are the crowns of life.

f

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in the aw-ful moun-tains:

Choir

The infinite stars|
and the wind blow-ing from the sea.

mf

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in the
hawthorn when it
is white, and in all gen-tle things:

Choir

And we stoop our
ear|to the si-lence of the earth.

p

Cantor (only)

We be-lieve that all things flow:

Choir

That no creed or re-
ligion,|no form of
government or social
order,|no standard
of beauty,|no code of
morals|is fi-nal and per-fect.

mf

Cantor & Congregation

We be - lieve in growth:

Choir

mf In the sure and certain betterment| of so - ci - e - ty.

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in in - te - gri - ty:

Choir

f It will nev - er be put to shame.

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in an un - seen tide:

Choir

mf Which helps ev' - ry good cause.

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in the im - mor - tal - i - ty:

Choir

mf Of every good deed| and ev' - ry true thought.

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in the creative value of suf - fer - ing:

Choir

mf We believe that knowledge| is the founda - tion of sym - pa - thy.

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in
the for - give-ness of sins:

Choir

For every man is
mf worth for - giv - ing.

Cantor & Cong.

We believe in the
satisfaction of work well done:

Choir

mf In the approval of those we love; in the
healing grace of duty; in the sufficiency
of the human spirit to meet all demands
upon it; these things are

f the wa - ter of life—the per - - fect con - so - la - tion.

Gloria (All)

f We lift up our hands and declare in the face of all faults
and fol - lies and fears:

That Life is good, that Life is good.

f That Life is good, that Life, that Life is good.

That Life is good, Life is good, that Life is good.

That Life is good, that Life, that Life is good.

WE DARE NOT FORGET

(H. Youlden)

Cantor

We dare not for - get

Choir

p Our childhood, | the voices that
filled the house, | the faces we can not see,

mf the tears and the laughter, | the
passions and regrets, | the hopes
of youth, | the happy innocence that once was ours, the ear - ly prayer, the wan - dering feet.

Cantor & Congregation.

We dare not for - get

Choir

mf The forgiveness we had to ask, |
the vow of amendment, | the expectation
of ea - sy vic - to - ry, and the swift — re - lapse.

Cantor & Cong.

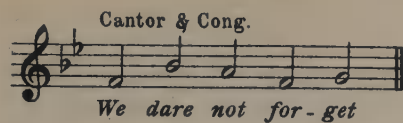
We dare not for - get

Choir

p The love we did not val - ue,

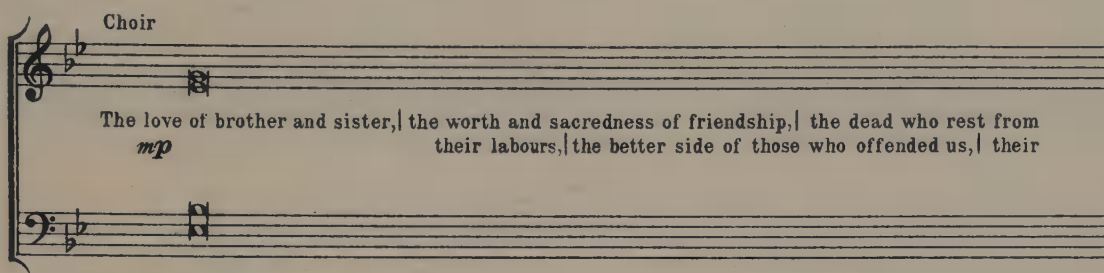
mf the kindnesses we did not reckon, | the sorrows
we did not enter into, | the deeds of love we might have ren - dered.

Cantor & Cong.

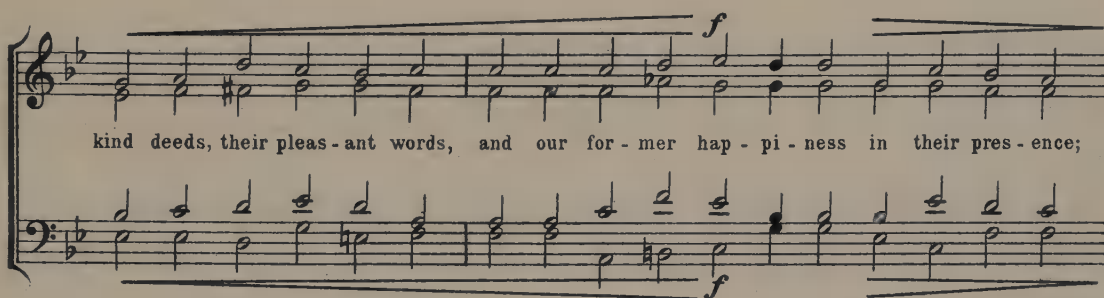


We dare not for-get

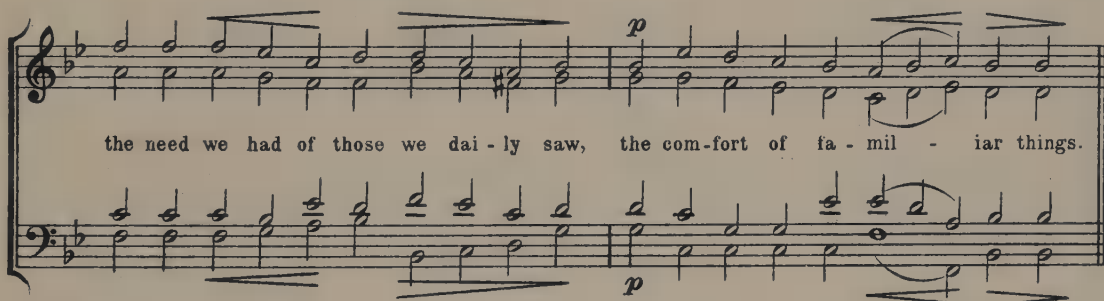
Choir



The love of brother and sister, | the worth and sacredness of friendship, | the dead who rest from
mp their labours, | the better side of those who offended us, | their

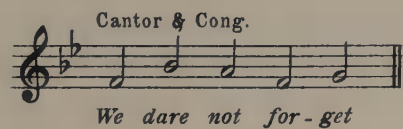


kind deeds, their pleas-ant words, and our for-mer hap-pi-ness in their pres-ence;



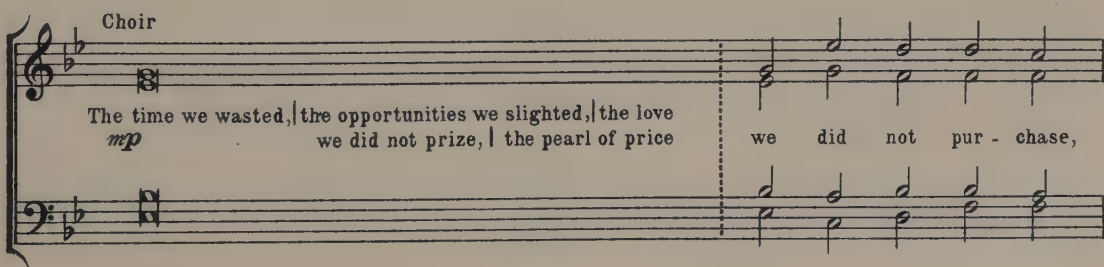
the need we had of those we dai-ly saw, the com-fort of fa-mil-iar things.

Cantor & Cong.



We dare not for-get

Choir



The time we wasted, | the opportunities we slighted, | the love
mp we did not prize, | the pearl of price we did not pur-chase,

rf

the skill we did not try for, the
habits we might have formed, the needs of our deep - er na - ture.

rf

Cantor & Cong.

We dare not for - get

Choir

The chastity of things
beautiful, the solemn - ty of the world; The brevity of life, the swift close of
the period of growth, the tasks we
could not complete,

p

mf *pp* *p*

the hopes we could not reach, and the sha - dow that waits.

mf *pp* *p*

Gloria. Cantor only

Our fin-est hope is fin-est mem-o - ry:

All

f So may it be this day.

A ROSARY OF THINGS BEAUTIFUL

(H. Youlden)

C. K. S.

A Contralto Voice Choir, only

O all ye things of ten-der-ness and grace! *Bless ye our*
mf *minds and lift us up for ev - er.*

Cantor only Choir only

Beautiful is the blue *Beautiful the brimming*
weather|that fol-lows af - ter rain. *river that slides through*
mf *meadows,|* *p* *with whis - pering reeds.*

Cantor & Congregation Choir

Beautiful is the *Beautiful are the*
flying moon|that *salt pools|locked in*
gleams and hides *mf* *by bars of sand |* *with seas be - yond.*

Cantor & Cong. Choir

Beautiful is the wheat *Beautiful is the re-*
where crimson poppies *turn of the swallow,*
burn,| beautiful the brown *the cooing of doves*
waves of ripening corn,|the *in the treetops,|* *his shower of mel - o - dy.*
glory of forest leaves|and *beautiful the sky-*
or-chards hung with fruit. *mf* *lark|throwing down*

Cantor & Cong. Choir

Beautiful is the *Beautiful are the mist and*
labour of the bee|and *the rain,|the sere woods,|*
of parent *the troubled clouds and the*
birds with their nest-lings. *storm|and the hoar frost|* *and the vir - gin snow.*

A Baritone Voice Choir

O all ye works of strength! Bless ye our minds and lift us up for ev - er.

f

Cantor only Choir

Beautiful is the work of man, though black with smoke and slag. Beautiful are the city streets, with their carnival of ea - ger-ness and joy.

Cantor & Congregation Choir

Beautiful is the sea of roofs and spires, and drift - ing smoke at sun-set. Beautiful is fine machinery, with gleaming steel and brass and whirling shafts, the per - fect bro-ther-hood of part with part.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

Beautiful is the form of a ship on the sea, the red sail of the fisher, and the great li - ner. Beautiful are the granite wharves, the water gates, and stal-wart brid - es.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

Beautiful is the flow of commerce, the ceaseless traf - fic of oils and fruits and fi - bres. Beautiful are the smelting fires that blaze from their towers | a gush of glo - ry in - to the night.

A Contralto Voice Choir

O all ye mem-o-ries of love! Bless ye our minds and lift us up for ev - er.

Cantor only Choir

Beautiful is the sight of ma-ny chil-dren at play. Beautiful the croon of a mo-ther o-ver her babe.

Cantor & Congregation Choir

Beautiful are the feet and hands of the new born. Beautiful is the love of the strong for the helpless, beautiful is the love born of gratitude, and still more beautiful is the love that knows not how it a - rose.

Cantor & Cong. Choir

Beautiful is suffer-ing when it flowers into the purity of a sav-ed soul. Beautiful are the dreams that vis-it lov-ers of man-kind.

Cantor & Congregation

Beautiful is the heroism|that does not see it - self.

Choir only

Beautiful is the humility| of a strong man.

GLORIA.

A Contralto and Baritone Voice only

O all ye things of ten-der-ness and grace, all ye works of strength and mem-o-ries of love!

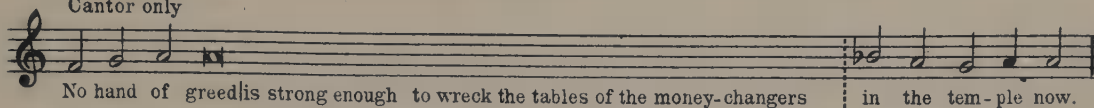
Choir only

Bless ye our minds and lift them up for ev - er, for ev - er.
and lift them up, and lift them up for ev - er.
and lift them up, and lift them up for ev - er.

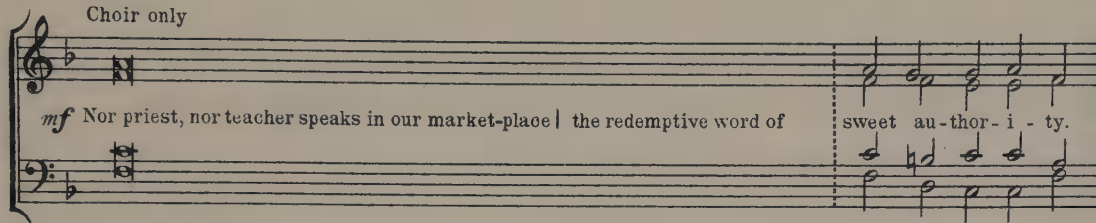
AN INVOCATION TO JESUS

(H. Youlden)

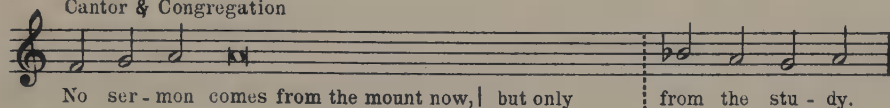
Cantor only



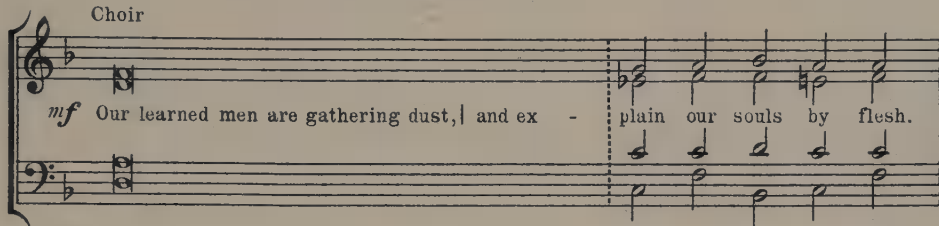
Choir only



Cantor & Congregation

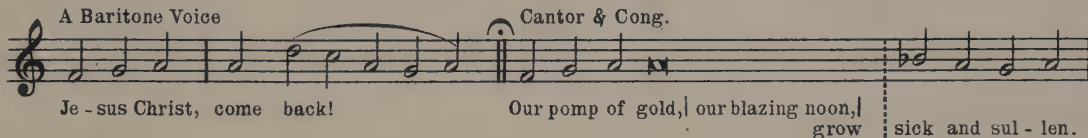


Choir

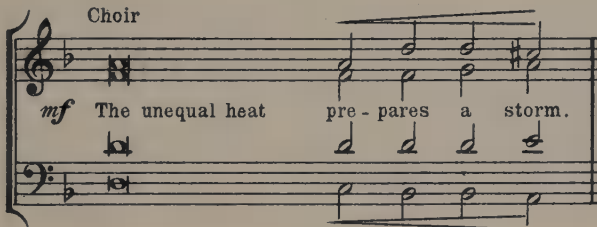


A Baritone Voice

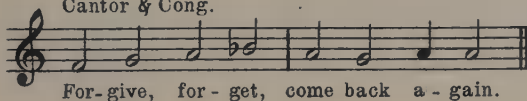
Cantor & Cong.



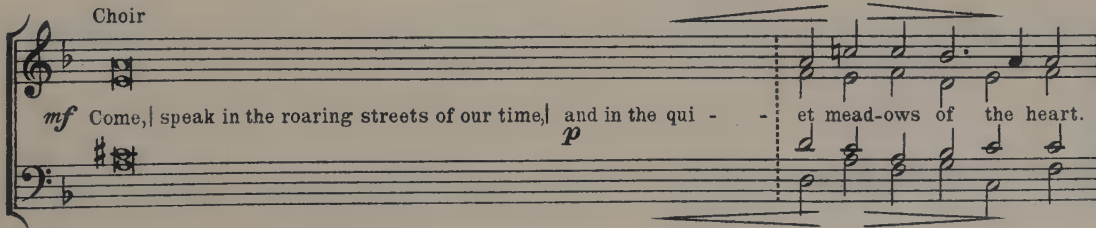
Choir



Cantor & Cong.



Choir



A Baritone Voice Cantor & Cong.

Je-sus Christ, come back! We have cut up the stars and weighed the moon.

Choir

mf We have counted our gains, but we have missed their val - ue.

Cantor & Cong.

We have reined the lightning. We have climbed the clouds. We have watched our minds and know how they beat.

Choir

mf But purpose fails, and a blind under - stand - ing is all our re - ward.

A Baritone Voice Cantor & Cong.

Je-sus Christ, come back! The chil-dren in our crowded streets call for you.

Choir.

mf They wear no may - day crowns.

Cantor & Cong.

Their eyes are hungry. Look how they peak and pine, these, your playmates in our grim dark towns.

Choir

mp From fevered alley and foe - tid lane, they plead with thin arms, "Come, Lord Je - sus, Come!"

A Baritone Voice Cantor & Cong.

Je - sus Christ, come back! The tones of your voice have not yet died a - way.

Choir

mf In spite of false creeds and wizard priests, through craft and rant, the heart of our age still turns to you.

Cantor & Cong.

Touch the sor-cery of our time | and wake us from the vile enchantment | of fear and fool-ish hate.

Choir

mf Come! deliver us from the doom of dead things. Bring life from the grave | where faith lies bound.

A Baritone Voice Cantor & Cong.

Je - sus Christ, come back! Bring dreams and let the dreams come true!

Choir

mf Bring love that knits all hearts in one!

A Baritone Voice Cantor & Cong.

Je - sus Christ, come back! Je - sus Christ, come back!

Choir

mf Let steadfast calm | ensue from our tears, | and join the cordial hands of brother-hood in all our race.

PART IV
Words of Anthems

PART IV

Words of Anthems

I

Words Anon.

Music by Dr Tye (d. 1580)

“MOCK NOT GOD’S NAME”

Mock not God’s name with honours vain, but keep
the holy laws;
Do justice to the friendless poor, and plead the
widow’s cause.
Go, cleanse your hands, ye guilty race, and cease
from deeds of sin;
Learn in your actions to be just, and pure of heart
within.

2

LAY NOT OUR SINS TO OUR CHARGE

Richard Farrant (d. 1580)

We beg of you, our fellow-men, lay not our sins
to our charge, but forgive that is past, and help us
now to amend our selfish lives, to decline from sin
and to incline to virtue, that we may walk with a
perfect heart, and so do right now and evermore.

3

HOLY LAW

Alfred Cloake

Tallis (d. 1585)

Holy Law! sustaining life,
Lift our hearts with love of right.
Binding our wills to thee,
Fulfil thyself in us,
Fulfil our lives in thee.
Strong are we by strength of thine,
In thy peace we seek our peace,
In thy silence lie we down.

A CYCLE OF ANTHEMS (4-10): SAVIOURS

*Words by Stanton Coit. Written for the music of
Palestrina’s “Missa Papæ Marcelli” and
adapted also to the same composer’s “Missa
Brevis,” and Masses by Byrd, di Lasso, Vittoria,
and Lotti.*

4

BE YE REDEEMERS

Music: Kyrie Eleison.

Be ye Redeemers!
If ye redeem not—
None will deliver!

II-E2

5

THE WORLD NEEDS US

Music: Gloria.

*“Ye that weep in sleep, soul and body bound,”
Man shall bring to you bread and wine of life.*

Now at last we know that we ourselves must all be
redeemers.
The world needs us,
No one else will rescue;
Many call to us.
Glorious is our task,
Able are we to fulfil it
And our hearts respond to it gladly.
Pain is transfigured,
Joy is chastened,
Life for each grows divinely great.
We shall rule Nature—
All the universe waits to serve us.
Now we build cities
Firmly founded
Deep in our spirit.
Ye mighty who cause our anguish,
Hear our cry for mercy!
Die to pride—greed and pride must yield to meek-
ness.
All ye who now sit in high places,
Hear our call for justice!
Ye would fain seize all earth’s riches,
Denying brotherhood
And feasting on human lives.
But beware ye!
The day of judgment comes!
In majesty men grow godlike!
Hearken!

6

(a) THE LAW WITHIN

Music: Credo.

“The skies are narrower than thy wings.”

Thou Law hid in our spirit,
That bidst us die to save others!
Unto Thee we commit ourselves!
In Thee is our liberty.

Social Worship

Like Thee, they who follow Thee
 Help and guide us.
 Save for them no man could stand uprightly.
 In them Thou art living,
 And they show us Thy loveliness.
 Good men are blessed, they are true deity.
 Goodness is God, the Good are God's sons;
 Free are they, not servants;
 Equal with the Holy Spirit that gives life to their
 thoughts and deeds.
 For love of their fellow-men,
 Because they seek our salvation,
 They go down in sorrow;
 They gladly suffer grief and anguish of spirit,
 To deliver us from woe.
 They do not seek themselves.

(b) MARTYRS

Music: *Crucifixus*.

Some have welcomed even death for our sake,
 Enduring shame and sorrow, torture and neglect and
 scorn.

They were transfigured, vision enthralled them;
 Their eyes shone with rapture.
 And they still live within us,
 Turning our effort to gladness.
 And theirs shall be increasing power
 Throughout a world to which they gave new hope
 and life and strength.
 They shall ever shine as the noonday.

(c) THE SPIRIT THAT UNITES

Music: *In Spiritum*.

And the Spirit that makes men One in Will,
 We likewise believe in.
 Both from Goodness and Good Men it proceedeth;
 It is equal with these in grace and in power redemp-
 tive,
 And we equally praise it.
 From a nation's soul come world-prophets.
 And we believe in one Fellowship,
 Enduring through all times and in all lands,
 Demanding naught but faith in goodness,
 And the will to render it triumphant,
 Each one finding
 Perfect self-fulfilment in just actions.
 In this is eternal life and joy. Amen.

7

THE GLEAM

Holy, Holy, Holy,
 Light of life, World-that-Ought-to-Be!

Music: *Sanctus*.

186

Thou who dost give to life glory,
 Shine on us ever! Amen.
 All hail, thou Vision Splendid!

8

WHO DOUBTS NOT

Music: *Benedictus*.

He is blessed
 Who doubts not
 The Gleam shall be perfect day.
 All hail, thou Vision Splendid!

9

YE WHO PITY (1)

Music: *Agnus Dei* (1).

Ye who pity,
 Let sighing give way to service.
 Be ye Saviours, Saviours!

10

YE WHO PITY (2)

Music: *Agnus Dei* (2).

Ye who pity,
 Let sighing give way to service.
 You will then be Saviours!

11

"TO LIGHT THAT SHINES"

Samuel Johnson

Palestrina (d. 1594)

To light that shines in stars and souls;
 To law, that rounds the world with calm;
 To love, whose equal triumph rolls
 Through martyr's prayer and prophet's psalm;
 These walls are wed with unseen bands,
 In holier shrines not built with hands.

May purer sacrament be here
 Than ever dwelt in rite or creed;
 Hallowed the hour with vow sincere
 To serve the time's all-pressing need,
 And rear, its heaving seas above,
 Strongholds of freedom, folds of love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led;
 Here living streams in fullness flow;
 And every hungering soul be fed
 That yearns the truer life to know,
 And sow 'mid patient toils and tears,
 For harvests in serener years.

Words of Anthems

12

"THE SOULS OF THE RIGHTEOUS"

Byrd (d. 1623)

The souls of the righteous shall keep us safe from harm, and there shall no torment touch us. In the sight of the unwise, they seem to die, but they bless the world for ever.

13

"A FEIGNED FRIEND"

Byrd

A feigned friend by proof I find to be a greater foe
Than he that with a spiteful mind doth seek my overthrow.

For of the one I can beware, with craft the other breeds my care.

Such men are like the hidden rocks which in the seas do lie,

Against the which each ship that knocks is drownèd suddenly.

No greater fraud, nor more unjust, than false deceit hid under trust.

14

"LET NOT THE SLUGGISH SLEEP"

Byrd

Let not the sluggish sleep close up thy wakening eye,
Until, with judgment deep, thy daily deeds thou try.
He that one sin in conscience keeps when he to quiet goes,

More vent'rous is than he that sleeps with twenty mortal foes.

15

DAVID'S LAMENTATION

Thomas Weelkes (d. early 17th century)

When David heard that Absalom was slain he went up to his chamber over the gate and wept, and thus he said: O my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee!

16

WORK AND LOVE

John Mundy (d. 1630)

Sing ye of human Work and Love a new rejoicing song,

And let the praise of them be heard all men on earth among;

Let nations all be glad in them, there is no greater thing,

For Work is Man's creative joy, and Kindness Lord and King.

17

"O LET ME TREAD IN THE RIGHT PATH"

John Ward (early 17th century)

O let me tread in the right path,

And walk from faith to faith in love,

Observe love's law, and shun hate's wrath,

And forward to all virtue move.

18

THE TRUE CITIZEN

15th Psalm *Dr. Benjamin Rogers* (1614-1698)

Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill?

Ev'n he, that leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.

He that hath used no deceit in his tongue, nor done evil to his neighbour, and hath not slander'd his neighbour.

He that setteth not by himself, but is lowly in his own eyes, and maketh much of them that fear the Lord.

He that hath not giv'n his money upon usury, nor taken reward against the innocent.

Whoso doth these things shall never fall.

19

"WHEN A STRONG MAN"

Brahms (1833-1897)

When a strong man, an armed man, keepeth his palace, his goods are in safety. But yet, if against itself divided, what realm so great, but is wasted? and what house, if divided, falleth not?

20

"SWEET DAY, SO COOL"

George Herbert

C. H. H. Parry

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;

For thou must die.

187

Social Worship

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

21

"THERE ROLLS THE DEEP"

Tennyson

C. H. H. Parry

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.
But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

22

SORROW AND HER SISTER PAIN

C. H. H. Parry

O sweet are Sorrow and her sister Pain,
And dear the troubled discord of their song;
For Love, whose sleep grows heavy soothed too long
By mild prosperity's unbroken strain,
Awakened by their boding cry, is fain
To stretch his slackened pinions doubly strong
Through fear lest Death should do his treasures
wrong,
And his neglected joys untimely wane.

For still we doze away the summer hours,
Until the first red spot is on the leaf.
Ah! then, we cry, the blossom time is brief;
Would these were buds again that now are
flowers!

And as we tread our too fast fading hours,
Love, faint with ease, wins life anew from Grief.

188

23

"O LIVING WILL"

Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow through our deeds, and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one who with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved,
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

24

FEAR NOT DEATH

Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

Will my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in your
deeps and heights?
Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of
your boundless nights,
Rush of suns and roll of systems, and your fiery
clash of meteorites?

Spirit, nearing yon dark portals at the limit of the
human state,
Fear not thou the hidden purpose of the Pow'r which
alone is great,
Nor the myriad world his shadow, nor the silent
Opener of the gate.

25

MEMORIAL SONG

Charles Villiers Stanford

They told me, friend belovèd, they told me you were
dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears
to shed.

I wept, as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down
the sky.

And now that thou art lying, O friend belovèd best,
A handful of grey ashes for evermore at rest,

Words of Anthems

Still are thy works of mercy, thy words of love, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot
take.

26

REST

Christina Rossetti

R. Vaughan Williams

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth.
Lie close around her, leave no room for mirth,
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
Of all that irked her from her hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise,
Darkness more clear than noon-day holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart hath ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity her rest shall not
begin nor end,
But be, and if she wakes and when she wakes she
will not think it long.

27

LOVE'S FULFILLING

Ellen Hunt Jackson

Norman O'Neill

When love is weak
It counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains,
A joy to seek.

When love is strong
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its swift haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

So much we miss
When love is weak, so much we gain
When love is strong; we think no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

28

WAIT THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

C. F. Potter

Norman O'Neill

The tide slips from the harbour's mouth,
The rugged reefs stretch far away,
The tangled grasses lightly sway,
And the faint odour of the south
Comes stealing in across the bay.

The ships, like phantoms, lie asleep;
They wait the turning of the tide,
And, ere the dawn, will safely glide
To the broad bosom of the deep,
Beyond where surfs unceasing chide.

When in our hearts the tide is low,
When blackened reefs of old despair
Rise to our view, we need not care;
The tide returns, at morn we go
To sunlit seas and skies more fair.

29

WE SINAIS CLIMB AND KNOW IT NOT

James Russell Lowell

Norman O'Neill

Not only round our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendours lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives.

Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still cries aloud th' inspiring sea.

30

WOODS IN WINTER

Longfellow

Norman O'Neill

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
Th' embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds in stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Social Worship

Chill air and wintry winds! My ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

31

NATURE AND DEJECTION

Rev. John Keble

Norman O'Neill

I marked a rainbow in the north,
What time the wild autumnal sun
From his dark veil at noon looked forth,
As glorying in his course half-done,
Flinging soft radiance far and wide,
Over the dusky heaven and bleak hillside.

It was a gleam to memory dear,
And as I walk and muse apart,
When all seems faithless round, and drear,
I would revive it in my heart;
And watch how light can find its way
From regions farthest from the fount of day.

Light flashes in the gloomiest sky,
And music in the dullest plain,
For there the lark is soaring high
Over her flat and leafless reign,
And chanting in so blithe a tone,
It shames the heart to feed itself alone.

32

THE HEART'S GLADNESS

Sarah Fuller Adams

Norman O'Neill

Oh! I would sing a song of praise,
Natural as the breeze
That stirs amongst the forest-trees,
Whispering ever,
Weary never,
Summer's prime or wintry days—
So should come my song of praise.

Oh! I would sing a song of praise,
Sweet as breathing flowers
That ope to greet the earlier hours;
Never-ending,
Incense sending
Up, to bless their parent rays—
So should wake my song of praise.

190

Oh! I would sing a song of praise
Holy as the night,
When heav'n comes to us in the light
Of stars, whose gleaming,
Influence streaming,
Draws us upward while we gaze—
So should rise my song of praise.

33

TIME, THE CONSOLER

Charles Mackay

Norman O'Neill

In winter when the trees are bare,
And nights are moonless;
When in the damp and chilling air
The birds are tuneless;
When keen winds rattle on the road
And nip our fingers;
There is a comforter abroad
Who never lingers.
Ever he sings in silent ways—
"The winter closes;
'T is I restore the summer days;—
Time brings the roses."

When summer heats our veins oppress,
And the woods swelter;
When faint with noontide sultriness,
We pine for shelter;
When weary of the daily walk
O'er moor and meadow,
We long for change, for fireside talk,
And the lamp's shadow;
Still sings the soother of our woes—
"To sigh is folly;
The same kind hand that brought the rose
Shall bring the holly."

34

ABOUT BEN ADHEM

Leigh Hunt

C. Kennedy Scott

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,

Words of Anthems

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had
 blessed—
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

35

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE

George Eliot

C. Kennedy Scott

O may I join the Choir invisible
 Of those immortal dead who live again
 In minds made better by their presence: live
 In pulses stirred to generosity,
 In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
 For miserable aims that end with self,
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search
 To vaster issues.
 So to live is heaven.

36

"FEASTING I WATCH"

From the Greek Anthology

Edward Elgar

Feasting I watch with westward-looking eye
 The flashing constellations' pageantry.
 Solemn and splendid; then anon I wreathe
 My hair, and, warbling to my harp, I breathe
 My full heart forth, and know the heavens look
 down
 Pleased, for they also have their Lyre and Crown.

37

JUST ACTIONS CONQUER DEATH

James Shirley

Granville Bantock

(Also to music by C. H. H. Parry)

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:

Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
 Your head must come
 To the cold tomb:
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

38

BIRTH OF THE NEW WORLD

James Russell Lowell

C. Kennedy Scott

Here shall a realm rise,
 Mighty in manhood;
 Justice and mercy
 Here set a stronghold
 Safe without spear.

Weak was the old world,
 Wearily war-fenced;
 Out of its ashes,
 Strong as the morning,
 Springeth the new.

Beauty of promise,
 Promise of beauty,
 Safe in the silence,
 Sleep thou till cometh
 Light to thy lids!

Thee shall awaken
 Flame from the furnace,
 Bath of all brave ones,
 Cleanser of conscience,
 Welder of will.

Social Worship

Lowly shall love thee,
Thee, open-handed,
Stalwart shall shield thee,
Thee, worth their best blood,
Waif of the west!

Then shall come singers,
Singing no swan-song,
Birth-carols rather,
Meet for the man-child
Mighty of bone.

39

THE LIGHT OF CONSCIENCE

John Henry Newman

C. Kennedy Scott

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

40

AT TWILIGHT'S HOLY HOUR

After Goethe

Palestrina (d. 1594)

O'er silent field and lonely lawn
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn;
At twilight's holy heartfelt hour
In man his better soul hath power.

The passions are at rest within,
And still each stormy thought of sin;
The grateful mind with joy doth fill,
With love to man, and peace, goodwill.

41

"TUNE THY MUSIC TO THY HEART"

Dr. Thomas Campion

Dr. Thomas Campion (d. 1619)

Tune thy music to thy heart,
Sing thy joy with thanks, and so thy sorrow:
Though devotion needs not art,
Sometime of the poor the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious ways:
Concord pleaseth more the less 'tis strained;
Zeal affects not outward praise,
Only strives to show a love unfeigned.

Love can wondrous things effect:
Sweetest sacrifice, all wrath appeasing;
Love the highest doth respect;
Love alone to man is ever pleasing.

42

THE JOYS OF SACRIFICE

(From the "Stabat Mater")

Stanton Coit

Giacomo Rossini (1792-1868)

When we die to selfish pleasure,
Then we taste in vaster measure
Of the joys of sacrifice.

43

I WAS AN HUNGERED

Matthew Locke (d. 1677)

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory,
and all the holy angels with him, all the nations shall
be gathered before him, and he shall say unto them
on his right hand: Come, come, ye blessed of my
Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from
the foundation of the world: for I was hungry and
ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me
drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked and
ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in
prison and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him saying:
Lord, when saw we thee an hunger'd and fed thee?
or thirsty and gave thee drink? and took thee in?
and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in
prison, and came unto thee? when, Lord, O when?
And the King shall answer and say unto them:

Words of Anthems

Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Hallelujah.

44

“REJOICE IN THE LAW WITHIN”

Henry Purcell (1658–1695)

Rejoice in the law within, and again I say, rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Law be your guide. For self alone care not, but in ev'rything be true and single-hearted with rejoicing. Let not your deeds cause sorrow to men. And the peace within, which passeth all understanding, will keep your hearts and minds in righteousness and truth.

45

“GIVE THE HUNGRY MAN THY BREAD”

(Opening Chorus of Cantata)

J. S. Bach (1685–1750)

Give the hungry man thy bread, and them that are desolate bring to thy house. If any thou seest naked, so cover him. Hide not thou thyself from thine own flesh. And then shall thy light shine forth as the light of the morning; and thy prosperity spring forth speedily. And as for thy righteousness, it shall go before thee; and the meaning of thy life shall arise within thee.

46

“O LIGHT EVERLASTING”

(Opening Chorus of Cantata)

J. S. Bach

O Light everlasting, O Love never failing, our darkness illumine, and draw us to Thee; may we from Thy Spirit receive inspiration, and grant us, most Highest, Thy temple to be. In Thee may our souls find their peace and salvation.

47

SLEEPERS, WAKE! FOR NIGHT IS FLYING

(Opening Chorus of Cantata)

J. S. Bach

Sleepers, wake! night swift is flying.
The watchmen on thy walls aloud are crying:
Awake, thou city of Jerusalem!

Hear ye now, ere comes the morning,
The midnight call of solemn warning:

Where are ye, O wise virgins, where?
Behold the Bridegroom comes;
Arise and take your lamps.

Alleluia! yourselves prepare;

Your Lord draws near,

He bids you to his marriage feast.

He comes, the Bridegroom comes! and Zion's
daughter shall rejoice;

He hast'neth hither from the mountains, our land
shall hear his voice.

The Bridegroom comes, and, like a roe or a youthful
hart upon the lofty hills,

He treads; your soul with heav'nly food he feeds.

Arise, and linger not! With songs of gladness greet
Him;

Lo! 'tis He! Come ye forth to meet Him.

48

“THE LORD HATH SHEWED STRENGTH”

(From the “Magnificat” in D)

J. S. Bach

The Lord hath shewed strength, and scatter'd
the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

49

THE POWER OF LOVE IS GROWING

Gustav Spiller

J. S. Bach

Years are coming, years are going,
Creeds may change and pass away,
But the power of love is growing
Stronger, surer, day by day.
Be ye as the light of morning,
Like the beauteous dawn unfold,
With your radiant lives adorning
All the world in hues of gold.

Selfish claims will soon no longer
Raise their harsh, discordant sounds,
For the law of love will conquer,
Bursting hatred's narrow bounds;
Human love will spread a glory
Filling men with gladsome mirth,
Songs of joy proclaim the story
Of a fair, transfigured earth.

Social Worship

50

"THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT"

Thomas Campion

J. S. Bach

The man of life upright,
Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds
Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
And terrors of the skies.

51

ENVY

(From the Oratorio "Saul")

Handel (1685-1759)

Envy! eldest born of hell!
Cease in human breasts to dwell.
Ever at all good repining,
Still the happy undermining!
God and man by thee infested,
Thou by God and man detested!
Most thyself thou dost torment,
At once the crime and punishment.
Hide thee in the blackest night;
Virtue sickens at thy sight!
Hence, eldest-born of hell!
Cease in human breast to dwell.

52

"IS THERE A MAN"

(From the Oratorio "Saul")

Handel

Is there a man who all his ways
Directs his God alone to please?
In vain his foes against him move:
Superior pow'r their hate disarms,
He makes them yield to virtue's charms,
And melts their fury down to love.

53

"O FATAL CONSEQUENCE"

(From the Oratorio "Saul")

Handel

O fatal consequence
Of rage: by reason uncontrolled,
With ev'ry law he can dispense;
No ties the furious monster hold:
From crime to crime he blindly goes,
Nor end, but with his own destruction, knows.

54

"LET JUSTICE REIGN"

(From the Oratorio "Susanna")

Handel

Let justice reign and flourish through the land,
Nor youth nor charms divert her righteous hand.

55

GLAD TIDINGS OF GOOD THINGS

(From "The Messiah")

Handel

(a)

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach
the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good
things.

(b)

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their
words unto the ends of the world.

56

"O WHERE SHALL WISDOM BE FOUND?"

From the Book of Job

Dr. Boyce (1710-1779)

O where shall wisdom be found? where, where
is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the
price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the
living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea
saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for
gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price
thereof. No mention shall be made of coral or of
pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.
Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the
place of understanding? Seeing it is hid from the
eyes of all self-seekers. He understandeth the way
thereof, who chooseth the righteous path. For he

Words of Anthems

looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heav'n; to make the weight for the winds; and he weighteth the waters by measure. When he made a decree for the rain and a way for the lightning of the thunder, then did he see it and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out. And unto Man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from the evil is understanding.

57

"MARTYRS, WHO WITH STRENGTH UNFAILING"

Mozart (1756-1791)

Martyrs, who with strength unfailing,
Strove the highest truth to show,
Wrestling in your bitter anguish
To deliver us from woe,
Lift us when our spirits falter,
Strengthen when our hearts grow faint,
Feed us with your own deep passion,
Now and in death's agony.

58

"INCLINE YOUR HEARTS TO US"

Himmel (1765-1814)

Incline your hearts to us, O men, make haste to deliver us.
O save us for your mercies' sake.

59

"MEEK, AS THOU LIVEDST"

Beethoven (1770-1827)

Meek, as thou livedst, hast thou departed: too saintly for lament. No eye can weep for the spirit returning homewards.

60

"THESE TWO SHINE FORTH"

Stanton Coit

Beethoven

These two shine forth with an infinite glory:
The starry sky above our head,
The moral law in the depths of our spirit.
But mark ye well, what they declare:

That Man himself is the master of all things!
The sky is but his canopy;
And his own spirit proclaims the Commandments,
And bids each one: "Go work for man!"

61

"BLEST ARE THE DEPARTED"

Spohr (1784-1859)

Blest are the departed, who to the last were faithful; from henceforth they sleep in peace. They rest from their labours, and their good works follow them.

62

"AS PANTS THE HART"

(From "The Crucifixion")

Spohr (1784-1859)

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

63

"FRET NOT THYSELF BECAUSE OF THE UNGODLY"

Dr. John Camidge (1790-1859)

Fret not thyself because of the ungodly, neither be thou envious against the evil-doers; for they soon shall be cut down like the grass, and be withered even as the green herb. Put thou thy trust in the Right and be doing good: let Goodness be thy God: and He shall give thee thy heart's desire. Commit thy way unto this God and put thy trust in Him: and He shall bring it to pass. He shall make thy righteousness as clear as the light: and thy just dealing as the noonday. Leave off from wrath and let go displeasure: fret not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil.

Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith our God. For the indwelling Power of Goodness is the God that saves. He is also our strength in time of trouble. And this God shall stand by us and save us: He shall deliver us from the ungodly and shall save us because we put our trust in Him.

Social Worship

64

"SLEEPERS, WAKE, A VOICE IS CALLING"

(From "Saint Paul")

Mendelssohn

Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling;
It is the watchman on the walls,
Thou city of Jerusalem.
For lo, the Bridegroom comes!
Arise, and take your lamps. Hallelujah!
Awake! His kingdom is at hand.
Go forth to meet your Lord.

65

"THE NIGHT IS DEPARTING"

(From "The Hymn of Praise")

Mendelssohn

The night is departing. The day is approaching.
Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and
let us gird on the armour of light.

66

THE GOSPEL OF PEACE

(From "St Paul")

Mendelssohn

How lovely are the messengers that preach us
the gospel of peace! To all the nations is gone forth
the sound of their words, throughout all the lands
their glad tidings.

67

"HE THAT SHALL ENDURE"

(From "Elijah")

Mendelssohn

He that shall endure to the end shall be saved.

68

AS THE HART PANTS

(From "42nd Psalm")

Mendelssohn

As the hart pants after the water brooks, so
panteth my soul for thee, O God.

196

69

"HEED THE POOR"

Mendelssohn

Heed the poor, O heed, ye great and proud!
Your eyes to their condition do not blind. They
have a claim; a brother's claim; take heed to them.
They have no bread to eat; let them not starve!

The proud men are shouting, the selfish prevail;
iniquity, hatred on poor men are cast. The wicked
oppress them. Ah, where shall they fly? The poor
are bewildered; ye good, hear them cry!

Their hearts are sorely pained within their
breasts; their souls with deathly terrors are op-
press'd. Trembling and fearfulness upon them fall.
With horror overwhelmed, O hear them call:—

O for the wings, the wings of a dove! Far away,
far away would I rove! In the wilderness build me
a nest, and remain there forever at rest.

70

THE WILDERNESS

Isaiah xxxv.

S. S. Wesley (1810-1876)

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be
glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice, and
blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and
rejoice with joy and singing. Say to them that are of
a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not. Behold, your
God, even God; He will come and save you.

Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the
tongue of the dumb sing.

For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and
streams in the desert.

And a highway shall be there: it shall be called
the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over
it. But the redeemed shall walk there. And the
ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion
with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.
They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and
sighing shall flee away.

71

BLESSED ARE THE RIGHTEOUS

S. S. Wesley

Blessed are they that always keep judgment and
do righteousness.

Words of Anthems

72

"WASH ME THOROUGHLY"

S. S. Wesley

Wash me thoroughly from my wickedness, and forgive me all my sin. For I acknowledge my faults, and my sin is ever before me.

73

EVENING SONG

Schumann (1810-1856)

Now hill and dale are wrapt in silence deep,
The weary world is sinking fast to sleep,
And through the branches rustles the evening breeze.

My heart, may'st thou rest now, with all thy grief.
Heat, rest also thou, rest now,
In slumber find relief.

The ev'ning breeze through the trees sings lullaby,
The day would slumber now,
Rest also thou.

74

"KEEP INNOCENCY"

G. A. Macfarren (1813-1887)

Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

75

GOOD NEWS OF PEACE

(From "The Redemption")

Gounod (1818-1893)

Lovely appear over the mountains the feet of them that preach and bring good news of peace.

Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills, bow ye down. Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession. Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression, in the brightness of joy fade away, and are gone. In this age, truly blest more than ages preceding, shall the corn never fail from the plentiful ground; under the shining sky shall the lambs gaily bound: void of fear, undisturbed, safely shall they be feeding. Then the timorous doves, wheresoever they fly, shall not fear any more the hawk's merciless cry.

76

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN"

(From the "Requiem")

Brahms (1833-1897)

Blessed, blessed are they that mourn, for they shall have comfort. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. Who goeth forth and weepeth and beareth precious seed shall doubtless return with rejoicing, and bring his sheaves with him.

77

"BEHOLD, ALL FLESH IS AS THE GRASS"

(From the "Requiem")

Brahms

Behold, all flesh is as the grass, and all the goodliness of man is as the flower of grass; for lo! the grass with'reth and the flower thereof decayeth. Now therefore be patient, O my brethren, unto the coming of Peace. See how the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early rain and the latter rain. So be ye patient. Albeit the Lord's word endureth for evermore. The redeemed of the Lord shall return again, and come rejoicing unto Zion; gladness, joy everlasting upon their heads shall be; joy and gladness, these shall be their portion, and tears and sighing shall flee from them.

78

"HOW BLESSED ALL WHO THEE OBEY"

(From the "Requiem")

Alfred Cloake

Brahms

How blessed all who thee obey, O Voice within!
For they find an end to all striving in the peace of thy will;
Each day their spirits joyous rise to greet thy living word.
Blest are they, O blest are they who thy commandments heed,
They live in peace, rejoicing, all their days.

79

EVENING AND MORNING

Rev. I. Gregory Smith

H. S. Oakeley

Comes, at times, a stillness as of even,
Steeping the soul in memories of love,
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.

Social Worship

Comes, at length, a sound of many voices,
As when the waves break lightly on the shore;
As when at dawn the feather'd choir rejoices,
Singing aloud, because the night is o'er.

Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,
On the dying breath of evening borne;
Sinks then the trav'ler, faint and weary-hearted.
"Long is the way," it whispers, "and forlorn."

Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,
Borne on the breezes of the rising day,
Saying, "Our love shall make an end of sadness,"
Saying, "The just shall wipe all tears away."

80

"WEEP FOR THE GLORIOUS DEAD!"

(From "The Dream of Jubal")

Joseph Bennett

A. C. Mackenzie

Weep for the glorious dead!
See, with stately march and slow,
While the solemn trumpets blow,
And the tears of thousands flow,
To his grave
We bear the brave!

Weep for the glorious dead!
Hark the cannon's shuddering boom!
Wails the music through the gloom!
Dark the day like day of doom!
To his grave
We bear the brave!

81

INVOCATION TO MUSIC

(From "The Dream of Jubal")

Joseph Bennett

A. C. Mackenzie

O Music, voice inspired of all our joy!
When on us streams the golden light
Of sunny days, no cloud in sight,
And heaven and earth are radiance bright,
Thy noblest powers our grateful hearts employ.

O Music, source of consolation sweet!
When round us fall the shadows drear,
When shrinks the soul in mortal fear,
'Tis light and peace if thee we hear;
Of heavenly rest thou speak'st in accents meet.

198

O Music, highest gift to mortals known!
Upon thy soaring wings we rise,
Above the earth, above the skies,
Till open on our ravished eyes
The splendours of the Everlasting Throne.

82

MYSTERY

(From "A Song of Darkness and Light")

Robert Bridges

C. H. H. Parry

Power eternal, power unknown, uncreate:
Force of force, fate of fate!

Beauty and light are thy seeing,
Wisdom and right thy decreeing,
Life of life is thy being.
In the smile of thine infinite starry gleam,
Without beginning or end,
Measure or number,
In the void of thy formless embrace,
Without foe or friend,
Beyond time and space,
All things pass as a dream
Of thine unbroken slumber.

83

TOIL

(From "A Song of Darkness and Light")

Robert Bridges

C. H. H. Parry

Man, born to toil, in his labour rejoiceth;
His voice is heard in the morn:
He armeth his hand and sallieth forth
To engage with the generous teeming earth,
And drinks from the rocky rills
The laughter of life.

Or else, in crowded cities gathering close,
He traffics morn and eve
In thronging market-halls;
Or within echoing walls
Of busy arsenals
Weldeth the stubborn iron to engines vast;
Or tends the thousand looms
Where, with black smoke o'ercast,
The land mourns in deep glooms

Words of Anthems

Life is toil, and life is good :
There in loving brotherhood
Beateth the nation's heart of fire.
Strife! Strife! The strife is strong!

There battle thought and voice, and spirits con-
spire:
Joys ever dance around the tree of life,
And from the ringing choir
Riseth the praise of God from hearts in tuneful
song.

84

TEARS

(From "*A Song of Darkness and Light*")

Robert Bridges

C. H. H. Parry

Sweet, compassionate tears
Have dimm'd my earthly sight,
Tears of love, the showers wherewith
The eternal morn is bright :
Dews of the heav'nly spheres.
With tears my eyes are wet,
Tears not of vain regret,
Tears of no lost delight,
Dews of the heav'nly spheres
Have dimm'd my earthly sight,
Sweet, compassionate tears.

85

FAITH

(From "*A Song of Darkness and Light*")

Robert Bridges

C. H. H. Parry

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endure :
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
Live thou the life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood run :
In timeless ruin hath thy glory been :
From the forgotten night of loves fordone
Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,
Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love;
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above :
In whom all is, from whom was all begun,
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one.

11-F

86

MARCHING SONG OF PEACE

(From "*War and Peace*")

C. H. H. Parry

Forward through the glimmering darkness, on
beside the untrodden shore
Where no voice hath waked the echo, where no foot
hath paced before;
In our feet a patient boldness, in our hearts a glow-
ing fire,
Forward, brothers, ever forward, to the land of our
desire.

True and pure and loving-hearted, we would hope,
yet suffer long;
Gentle to the frail and failing, firmly set against all
wrong.
None shall linger empty-handed, none shall toil in
dreary grief;
Each shall bear another's burden, give the labour-
ing heart relief.

Forward, brothers! see, the cloudland with the
golden dawn is kissed;
See, the phantom of the ages fades in whirling
wreaths of mist;
None shall fail when all are eager, none shall faint
when all aspire,
Forward, through the golden ages, to the land of
our desire.

87

THE GLORY OF BEAUTY

(From "*The Vision of Life*")

C. H. H. Parry

To us is the glory of beauty revealed,
The glory of all that gladdens the eye;
The beauty of suppleness,
The beauty of speed,
Of liteness of limb and the wondrous fairness of
face.

To us is revealed the wonder of words,
The wonders of thought and the passion of tears.
To us is revealed the delight in great deeds,
The joy in the prowess of peerless men,
The strife of the gods and the heroes.

We wielded the sword and the spear,
The bow we bent in the battle,

199

Social Worship

We drank to the depths the cup of the frenzy of
fight!

We won the welcome triumphant!
The welcome of home-coming warriors,
The shout of the saved to their saviours;
The salt sea stayed us not,
The mountains delayed us not,
Forest and valley betrayed us not.
We won to knowledge and wisdom,
We learnt the lore of the heavens:
We knew the sun that shone for us,
The stars that made gay the sky for us,
The moon whose silvery light
Made wonderful the watches of the night!

To us the gods gave freedom and a radiant world,
Our way was flower-strewn,
Ringing with gladness and song.

88

"THE EMPIRE OF THE PROUD ONES PASSETH"

(From "*The Vision of Life*")

C. H. H. Parry

The Empire of the proud ones passeth;
They strive with one another for the sway,
And their reward is ruin.

We watch them as we wander on,
And it is nought to us!
The world is brooding, and we go stumbling
Through wrecks of ancient learning.
The heavens are full of visions,
The air is full of voices,
And we are faint with longing
To hear the message clearly.

The spirit within us
Striveth and seeketh.
The old life is over,
The new is yet dawning.

89

"HEARKEN, O BROTHERS"

(From "*The Vision of Life*")

C. H. H. Parry

Hearken, O brothers,
To the music of the song of the world!
Hear the hum of earth and air,

200

Feeding the forests;
Hear the bass of mighty trees,
Spreading, unfolding!
Hear the tender song of flowers expanding,
Hear the whisper of the green grass growing,
Hear the rustle of the wheat ripening,
Hear the shout of roustering winds,
Rousing the echoes,
Rousing the thunder
Of wild thronging waves!
Hear the mighty harmony of all the powers unseen,
Orderly, steadfastly, each in their ministry
Ceaselessly singing!
Hear them and love them,
And join in their jubilant song.

90

"WE PRAISE THE MEN OF THE DAYS LONG GONE"

(From "*The Vision of Life*")

C. H. H. Parry

We praise the men of the days long gone,
Faithful and brave, loyal and sure,
Who cleared the path their firmness won,
Making it plain for men unborn and for all time
secure.

We think with love of those who fell,
Lost in the stress, living in vain;
Who knew not light nor wisdom's spell,
Wandering helpless, maimed and blind, condemned
to helpless pain!

Wise ones or worthless,
Helpful or hindering,
Martyrs or cowards,
Heroes or cravens,
All pace the same path,
All face the same death,

Limitless oneness binds us together,
Passing on life from one to another.
Seeking to solve it,
Seeking to know it,
Seeking to make it of worth to each brother.

We sing the quest of the soul of man,
The same that he sang when his travels began,
To purge out the paltry and vain and base,
To make of our world a joyous place,

Words of Anthems

To find the true and to know its worth,
And to claim it for all as the right of their birth.

We sing the joy of winning the way
To fellowship boundless and frank as the sea,
To all goodwill!—to all the light of day!
And hearts that beat high in a world of the free!

91

"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON"

(From "*Beyond These Voices*")

C. H. H. Parry

To everything there is a season, a time to every
purpose under heaven:

A time to be born, a time to die:

A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that
which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal;

A time to weep, a time to laugh, a time to
mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from
embracing;

A time to seek, and a time to lose;

A time to rend, and a time to sew;

A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate;

A time for war, a time for peace.

92

"THERE IS NO FEAR IN LOVE"

(From "*The Love That Casteth Out Fear*")

C. H. H. Parry

There is no fear in love. For perfect love casteth
out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

What is love?

The one thing that availeth.

What is our hope?

That good through love availeth.

What is the comfort of the frail?

That strength of love sustaineth.

What is the wisdom of the simple?

To trust in love that never waneth.

All-conquering love leads nations to great ends,

It bids the children yet unborn take heart,

Its laws sustain mankind,

It spreads the tokens of its mastery

As ocean flows to ocean.

II-F2

And when the doors of the eternal spaces open
wide,

The record runs for all who will to read.

E'en so—'tis love!

93

"THE SPIRIT SHALL BE POURED OUT"

(From "*The Love That Casteth Out Fear*")

C. H. H. Parry

The spirit shall be poured out upon us from on
high. The wilderness shall be as a fruitful field, and
the work of righteousness shall be peace and quiet-
ness and assurance for ever.

A man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind,
and a covert from the tempest, as a river of waters in
a dry place, as a shadow of a great rock in a weary
land.

And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim,
and the ears of them that hear shall hearken.

Who is wise understandeth these things; for
the ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall
walk in them.

94

"HEAR YE THIS, O YE PEOPLE"

(From "*The Soul's Ransom*")

C. H. H. Parry

Hear ye this, O ye people; give ear, all ye inhabit-
ants of the world!

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; My heart shall
muse of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable; I will open my
dark saying upon the harp.

They that trust in their wealth, and boast them-
selves in the multitude of their riches; none of
them can redeem his brother, nor make agree-
ment unto God for him;

That he should live alway and not see corruption.

The fool and brutish shall perish together, and leave
their wealth for others

He shall carry nothing away with him when he
dieth, neither shall his pomp follow him.

Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is
like the beasts that perish.

We look for light, but behold darkness; for bright-
ness, but behold obscurity.

201

Social Worship

We grope for the wall like the blind: yea, we grope
as they that have no eyes.
We stumble at noon-day as in the twilight, among
those that are lusty we are as dead men.

95

"WHY ARE YE SO FEARFUL"

(From "*The Soul's Ransom*")

C. H. H. Parry

Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?
Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of
heaven.
It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth
nothing.
Blessed are ye that hunger, for ye shall be filled.
Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word
that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.
Blessed are ye, when men revile you and persecute
you, for great is your reward in heaven.
It is the spirit that beareth witness because the
spirit is truth.
God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must
worship Him in spirit and in truth.

96

"SEE NOW, YE THAT LOVE THE LIGHT"

(From "*The Soul's Ransom*")

C. H. H. Parry

See now, ye that love the light,
Ye shall not in darkness stray.
See now, ye that look for the right,
Ye shall not faint by the way.
Truth will not die,
In every soul of man it lives;
The Spirit cannot lie!
To each and all the choice it gives.
To rate the tempting world aright
And to esteem it light;
To ward the ransomed soul from stain,
And make it worthy to attain
To flawless harmony, divinely pure,
With that which was, and is, and shall for evermore
endure.

202

97

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(From "*Voces Clamantium*")

C. H. H. Parry

(a)

Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a
trumpet. Keep silence before me, O islands, and
let the people renew their strength. Let them come
near, then let them speak: Let them come near to
judgment.

(b)

The noise of a multitude in the mountains like
as of a great people. The noise of a tumult of the
nations gathered together. They come from the
uttermost parts of the heaven. Therefore shall all
hands be feeble, and every heart of man shall melt,
and they shall be dismayed. For the stars of heaven
and the constellations thereof shall not give their
light; the sun shall be darkened in his going forth,
and the moon shall not cause her light to shine.
Ah! the uproar of many people; which roar like the
roaring of the seas; and the rushing of the nations,
that rush like the rushing of mighty waters.

98

A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH

(From "*Voces Clamantium*")

C. H. H. Parry

I will create a new heaven and a new earth: and
the voice of weeping shall be heard therein no
more, nor the voice of crying.
But an highway shall be there, and it shall be
called the Way of Holiness.
And the redeemed shall walk there, and ever-
lasting joy shall be upon their heads, and sorrow
and sighing shall flee away.

98a

JUST ACTIONS CONQUER DEATH.

James Shirley

C. H. H. Parry

(For words of this Cantata see Anthem No. 37.)

Words of Anthems

99

"COME, LOVELY AND SOOTHING DEATH"

(From *Elegiac Ode*)

Walt Whitman

Charles Villiers Stanford

Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
marvellous;
And for love, sweet love—But praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
Death.

100

"OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALLEN"

Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed,
The little seed they laughed at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears: they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor
knew

There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shattered to the shoulder-blade.

Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breath
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power: and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

101

"LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN"

(From "*Ave atque vale*.")

Ecclesiasticus

Charles Villiers Stanford

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers
that begat us. Such as did bear rule in their king-
doms, and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding. Such as have
brought tidings in prophecies; leaders of the people
by their counsels, wise were their words in their
instruction. Such as sought out musical tunes, and
set forth verses in writing; all these were honoured
in their generations, and were a glory in their days.
There be of them that have left a name behind
them to declare their praises; men of mercy whose
deeds are not forgotten, whose righteous deeds have
not been forgotten: their seed standeth fast, and
their children for their sakes. Their bodies are
buried in peace; but their name liveth to all
generations: their seed remaineth for ever, and their
children for their sakes. Peoples will declare their
wisdom and the congregation telleth out their
praise.

102

"THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS UPON ME"

(From "*The Apostles*")

Edward Elgar

The spirit of the Lord is upon me,—
Because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel
to the poor:
He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted,
To preach deliverance to the captives—
And recover'ing of sight to the blind,—
To preach the acceptable year of the Lord;—
To give unto them that mourn a garland for
ashes,—
The oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise
for the spirit of heaviness;
That they might be called trees of righteous-
ness,—
The planting of the Lord, that he might be glori-
fied.
For as the earth bringeth forth her bud,
And as the garden causeth the things that are sown
in it to spring forth;
So the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise
to spring forth before all the nations.

203

Social Worship

103

BY THE WAYSIDE

(From "The Apostles")

Edward Elgar

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

He setteth the poor on high from affliction.

He poureth contempt upon princes.

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

The Lord shall give them rest from their sorrow,
And will comfort them.

Weeping may endure for a night,
But joy cometh in the morning.

Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.
In the Lord,

The meek also shall increase their joy,

And the poor among men shall rejoice,

In the Holy One of Israel.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness;

For they shall be filled.

Mercy and truth are met together;

Righteousness and peace have kiss'd each other.

Sow—to yourselves in righteousness.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.
Reap in mercy.

He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he:

The poor is hated even of his own neighbour;

The rich hath many friends.

Draw out thy soul to the hungry,

And satisfy th' afflicted soul;

Then shall thy light rise in obscurity.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.
Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil.

Blessed are the undefiled.

Who can say, I have made my heart clean?

The stars are not pure in His sight.

How much less man.

Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

The work of righteousness shall be peace.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake;

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven!

204

Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven:

For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Blessed are they which have been sorrowful for all Thy scourges,

For they shall rejoice for Thee, when they have seen all Thy glory.

And shall be glad for ever.

104

"PEACE, GENTLE PEACE"

(From the "Coronation Ode")

Arthur Christopher Benson

Edward Elgar

105

"WE ARE THE MUSIC MAKERS"

(Excerpts from "The Music Makers")

Arthur O'Shaughnessy

Edward Elgar

We are the music makers,

And we are the dreamers of dreams,

Wandering by lone sea-breakers,

And sitting by desolate streams;—

World-losers and world-forsakers,

On whom the pale moon gleams:

Yet we are the movers and shakers

Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties

We build up the world's great cities,

And out of a fabulous story,

We fashion an empire's glory:

One man with a dream, at pleasure,

Shall go forth and conquer a crown;

And three with a new song's measure

Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying

In the buried past of the earth,

Built Nineveh with our sighing,

And Babel itself in our mirth;

And o'erthrew them with prophesying

To the old of the new world's worth;

For each age is a dream that is dying,

Or one that is coming to birth.

Words of Anthems

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming,
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising;
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going,
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling,
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted,
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

We, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing:
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before:
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

106

SONG OF LIBERTY

Helen E. Bantock

Rutland Boughton

Now is the time, my brothers,
To sing a battle song,
To shame the cowards in the fight,
The loiterers in the throng.

Now serried close our ranks must march,
High held our heads and free,
To fight the fight or die the death
For dearest Liberty.

We want no laggards in the rear,
No waverers along,
For the race is to the swift,
And the battle to the strong.

Had we not pleasant hours,
Was not sweet dalliance ours,
And joy of morning prime?
Light fancies delicate
Veiled from us Time and fate,
Unheard the march of Time.

Such lovely hope, such high visions of
destiny,
Hid all the common lot,
The weary ev'ry day, the dull and dusty
way,
The chain of circumstance.

But some who marked the roll
From brooding pole to pole,
Of mighty suns and spheres,
Know that the avatar of soul
As well as star
Is wrought of fires and tears.

So runs on hist'ry's page
The tale from age to age
Of wild incessant war.
For life, for land, for creed,
Men made each other bleed.
This is the changeless law.

Think you those days are past,
And that with peace at last
Man's golden age is crowned?
Has no high glory waned?
Is not fair honour stained?
Are still no pris'ners bound?

Social Worship

Unutterably wise,
Man's weary spirit lies
Looking across the years,
Heedless of hours that creep,
He murmurs, Let me sleep;
Let me forget my fears.

I lived, I loved, I fought,
I suffered long, I thought
Thro' ages yet untold.
I tore from Faith her wings,
I pierced the heart of things,
And now my blood runs cold.

Close up high wisdom's page,
Let the vain nations rage,
The same end endeth all.
Live foolishly, be wise,
As from the dust we rise,
So to the dust we fall.

Mind-dust and star-dust flee
In motion ceaselessly,
From earth to heav'n we sweep,
Yet do we never know
Whence come we, where we go,
So blindly heaves the deep.

Why vex we thus the soul
With striving or control,
Since all that is must be?
Lightly the atoms dance,
Lightly we sing, perchance,
Love-song or Litany.

Only in darker days
The sick pain grows and stays,
The dreadful moments whirl.
We have broken playthings fine,
We have drain'd our life like wine,
And in it lost the pearl.

Weary of beast-like strife,
Weary of watching life
To endless darkness leap.
I lived, I loved, I wrought
Man's majesty of thought.
Now weary, I would sleep.

Then now is the time, my brothers,
To lift a battle song,
To rouse the dreamers from their sleep,
For they have dreamed too long.

To broken idols of the past
In fear no more we bow;
Out on the mountains, pioneers,
And climb the mountain brow.

Cut clear the paths, sail seas unknown,
Shape life afresh, anew,
For the dead have ruled the past,
But the future is for you.

We pray not for a guerdon,
Of hardier stuff are we.
We fight the fight,
We sing the song of glorious liberty.

We mould the thoughts, we mould the thews
Of nations yet unborn.
And marching thro' the watches long,
We sing unto the morn.

And what if unceasing systems whirl,
And great kingdoms come and go?
We plough the furrows of the deep,
The living seed we sow.

The world is waxing weary
Of all its weight of wrong.
Too long has Freedom in its marts
Been bought and sold—too long!

Down with the Mammon idols,
Down with the greedy lust of land,
Let wars unrighteous cease,
Let Freedom reign from strand to strand.

Fear not, tho' temples fall,
For life unfolds in endless awe,
And if the soul of man be Love,
The soul of Love is Law.

We wond'ring look from stone to star,
From soul to sun we scan
The vast horizons of the world,
With larger life than man.

Shall we not learn to shape like them
A larger life, a hope
Shining beyond our narrow term,
Our individual scope?

New worlds are ours to make,
The old worlds slowly wax and wane
A purer faith in Man shall see
Man new soul-heights attain.

Words of Anthems

107

"HE IN TEARS THAT SOWETH"

(From "*A Song of Victory*")

Hiller

He in tears that soweth reapeth a joyful harvest.
He who now goeth weeping, good seed and precious
bearing, returneth with gladness, rich sheaves and
plenteous bringing.

108

MAN, THE WONDERFUL

From the Greek of Sophocles

Wonders in Nature we see and scan,
But the chief of them all is Man:
O'er the awful abyss of the deep,
He fearlessly dares to sweep;
And through its terrible stormy spray
He shapes his trackless way.
Tellus conforms to his desires,
Yields him her treasures abundant, and never tires.
Yoking his plough to the steer,
He from year to year
Makes the barren soil redundant.

Feather-clad creatures that flutter in space,
All the wandering woodland race,
All that glide in the billowy tide,
He entices, entoids, and ensnares
In woven meshes his hand prepares:
By skill he works his will.
O'er hills and wilds he tracks his game,
Renders the savage creature tame.
See the steed with the long flowing mane,
He rides him!
See the stubborn bull,
He guides him!

And the word that embodies the thought,
To the child by the parent is taught.
The politic laws he indites,
With the hand-guided feather he writes.
When Jove hurls the storm
He is sheltered and warm.
By the past he beholds
What the undrawn veil of Time enfolds!

Death lays him low;
To the grave he must go.
When death assails him,
Pain-healing knowledge fails him.

He is versed in the arts; he designs,
He skilfully plans and combines.
He leans now to good, then to evil draws;
Loves his country, bows to her laws.
Who fears the vow sworn to heav'n,
Honour be giv'n!
Cursed be the man, may he never smile,
Who dares to protect the vile:
Never shall my hearth or banquet cheer him;
Never may his country's councils hear him!

109

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON"

137th Psalm

Franz Liszt (1811-1886)

By the waters of Babylon there we sat down and
wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion.

Yea, we hanged our harps upon the willows in
the midst thereof.

For there they bade us sing, yea, they that led
us captive asked for melody in our heaviness.

"The Songs of Zion, sing us once again!"

O how shall we give forth the Lord's song all in a
strange land?

Jerusalem! if I forget thee then let my right
hand lose her cunning!

Jerusalem! Let my tongue wither if I forget
thee.

110

"WOE TO THE SHEPHERDS"

(From "*The Light of Life*")

Rev. E. Capel-Cure

Edward Elgar

Woe to the shepherds of the flock!

Ye have not healed that which was sick;

Ye have not sought that which was lost.

Therefore, ye shepherds, hear ye the word of the
Lord:

I will require my flock at your hands,

I will seek out my sheep,

And deliver them out of all places

Where they have been scattered in the cloudy and
dark day.

I will feed them in a good pasture,

I will seek that which was lost,

And bring again that which was driven away.

Social Worship

111

COMRADESHIP

(From "*War and Peace*")

C. H. H. Parry

Be strong, be strong,
Brothers, for the strife is long!
Cast self and ease aside
And, with a noble pride,
Endure, with high heroic soul,
Though high the battle thunders roll.
In yon dim land
From wave-beat strand to strand,
The dark groups gather and wheel,
The hilltops bristle with foes,
Silent, from rock to rock they steal.
Leap, from the bastion leap;
Over the valley sweep!
Flash from the top of the wind-swept down
A message of hope for the waiting town!
Great be your strength, for the fight is long,
Only be strong!

Day fades to night
And darkness pales to light;
Haste not nor linger—but be strong,
Oh brothers, for the fight is long!
To those who live, we give the glorious meed of
praise;
To those who die, we give the sacred meed of tears.

112

HOLY NIGHT

Longfellow

C. Kennedy Scott

I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls;
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm majestic presence of the night,
As of the one I love.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before;
Thou lay'st thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

208

113

"MOST BEAUTIFUL APPEAR"

(From "*The Creation*")

Haydn (1732-1809)

Most beautiful appear, with freshest verdure clad,
The gently sloping hills.
From out their hidden springs, in bubbling crystal
streams,
Refreshing brooklets flow.
In lofty circles soar, and hover in the sky
The happy flock of birds.
The gleam upon their wings, in ever-changing hues,
Reflects the golden sunlight rays.
And through the water, glitt'ring bright,
The busy fish swim here and there in countless
shoals.
From lowest ocean bed rises Leviathan,
And lashes the waves to foam.
How many are thy joys, O earth!
Who may their numbers tell?

114

"O COME, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH"

(From "*Elijah*")

Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

O come, every one that thirsteth, O come to the
waters: come unto them. O hear, and your souls
shall live for ever.

115

THE GLORIES OF PEACE

(From "*War and Peace*")

C. H. H. Parry

Sing the glories of peace,
Of peace and homely life;
Sing the joys of happy labour,
The joys of fruitful toil.

The lands that yield their rich increase,
Where peasants lean upon the plough;
The fresh sweet scent of the new-turned earth,
The steady plod of the team;
The breeze that lingers through long leagues of
wheat,
The merry clink of the wain;

Words of Anthems

The sun that sinks into the golden west,
The children's voices calling, calling.
The bells that ring the wanderers home,
The sacred spots where rest the loved ones passed-
away.

Wider and wider still, toil, sacred toil!
The student reading the secret of stars and suns,
Tracking and baffling the powers of disease and
death,
Binding the powers of the sky to serve mankind.
Knowledge springing a gracious flower,
Wisdom guiding a nation's heart,
Love and pity consoling grief.

Far, far off is the beacon that guides
The soul of man to its far-off goal,
The time when nations shall strive no more,
The time when hearts shall be turned to love.

These are thy triumphs,
These are thy glories,
Oh Peace!

116

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS"

Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean:
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Fresh as the first beam glitt'ring on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh the days that are no more.
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears,
When unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimm'ring square.
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd on lips
that are for others;
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O death in life—the days that are no more.

117

"COME, EVER SMILING LIBERTY"

(From "*Judas Maccabaeus*")

Handel (1685-1759)

Come, ever smiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund train;
For thee we pant and sigh,
With whom eternal pleasures reign.

118

"O LOVELY PEACE"

(From "*Judas Maccabaeus*")

Handel

O lovely Peace, with plenty crown'd,
Come, spread thy blessings all around,
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn.

119

"O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?"

(From "*The Messiah*")

Handel

O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, where is thy victory?
The sting of death is sin,
And the strength of sin is the law.

120

"AND WHO IS HE THAT WILL HARM YOU"

Sterndale Bennett (1816-1875)

And who is he that will harm you if ye be fol-
lowers of that which is good? But and if ye suffer
for righteousness' sake, happy are ye, and be not
afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.

121

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS"

Sterndale Bennett

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt
find it after many days.

Social Worship

122

"IN LIFE IF LOVE WE KNOW NOT"

Carl Reinecke

In life if love we know not,
'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not;
In life if faith abound not,
'Tis as vines where grapes are found not:
If then of all fate bereave thee,
These two beware it leave thee.

123

"EAT THE FRUIT, BUT GIVE THE SEED"

Carl Reinecke

Eat the fruit, but give the seed
Back to the earth to cherish,
That therefrom a tree may flourish,
Whence thou mayst gather fruit at thy need.

124

"WOE TO HIM THAT, WHEN LIFE DOTH CLOSE"

Carl Reinecke

Woe to him that, when life doth close,
Shall not to any one his love have shewn;
And woe to the goblet which to pieces goes,
Yet not a thirsty one relief has known.

125

"LOOK UPWARD"

Carl Reinecke

Look upward, when thy mind on earth's confusion
ponders,
And mark the steadfast stars; not one from duty
wanders.
Alternate, each to other, see, both sun and moon
give way;
Too narrow else were the sky for two such orbs as
they.

126

"WHERE'ER WE STRAY"

César Franck

Where'er we stray, stern Fate enthralls us
And Evil reigns;
Darkly brooding Destiny appals us,
Mocking our pains.

210

Each imprisoned soul its wings unfolding
Would soar on high;
Heavy chains of sin its flight withholding,
We sink and die.
Yet since a chaste desire, a sacred flame still burning
Illumines our night,
Cheering the soul to wisdom returning,
Shedding its light,
Purity! Holiness! and Justice!
Unveil thy face;
Hear us, we pray! Vice for its service
Demands our race.
Ah! come, Truth! to our pleading now hearken,
Hide not thy ray!
With thy light dispel the clouds which darken
True Wisdom's day!
Come! Ah! Come!

127

"HE HATH SHOWED US WHAT IS GOOD"

(From "The Love that Casteth out Fear")

C. H. H. Parry

He hath showed us what is good. He is merciful
and gracious, long suffering, abundant in mercy
and truth. Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving
iniquity and transgression.

And what doth He require of us? But to deal
justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly.

He that doeth these things shall never fall.

128

"WITH VERDURE CLAD"

(From "The Creation")

Haydn (1732-1809)

With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delightful to the ravish'd sight;
With flowers sweet and gay,
The charming landscape is bedeck'd.
Here fragrant herbs outpour their scent,
Here springs the healing plant.
The rip'ning fruit weighs down the laden boughs;
The myrtle groves give shadow from the heat;
The mountain's brow is crown'd with stately pines.

Words of Anthems

129

"IN WAYS OF BEAUTY AND PEACE"

(From "*A Song of Darkness and Light*")

Robert Bridges

C. H. H. Parry

In ways of beauty and peace
Fair desire, companion of man,
Leadeth the children of earth.

As when the storm doth cease,
The loving sun the clouds dispelleth,
And woodland walks are sweet in spring;
The birds they merrily sing,
And every flower-bud swelleth.
Or where blue heav'ns o'erspan
The lonely downs
When summer is high:
Below their breezy crowns
And grassy steep
Spreadeth the infinite smile of the sunlit sea:
Whereon the white ships swim,
And steal to havens far
Across the horizon dim,
Or lie becalmed upon the windless deep,
Like thoughts of beauty and peace,
When the storm doth cease,
And fair desire, companion of man,
Leadeth the children of earth.

130

"ONCE WHILE THE ROAR OF POWER"

(From "*The Vision of Life*")

C. H. H. Parry

Once while the roar of power triumphant rang,
A single voice, from lands remote and wild,
From humble cot of lowly peasant folk
Spoke to the travellers as they toiled along
Such words as held men wondering.
Such bidding to bethink them of their need,
Such teaching of the nothingness of pride
Beside the joy of faithful brotherhood,
That ever after all the path was changed.
A heaven dawned upon their way,
Far off, and dimly dreamed
Encircled with a halo of desire;
And they forgot the roughness of the road,
The weary limbs, the parched throat,
The blows, the scars, the tears,
In watching far away a beacon in the sky.

131

"YET SHINES THE LIFE-SUSTAINING SUN"

(From "*The Vision of Life*")

C. H. H. Parry

Yet shines the life-sustaining Sun!
The countless stars in their allotted courses move:
Day follows night with changeless constancy:
The world its circling course fulfils,
And while the ages wander by
The weltering tumult winds its helpless way,
From out the deeps of darkness and despair
Into the light of dawn.
The weary faces brighten as they fare;
The words we know and welcome as our own,
That tell of radiant youth that revels in itself,
And looks on life with eyes of wondering joy,
With hands outstretched to grasp the cup and drain
it,
Tumultuous, eager, thronging on their way,
They take, and turn to joy,
All that the wakening world can give.

132

"NONE WILL BE DREAMING ALONE"

(From "*The Vision of Life*")

C. H. H. Parry

None will be dreaming alone,
Nor hungering vainly for comfort!
See in the infinite distance
Where the unbroken flood moves on,
How hope and helpfulness unwearied
Make all the path a radiant mead;
And brother sees in the eyes of brother
The trust that makes toil's best reward.
They hold out hands to help the faint,
To make the stumbling footsteps sure;
They sing the song of spirits freed
From pride and fear and barren greed;
They sing the song of spirits undaunted,
Of spirits purged of earthly stain,
The everlasting song of the will made plain.

133

"HO! EVERYONE THAT THIRSTETH"

(From "*Beyond These Voices*")

C. H. H. Parry

Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth, come ye to the
waters. Come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine

211

Social Worship

and milk, without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not?

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto our God, and he will abundantly pardon. And ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. It shall be for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

134

A SONG OF WISDOM

Ecclesiasticus xxiv

Charles Villiers Stanford

I came forth from the mouth of the Most High, and covered the earth as a mist; I dwelt in high places, and my throne is in the pillar of the cloud. Alone I compassed the circuit of heaven, and walked in the depth of the abyss, in the waves of the sea, and in all the earth, and in every people and nation I got a possession; with all these I sought rest. And I took root in a people that was glorified, in the portion of the Lord's own inheritance. I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cypress on the mountains of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm-tree on the seashore, and as a fair olive tree in the plain. And my branches are branches of glory and grace, and my flowers are the fruit of glory and riches. Come unto me, ye that are desirous of me, and be ye filled with my fruits. And I came out as a stream from a river; I said: I will water my garden, and will water abundantly my garden bed. And lo, my stream became a river, and my river became a sea. For my thoughts are filled from the sea and my counsels from the great deep. I came forth from the mouth of the Most High, and my throne is the pillar of the cloud.

135

"FLY, MESSENGER, FLY!"

Edward Carpenter

Rutland Boughton

Fly, messenger, through the streets of the cities,
Ankle-plumed Mercury, fly!
Swift sinewy runner with arm held up on high!
Naked along the wind, thy beautiful feet
Glancing over the mountains, under the sun,

212

By meadows and watersides—into the great towns
like a devouring flame,
Through slums and vapours and dismal suburban
streets,
With startling of innumerable eyes—
Fly, messenger, fly!

Joy, joy, the glad news!
For he whom we wait is risen!
He is descended among his children—
He is come to dwell on the earth!

136

"STANDING BEYOND TIME"

Edward Carpenter

Rutland Boughton

Standing beyond Time,
As the earth to the bodies of all men gives footing
and free passage,
Yet draws them to itself with final overmastering
force,
And is their bodies—
So I their souls.

I am the ground of thy soul;
And I am that which draws thee unbeknown—
Veiled Eros, visitor of thy long night-time;
And I that give thee form from an-
cient ages,
Thine own—yet in due time to return
to me
Standing beyond Time.

137

NATURE AND LOVE

Rev. John Keble

Norman O'Neill

The clouds that wrap the setting sun
When autumn's softest gleams are ending,
Where all bright hues together run
In sweet confusion blending:
Why, as we watch their floating wreath,
Seem they the breath of life to breathe?
To fancy's eye their motions prove
They mantle round the sun for love.

When up some woodland dale we catch
The many-twinkling smile of ocean,
Or with pleased ear bewildered watch
His chime of restless motion;

Words of Anthems

Still as the surging waves retire
They seem to gasp with strong desire—
Such signs of love old ocean gives,
We cannot choose but think he lives.

138

"HE HATH FILLED THE HUNGRY"

(From "*Magnificat*" in *D*)

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

He hath filled the hungry with good things, and
the rich hath sent empty away.

139

"O LIBERTY, THOU CHOICEST TREASURE"

(From "*Judas Maccabaeus*")

Handel (1685-1759)

O Liberty, thou choicest treasure,
Seat of virtue, source of pleasure;
Life without thee knows no blessing,
No endearment worth caressing.

140

"WILL MY TINY SPARK"

Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

(For words of this, see Anthem No. 24.)

141

TO THE SOUL

Walt Whitman

Charles Villiers Stanford

Darest thou now, O Soul,
Walk out with me towards the Unknown Region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to
follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are
in that land.

I know it not, O Soul;
Nor dost thou—all is a blank before us;
All waits, undream'd of, in that region, that inac-
cessible land

Till, when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds
bound us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O Soul, prepared for them;
Equal equipt at last (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to
fulfil, O Soul!

142

TEARS

Walt Whitman

Charles Villiers Stanford

Tears! tears! tears!
In the night, in solitude, tears;
On the white shore dripping, dripping, suck'd in by
the sand;
Tears, not a star shining, all dark and desolate;
Moist tears from the eyes of a muffled head;
O who is that ghost? that form in the dark, with
tears?
What shapeless lump is that, bent, crouch'd there
on the sand?
Streaming tears, sobbing tears, throes, choked with
wild cries!
O storm, embodied, rising, careering, with swift
steps along the beach!
O wild and dismal night storm, with wind! O howl-
ing and desperate!
O shade, so sedate and decorous by day, with calm
countenance and steady pace;
But away, at night, as you fly, none looking—
O then, the unloosen'd ocean
Of tears! tears! tears!

142a

THE UNUTTERABLE

Helen E. Bantock

Granville Bantock

I am all that hath been, is, and shall be,
And my veil hath no mortal yet uncovered.
I was yesterday, and I know the morrow,
I am the lonely one, the ever silent,
Sleeping upon the heaven's endless ocean.
I am Death and Birth, the night and morning,
Unfathomed mystery surrounds me.
From the beginning was my being;
Mightier than speech, my voice is silence!

Social Worship

143

WOMAN'S SONG OF CREATION

Christina Walshe

Rutland Boughton

Woman, in whose hands the destiny of men is
shapen,

A new earth arises for us.

Come let us take it, and shape it;

Let us mould it to a pattern of infinite beauty and
joy.

The spring is here—

The Hour of Woman is here!

The young earth clothes herself in green and
yellow,

And Woman with deft fingers shall remake the
world.

The tender ewes fill the fields with soft lambs—

So, Woman, in this new Creation,

Shall fill the world with the children of divine
inspiration.

For many years with great and painful travail has
she laboured;

But now come the children of her desire!

As the birds fill the air with murmuring twitter

And full-throated trilling,

So I with my song of rejoicing will fill the world.

144

THE DEAD CHRIST

Edward Carpenter

Rutland Boughton

Once more the dead Christ lies—borne down the
ages,

O precious head still fragrant with the box of oint-
ment broken.

O feet for kisses,

Thin shrunken knees, and hands yet worn with toil,

Dear Mother bending over, breathing clouds of
love and pity!

Ah! the cruel fate!

Sweet lips she suckled, hands that pressed so small

Against her breasts—pierced now with shameful
wounds!

The dead-pale face so gentle, the dear god she
brought forth on the Earth!

O people crucified in every land,

Mothers in all the earth weeping your sons!

Sisters and lovers kissing the feet of love,

Poor wayworn feet, gross toil-disfigured hands,

So loved, so loved!

Once more the dead Christ lies—borne down the
ages.

214

145

"HE HATH PUT DOWN THE MIGHTY"

(From "*Magnificat*" in *D*)

J. S. Bach (1685-1750)

He hath put down the mighty from their
thrones, and hath exalted them of low degree.

146

"SOUND AN ALARM"

(From "*Judas Maccabæus*")

Handel (1685-1759)

Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets sound,

And call the brave, and only brave around.

Who listeth, follow: To the field again;

Justice with courage is a thousand men.

147

"FROM CITIES STORM'D"

(From "*Saul*")

Handel

From cities storm'd, and battles won,

What glory can accrue;

By this the hero best is known,

He can himself subdue.

Wisest and greatest of his kind,

Who can in reason's fetters bind

The madness of his angry mind!

148

"BE THOU FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH"

(From "*Saint Paul*")

Mendelssohn (1809-1847)

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give to
thee a crown of life. Be not afraid. My help is nigh.

149

ART

(From "*A Song of Darkness and Light*")

Robert Bridges

C. H. H. Parry

Hark! What spirit doth entreat

The love-obedient air?

All the pomp of his delight

Revels on the ravisht night,

Words of Anthems

Wandering wilful, soaring fair:
There! 'Tis there, 'tis there.
Like a flower of primal fire
Late redeem'd by man's desire.

Away, on wings away,
My spirit far hath flown,
To a land of love and peace,
Of beauty unknown.
The world that earth-born man,
By evil undismay'd,
Out of the breath of God
Hath for his heaven made.

Where all his dreams soe'er
Of holy things and fair
In splendour are upgrown,
Which thro' the toilsome years
Martyrs and faithful seers
And poets with holy tears
Of hope have sown.

There, beyond power of ill,
In joy and blessing crown'd,
Christ with His lamp of truth
Sitteth upon the hill
Of everlasting youth,
And calls His saints around.

150

PEACE

(From "*War and Peace*")

C. H. H. Parry

After tumult rest,
After tempest calm,
Earth like a weary child is gently pressed
In the enfolding arm.

Where the battle roared
Round the trenched height,
Steals a dewy fragrance, softly poured
From the lips of Night.

Creeps the gathering rust
O'er the broken gun,
Fort and bastion crumble into dust
Now their task is done.

Sleeps the silent glade,
Sleeps the lowlit wood,
Nature's healing hands are softly laid
On the fields of blood.

Hushed the sounds of war,
Earth may rest awhile,
Rest in loving patience, wearied sore,
Sleep, and sleeping smile.

150a

FOR LO! THE WINTER IS PAST

(From "*The Rose of Sharon*")

Song of Solomon

A. C. Mackenzie

Rise up, rise up, my love,
My fair one, and come away,
For lo! the winter is past;
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land,
The young shoots of the fig-tree are beginning to
 redden,
And sweet are the blossoming vines,
For lo! the winter is past.

151

"ARM, ARM, YE BRAVE"

(From "*Judas Maccabæus*")

Handel (1685-1759)

Arm, arm, ye brave, a noble cause,
The cause of Man your zeal demands.
In defence of your nation, religion, and laws,
The Power of the Righteous will strengthen your
 hands.

152

"ROLLING IN FOAMING BILLOWS"

(From "*The Creation*")

Haydn (1732-1809)

Rolling in foaming billows uplifted roars the bois-
 t'rous sea.
Hillocks and cliffs are appearing,
The mountain peaks to heav'n ascend.
Along the far-spread plain,
The broad'ning river flows with many windings.
Softly purling, glides along,
Thro' quiet dell, the limpid brook.

Social Worship

153

"ONE THING BEFALLETH THE BEASTS"

Ecclesiasticus iii.

Brahms

One thing befalleth the beasts and the sons of men; the beast must die, the man dieth also, you both must die; to beast and man one breath is given, and the man is not above the beast; for all things are but vanity. They all go to one place, for they are all of the dust, and to dust they return. Who knoweth if a man's spirit goeth upwards? And who knoweth if the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth? Therefore I perceive there is no better thing than for a man to rejoice in his works, for that is his portion. For who shall ever show him what shall happen after him?

154

THE OPPRESSIONS DONE BENEATH THE SUN

Ecclesiasticus iv.

Brahms

So I return'd and did consider all the oppressions done beneath the sun. And there was weeping and wailing from those that were oppressed and had no comfort; for with their oppressors there was power, so that no one came to comfort them. Then I did praise the dead which are already dead, yea, more than the living which linger still in life; yea, he that is not is better than dead and living; for he doth not know of the evil that is wrought for ever on earth.

155

"O DEATH"

Ecclesiasticus xli.

Brahms

O death, how bitter thou art unto him that dwelleth in peace, to him that hath joy in his possessions, and liveth free from trouble, to him whose ways are prosperous in all things, to him that still may eat!

O death, how welcome thy call to him that is in want and whose strength doth fail him and whose life is but a pain, who hath nothing to hope for and who cannot look for relief. O death, how welcome thou art! How welcome is thy call!

216

156

"THOUGH I SPEAK WITH THE TONGUES"

1 Corinthians xiii.

Brahms

Though I speak with the tongues of men, and of the angels, and have not charity, then am I become as a sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I can prophesy, and understand all mysteries, and am powerful in knowledge, and though I have the gift of faith and can move the mountains, and have not charity, yet am I nothing worth. And though I give my worldly goods to feed the poor, and though I give my fleshly body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. For now we see the word darkly as through a glass, but then we shall see it face to face. Here I know but partly, but there I surely shall know it, even as I am also known. Now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

157

"BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON"

Anton Dvořák

By the waters of Babylon, there we sat us down and wept, when we remember'd thee, O Zion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up on the willow trees.

For they that had brought us to misery asked of us a joyful song, yea, they did speak to us with mocking words:

"Sing us now, sing us one of the songs of Zion!"

Then we did answer: How can we sing to you, how can we sing our glad songs in a strange land?

Jerusalem! if I should forget thee,

Then let my right hand forget her cunning.

158

"TURN THEE TO ME"

Anton Dvořák

Turn Thee to me and have mercy, for I am desolate and sore distressed.

Great, great are the sorrows of my heart; bring me out of my distress!

O be merciful, look on my sorrow, see mine affliction, and forgive me all my wickedness!

O keep my soul in safety, and deliver me!

Let me never be confounded, for my hope is in Thee!

Words of Anthems

159

"SING YE A JOYFUL SONG"

Anton Dvořák

Sing ye a joyful song unto the Lord,
Who hath done marvellous, marvellous things.
Praise the Lord, all the earth!
Sing praises, shout, and be joyful!

Let the sea roar and all that is therein, the round
world and all they that dwell there.
Lift your voices, floods and tempests.
Mountains, clap your hands for joy!

Let the fields laugh and sing, with waving corn, and
let all the trees of the forest be joyful!

160

THE PROPHET OF DAYS TO BE

Julian Sturgis

C. H. H. Parry

Will he come to us out of the west with hair all blowing free?
Will he come, the last and best, over the flowing sea,
Prophet of days to be?
Aye, he will come; the unseen choir
Attend his steps with song,
And on his breast a deep-toned lyre,
And on his lips a word like fire
To burn the ancient wrong.
Bay crowned and goodlier than a king,
With voice both strong and sweet
The song of freedom he will sing,
And I from out the crowd shall fling
My rose-wreath at his feet.

161

MUSIC

(From "St Cecilia's Day")

Alexander Pope

C. H. H. Parry

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.

II-G2

Warriors she fires with animated sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

162

THE VOICE OF THE PROPHETS

(From "Voces Clamantium")

C. H. H. Parry

God looked for judgment, but behold oppression!
for righteousness, but behold a cry!

Woe unto them that join house to house, that
lay field to field, until there be no room. Woe unto
them that tarry late into the night, till wine inflame
them, and harp and lute and pipe are in their feasts,
but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither
have they considered the operation of his hands.

Woe unto them that draw iniquity with the
cords of vanity, and sin, as it were, with a cart-
rope! Woe unto them that call evil good, and good
evil; which justify the wicked for a reward; and
take away the righteousness of the righteous from
him. As the tongue of fire devoureth the stubble,
as the dry grass sinketh down in the flame, so their
root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall
go up as the dust.

163

IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

(From "The Vision of Life")

C. H. H. Parry

Yet in the weltering chaos of waste words,
Slowly the madness of strife and of hatred
Yields to the spirit of love and of truth,
Dimly the certainties wake in the hearts of men!
Certain and sure are the stars in their courses,
At dawn unfailing the great Sun upriseth;
As summer follows the spring,
As seed-time follows the flower-time,
As waves are wind-born,
And green grass rain-born;
As bird is not wingless,
Nor flame without fuel,
So are there mounting up
Witnessing certainties,

217

Social Worship

Day by day,
Year by year,
Age by age,
Ever and always,
Marvellous, obedient, faithful and fruitful.

164

"I SAID IN MINE HEART"

(From "*Beyond These Voices There is Peace*")

C. H. H. Parry.

I said in mine heart :
Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth;
I said of laughter:
It is mad—and of mirth, what doeth it?
I sought in mine heart how I might cheer my
flesh with wine,
Mine heart yet guiding me with wisdom and
how to lay hold on folly,
Till I might see what it was good for the sons
of men
That they should do under heaven all the days
of their life.
I made me great works; I builded me houses; I
planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and or-
chards; I made me pools of water, to water there-
from the wood that bringeth forth trees:
I got me servants and maidens, I gathered me
silver and gold. And whatsoever mine eyes de-
sired I kept not from them: I withheld not my
heart from any joy.
Then I looked on all the works my hands had
wrought, and on the labours that I had laboured to
do: And, behold, all was vanity, vanity and vexation
of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

165

"TRULY THE LIGHT IS SWEET"

(From "*Beyond These Voices*")

C. H. H. Parry

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is
to behold the sun.
Yea, if a man live many years, let him rejoice
in them all;
Let him remember the days of darkness, for
they shall be many.
Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and
put away evil from thy flesh: Or ever the sun, and
the light, and the moon, and the stars be darkened.

218

In that day when the keepers of the house shall
tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves,
and the doors be shut in the street;

They shall be afraid of that which is from on
high, and terrors shall be in the way;

Because man goeth to his long home, and the
mourners go about the streets;

Or ever the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
or the wheel be broken at the cistern.

The dust shall return to earth as it was, and the
spirit to God Who gave it.

166

"STRONG SON OF GOD, IMMORTAL LOVE"

Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

167

FAITH

Tennyson

Charles Villiers Stanford

Doubt no longer that the Highest is the wisest and
the best,
Let not all that saddens Nature blight thy hope or
break thy rest,
Quail not at the fiery mountain, at the shipwreck, or
the rolling
Thunder, or the rending earthquake, or the famine,
or the pest!

Neither mourn if human creeds be lower than the
heart's desire!

Thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a
gleam of what is higher.

Wait till Death has flung them open, when the man
will make the Maker

Dark no more with human hatreds in the glare of
deathless fire!

Words of Anthems

168

"JOY, SHIPMATE, JOY!"

Walt Whitman

Charles Villiers Stanford

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleased to my soul at death I cry.)
Our life is closed, our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last,—she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore.
Joy, shipmate, joy!

169

"DARK MOTHER, ALWAYS GLIDING NEAR"

(From "Elegiac Ode")

Walt Whitman

Charles Villiers Stanford

Dark Mother, always gliding near, with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
welcome?
Then I chant it for thee—I glorify thee above all;
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong Deliveress!
When it is so—when thou hast taken them, I joy-
ously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

170

THE CALL

George Herbert

R. Vaughan Williams

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

171

TO FREEDOM

Edward Carpenter

Rutland Boughton

O Freedom, beautiful beyond compare, thy king-
dom is established!
Thou with thy feet on earth, thy brow among the
stars, for ages us thy children,
I, thy child, singing daylong nightlong, sing of
joy in thee.

172

THE ONE ETERNAL SUN OF RIGHT

Swinburne

Norman O'Neill

Star from far to star
Speaks, and white moons wake;
Watchful from afar
What the night's ways are,
For the morning's sake.

Many names and flames
Pass and flash and fall,
Night-begotten names,
And the night reclaims,
As she bare them, all.

But the sun is one,
And the sun's name, Right;
And when light is none
Saving of the sun,
All men shall have light.

All shall see and be
Parcel of the morn;
Ay, though blind were we,
None shall choose but see
When that day is born.

173

NATURE RESPONDS TO MAN

R. C. Trench

Norman O'Neill

Men will be light of heart, and glad
When we are sad;
Or if perchance our hearts are light,
With them 't is night.

But 'tis, kind nature, never thus
With thee and us;
But thee in all our moods we find
Unto our mind.

219

Social Worship

We laugh, and dance the jocund flowers
In all thy bowers;
We mourn, and every flower appears
Bedropt with tears.

O mother true, from ways of men
To this far glen,
Dear mother, to thy breast I creep,
And weep, and weep.

174

NATURE'S CONSOLATION

Rev. John Keble

Norman O'Neill

Well may I guess and feel
Why autumn should be sad;
But vernal airs should sorrow heal,
Spring should be gay and glad;
Yet as along this violet bank I rove,
The languid sweetness seems to choke my breath;
I sit me down beside the hazel grove,
And sigh, and half could wish my weariness were death.

Like a bright veering cloud
Grey blossoms twinkle there,
Warbles around a busy crowd
Of larks in purest air.

Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,
Or wakes the spectral forms of woe and crime,
When nature sings of joy and hope alone,
Reading her cheerful lesson in her own sweet time.

175

HAPPY HE WHO DIES TO SELF!

Adapted from an old MS.

Our life is like a narrow raft
Afloat upon the hungry sea;
Hereon is but a little space,
And all men, eager for a place,
Do thrust each other in the sea:
And each man, eager for a place,
Doth thrust his brother in the sea.
And so our life is wan with fears,
And so the sea is salt with tears:
Ah! happy he who dies to self!

Our life is like a curious play,
Where each man hideth from himself.
"Let us be open as the day,"
One mask does to another say
When he would deeper hide himself:
"Let us be open as the day,"—
That he may deeper hide himself,
And so the world goes round and round,
Until our life with rest is crowned.
Ah! happy he who dies to self!

176

"EVER BLESSED CHILD, REJOICE"

(From "Athalie")

Mendelssohn

Ever blessed child, rejoice,
By tender love protected,
Fearing the wrong, heeding the right,
Shielded by home, and daily directed.
Far from all hate, in pathways of duty still go,
Gracing thy holy birth;
Untainted by sin, be unselfish and kind,
Increase in wisdom and increase in worth.
O, what lasting joy attendeth
Childhood when taught by love;
Childhood our heart defendeth!
Thus, in a secluded vale,
On the marge of a stream unmoved,
Sheltered from winter's gale,
A lily expands, cherish'd by Nature and loved.
How blest are they
Who love the right in youth, and all its laws obey.

177

"WHERE'ER THOU GOEST"

Ruth

Eugen Hildach

Where'er thou goest, I will go also; and where
thou lodgest, there I will lodge also; thy people,
my people, and thy God is my God. Where thou
diest, there I will die; where thou restest, there
will I be buried, and naught but death shall part
us!

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Be true to every inmost thought	
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Social Worship

In silence mighty things are wrought
 In the hour of my distress
 It sounds along the ages
 It surely is a wasted heart
 Let me count my treasures
 Little drops of water
 Live thou thy life; nor take thou heed
 Love thou thy land with love far-brought
 Make channels for the streams of love
 Men whose boast it is that ye
 Mighty power, the world pervading
 Mother of Man's time-travelling generations
 Not always on the mount may we
 Not with the flashing steel
 Now comes the light for which our souls have sought
 Now in life's breezy morning
 O beautiful, my country
 O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother
 O dew of life! O light of earth!
 O earth, thy past is crowned and consecrated
 O golden years, advance, advance!
 O pure reformers! not in vain
 Of old sat Freedom on the heights
 Oh, help the prophet to be bold
 Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight
 Oh, sweeter than the sweetest flow'r
 One holy Church of Man appears
 Our tasks are many, and our wills
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 Out of the dark the circling sphere
 Palace-roof of cloudless nights!
 Power of the ocean, earth, and sky
 Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
 Purer yet and purer
 Raise your standard, brothers
 Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky
 Say not, the struggle nought availeth
 Say not they die, those martyr souls
 Serene I fold my hands and wait
 Shine, ye stars of heaven
 Soft silken flower that in the vale
 Spirit of Man, ascend thy throne
 Splendour of the morning sunlight
 Suppose the little cowslip
 Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
 Sweet morn! from countless cups of gold
 Tell me not in mournful numbers
 The fountain in its source
 The harvest days are come again
 The heart it hath its own estate
 The kings of old have shrine and tomb
 The light pours down from heaven
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